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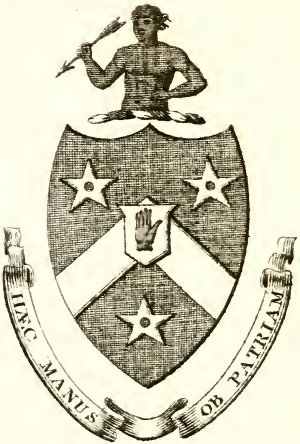

Sir George Shuckburgh Bar.t

H. 7

Me Suis
addidit C. Shink.

A poor, little, fou Thruggle

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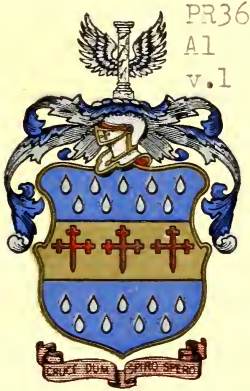

Me Addidit Suis
E. Stuckburgh

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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Thomas Otway.*

M.r Thomas Otway.

Lud. du Guernier Sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Thomas Otway*,
In Two Volumes.
Consisting of His
PLAYS, POEMS
AND
LOVE-LETTERS.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Tonson* in the *Strand*, and Sold by *W. Taylor* at the *Ship* in *Pastor-Noster-Row*. MDCCXII.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

In TWO VOLUMES.

Containing

FRIENDSHIP

AND

LOVE-LETTERS.

LONDON:

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OF

Mr. *Thomas Otway*;

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

ALCIBIADES.
Don CARLOS, *Prince of* SPAIN.
TITUS *and* BERENICE.
FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.
The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

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SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Life *and* Writings

OF

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

MR. *Sprat*, now Lord Bishop of *Rochester*, observes with great Truth and Judgment, that 'it is the Custom of 'the World to prefer the 'pompous Histories of great Men, before 'the greatest Virtues of others, whose Lives

'have been led in a Course less Illustrious.
'This indeed, says he, is the general Humour. But I believe it to be an Error
'in Mens Judgments: For certainly that
'is a more profitable Instruction which
'may be taken from the eminent Goodness
'of Men of lower Rank, than that which
'we learn from the splendid Representations of the Battels and Victories, Buildings
'and Sayings of Great Commanders and
'Princes. Such specious Matters, as they
'are seldom deliver'd with Fidelity, so
'they serve but for the Imitation of a very
'few, and rather make for the Ostentation than the true Information of human
'Life. Whereas it is from the Practice
'of Men equal to our selves, that we are
'more naturally taught how to command
'our Passions, to direct our Knowledge,
'and to govern our Actions.

This Remark finishes an Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. *Cowley:* The Work must convince all who read it, how unjust that common way of judging is from the

the many excellent Rules of Life which are laid down by that good-natur'd and elegant Writer, upon the occasion of representing to the World in how amiable a manner his deceased Friend possessed and applied his great Talents.

The Gentleman whose Works I now publish has no such kind Hand to close his Eyes, and we are very much at a loss to know any thing of the Man or his Manners, but so far as we may draw from his Representation of laudable Characters in others, his Sense of those Virtues in himself. There Shines through all his Writings a very lively Spirit, accompany'd with much Gaiety, but indeed such a Gaiety as would be contemned by those of Mr. *Cowley*'s Conversation. You may see he associated himself with Men of Wit, but not such as liv'd under the Direction of the severest Rules, or understood the highest Taste of good Writing. By this means the Praise of Mr. *Otway*'s Writings is, that they are the Effect of Nature in a very good Genius.

But before we enter into any discourse of his Works, we must not omit what little we do know of himself, and his Fortunes.

Thomas Otway was the Son of a worthy Clergyman, Mr. *Humphrey Otway*, Rector of *Wolbeding* in *Sussex*. He was born at *Trottin* in that County on the third of *March* 1651, and Educated at *Winchester*. In the eighteenth Year of his Age he was enter'd Commoner of *Christ Church* in *Oxford*, but left the University before he was of Standing to take any Degree. His first Appearance in the World was upon the Stage: His Parts and Qualifications set in so publick, however disadvantageous a View, could not escape the notice of People of Quality about the Court and Town. The greatest Friendship he met with was from one of the King's Sons, the Earl of *Plimouth*; but that Favour went no higher than to recommend him in the twenty sixth Year of his Age to the Commission of a Cornet of Horse, in the new Levies design'd for *Flanders*. But he did not, it seems, find

Encou-

Encouragement, or was not himſelf turn'd for the Profeſſion of Arms, for the enſuing Winter he came back to *London* in a very indigent Condition. His Poverty, and the Relief from it, which he purchas'd by the Succeſs of his Play of Don *Carlos*, is repreſented in a Seſſion of the Poets, written about that time with great Inſolence and Bitterneſs, without the leaſt Wit, in the following Lines:

Tom Otway *came next,* Tom Shadwell's *dear* Zany,
And ſwears for Heroicks, he writes beſt of any;
Don Carlos *his Pockets ſo amply had fill'd,*
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd,
But Apollo *had ſeen his Face on the Stage,*
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a Playhouſe, for the prop of an Age.

Tho' he fares thus ill in the Account given of him, by thoſe who might poſſibly envy his Parts, Gentlemen who have convers'd with him, ſay, He was a Man of much good Humour, eaſie Manners, and winning Converſation. He was, it ſeems, very much addicted to Pleaſure, and his jovial Temper led

led him into great Wants and Neceſſities: Men of Wit, at that time, not having the leaſt Encouragement any further than to partake in Riots and Debauches, from whence they were to return to their own narrow Circumſtances with the loſs of their Modeſty and Virtue: Thus they languiſh'd in Poverty, without the ſupport of Innocence. We know indeed no guilty Part in Mr. *Otway*'s Life, any other than thoſe faſhionable Faults which uſually recommend to the Converſation of Men in Courts; but which ſerve for Excuſes for their Patrons, when they have not a Mind to do for them. However Mr. *Otway* was treated by thoſe who had the Pleaſure of his Company, when they condeſcended to have more Wit at their Tables than they could bring thither from their own Stock, we find that he liv'd the moſt uncomfortable of all Lives, ſometimes in Exceſs, and ſometimes in Want, to the thirty third Year of his Age. On the fourteenth of *April* 1685, he dy'd at a Publick-Houſe on *Tower-Hill*. This ſhort melan-

melancholy Account of our Author may be of uſe to ſuch ingenious Men, who may expect to raiſe their Fortunes by courting great Men, without applying themſelves to ſuch Arts as may render them uſeful in Society in general, beſides the Recommendation of Wit and fine Parts. Since therefore we have but little light into what regarded this Gentleman himſelf, and his Circumſtances, let us conſider him in his Writings.

He was Maſter of the moſt affecting Manner in expreſſing the Paſſions, and touched them with great Skill and Delicacy. I don't know of ſuch another Inſtance of this force as in the Play of the *Orphan*. This Tragedy is compoſed of Perſons, whoſe Fortunes do not exceed the Quality of ſuch as we ordinarily call People of Condition, and without the Advantage of having the Scene heightened by the importance of the Characters, his inimitable Skill in repreſenting the Motions of the Heart,

and

and its Affections is such, that the Circumstances are great from the Art of the Poet, rather than from the Fortunes of the Persons represented. The whole *Drama* is admirably wrought, and the Mixture of Passions (raised from Affinity, Gratitude, Love and Misunderstanding between Brethren, ill Usage from Persons oblig'd slowly return'd by the Benefactors, the whole grounded upon very probable Mistakes) keeps the Mind in a continual Anxiety and Contrition. The Sentiments of the unhappy Innocent *Monimia* are delicate and natural, she is miserable without Guilt, but incapable of living with a Consciousness of having committed an ill Act, tho' her Inclination had no Part in it. It was only, as I just before remarked, in *Otway*'s Power, to give these Distresses in Domestick Life, Weight enough to move the general Sense of an Audience. But he needed not, that an injur'd or mistaken Lover should be able to threaten the Ruin of Nations, and wage War, because his Mistress was out of humour.

The

The Faculty of mingling good and bad Characters, and involving their Fortunes, seems to be the distinguishing Excellence of this Writer. He very well knew, that nothing but distressed Virtue can strongly touch us with Pity. Therefore in *Venice Preserv'd*, to make us have any manner of regard to the Conspirators, he makes *Pierre* talk of redressing Wrongs, and mention all the Common-place of Malecontents.

To see the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures,
And own my self a Man: To see our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of;
They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in baseſt Bonds;
Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from Destruction;
All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
Not to rouze up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of these Domestick Spoilers,
That make us Slaves, and tell us it's our Charter.

pag. 281

Jaffeir's

Jaffeir's Wants and Diſtreſſes make him prone enough to any deſperate Reſolution, yet ſays he,

But when I think what Belvidera *feels,*
The Bitterneſs her tender Spirit taſtes of,
I own my ſelf a Coward: Bear my Weakneſs,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom. pag. 285.

Jaffeir's Expoſtulation afterwards is the Picture of all who are partial to their own Merit, and generally think a Reliſh of the Advantages of Life is Pretence enough to enjoy them.

Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aſpiring Thoughts and elegant Deſires
That fill the happieſt Man? Ah! rather why
Didſt thou not form me ſordid as my Fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens? p. 286.

How dreadful is *Jaffeir*'s Soliloquy, after he is engaged in the Conſpiracy.

I'm

I'm here; and thus, the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, ſurely 'tis ſo with me;——
For every ſtep I tread, methinks ſome Fiend
Knocks at my Breaſt, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how deſperate Wretches, like my ſelf,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his walk:
Sure I'm ſo Curſt, that, tho' of Heav'n forſaken,
No Miniſter of Darkneſs cares to Tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why ſleepeſt thou? pag. 290.

In this Play, he catches our Hearts, by introducing, if I may ſo call it, the Epiſod of *Belvidera*. Private and publick Calamities alternately claim our Concern, and ſometimes we are againſt the whole State for the ſake of one diſtreſſed Woman, again we come to our ſelves, and recover our Senſes in behalf of a whole People in danger. There is not a Virtuous Character in the Play but that of *Belvidera*, and yet ſo wonderful is the Force of the Author's Eloquence and Skill in mingling Vices and Virtues, and private with publick Concerns, that the Ruffian on the Wheel is as much the Object of Pity, as if he had been brought to that unhappy Fate

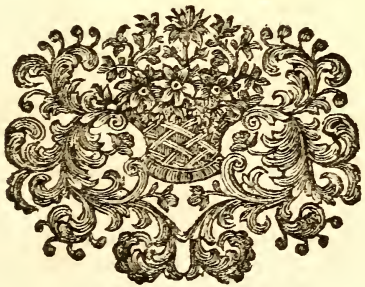
Fate for ſome brave Action. I know not but theſe looſe Hints may improve the Taſte of Ordinary Readers of this Author, which is the ſincere Wiſh of the Publiſher; for he is ſenſible nothing can prevent the Sale of Mr. *Otway*'s Works, but Ignorance of his Excellencies.

ALCIBIADES.

A

TRAGEDY.

—Laudetur ab his Culpetur ab illis.
Horat. Serm. Lib. 1. Sat. 2.



Printed in the YEAR 1712.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL *of* Middlesex.

My LORD,

Am sufficiently sensible of my own Arrogance, in that being almost a Stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durst obtrude so abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of so eminent a Person; but that generous Candour, wherewith You oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope You might at least pardon this first Offence in me. And though, perhaps, the best Presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my Wishes, if the Sincerity of my Zeal, may atone for the Meanness of the Offering: That is the farthest Prospect I take, which whilst I have in view,

I dare not (though perhaps as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the Censures of the World; for since I've heard that Your Lordship prov'd indulgent, I were unworthy of the Favours You bestow'd, should I be concern'd at the Malice or Petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it Modish to be Critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as Gentile to be Civil. No, my Lord, 'tis under your Umbrage only I would court Protection, to whom Heav'n has given a Soul, whose Endowments are as much above Flattery, as it self abhors it; and which are as impossible to be describ'd, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, when they visit Shrines, will make some Presents where they kneel: So I have here brought mine, by your own Goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in whose Defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best Endeavours are, and ever shall be ready to testifie how much I am, my Lord,

The most earnest of Your

Servants, and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Harris.*

NEver did Rymer greater Hazard run,
'Mongſt us by your Severity undone:
Though we, alas! to oblige ye have done moſt,
And bought ye Pleaſures at your own ſad coſt:
Yet all our beſt Endeavours have been loſt.
So oft a States-man lab'ring to be good,
His Honeſty's for Treaſon underſtood:
Whilſt ſome falſe flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traytor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's Senſe and Wit,
Our Author ſwears he gladly will ſubmit:
But there's a ſort of things infeſt the Pit,
That will be witty, ſpight of Nature too,
And to be thought ſo, haunt and peſter you.
Hither ſometimes thoſe Would-be-Wits repair,
In queſt of you; where if you not appear,
Crys one—— Pugh! Damn me what do we do here?
Streight up he ſtarts, his Garniture then puts
In order, ſo he Cocks, and out he ſtruts,
To th' Coffee-Houſe, where he about him looks:
Spies Friend, cries Jack—— *I've been to Night at th'* Dukes:
The ſilly Rogues are all undone, my Dear,
I gad! not one of ſenſe that I ſaw there.
Thus to himſelf he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongſt its Pretenders nought ſo ſtrange as that.
Both Houſes too too long a Faſt have known,
That courſeſt Non-ſenſe goes moſt glibly down.
Thus though this Trifler never wrote before,
Yet Faith he ventur'd on the common Score:
Since Non-ſenſe is ſo generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may paſs amongſt the Crowd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Agis.	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Alcibiades, General of *Athens*, but fled thence in diſcontent, and made General of *Sparta*, betrothed to *Timandra.*	Mr. *Batterton.*
Tiſſaphernes, the old General of *Sparta.*	Mr. *Sanford.*
Patroclus, his Son, and Friend to *Alcibiabes.*	Mr. *Crosby.*
Theramnes, the now *Athenian* General, in Love with *Timandra.*	Mr. *Harris.*
Polyndus, a young Noble of *Athens*, his Friend.	Mr. *Gillow.*

WOMEN.

Deidamia, Queen of *Sparta*, in Love with *Alcibiades.*	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Timandra, a noble *Athenian* Lady, betrothed to *Alcibiades.*	Mrs. *Batterton.*
Draxilla, Siſter to *Alcibiades*, and her Friend.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Ardella, Lady of Honour to the Queen of *Sparta.*	Mrs. *Gillow.*

Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of *Hymen*, Spirits, Guards, Meſſengers, Villains, Ladies, *&c.*

ALCI-

ALCIBIADES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Palace.*

Enter *Timandra* and *Draxilla.*

Shouts without, *Theramnes! Theramnes! Theramnes!*

Enter a Servant.

TIMANDRA.

WHAT mean these Shouts?

Serv.—— Oh all your Hopes are croſt,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is loſt.

Tim. Hah!——

Serv.—— When laſt Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Roſe up the *Orgia* to celebrate,
The *Bacchanals*, all hot and drunk with [Wine,
He led to the Almighty Thund'rer's Shrine,
And there his Image ſeated on a Throne
They violently took, and tumbled down:
This opportunity *Theramnes* got
To ſupplant him, and his own ends promote;
For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival ſhou'd in all ſucceed;
But he, the threatning Danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:

And now, by Order from the Senate, all
With Shouts proclaim *Therammes* General.
Tim. But is he fled? Has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth!
Oh too unkind, false, and unconstant Youth! [*Exit Serv.*
Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brother's just,
You wrong his Honour by this mean Distrust;
Think you that Distance can his Love rebate?
Tim. Thy young Experience never felt the Weight
Of Lovers Fears; if just, he'll easily
Excuse that Love, that breeds this Jealousie. [have.
Drax. But, Madam, for these Doubts no grounds you
Tim. Alas! go ask of Mad-men why they rave.
What more could Fate do to augment my Woe?
I love, am mad, and know not what I do.
I, who before had nothing in my Eyes
But Glory and Love growing to Delight;
Like Chymists waiting for their Labours Prize,
My Hopes are dash'd and ruin'd in their height.
Drax. Alas, we but with weak Intelligence
Read Heav'ns Decrees; th'are writ in Mystick Sense.
For were they open laid to mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Deities.
Perhaps the wiser Pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing Happiness allay,
Lest should it in its high Perfection come,
Your Soul for the Reception might want Room.
Tim. Thy Reasons, kind *Draxilla*, weakly move:
What Woman e'er complain'd of too much Love?
No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour, and its gaudy Plumes, bereft,
Yet all these I with Gladness could resign
So *Alcibiades* had still been mine;
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the Casket when the Jewel's gone?
Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler Lustre, and return again:
Think you his great Soul could with Patience see
His rifled Honours heap'd on's Enemy;

And

And not his Rage have grown to that excess,
As must have ruin'd all your Happiness?
But he withdrew, and like a zealous Hermit did foregoe
Those little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.

Tim. That Zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
That let's the Votary forsake his Saint;
No, he is happy in some other Flame,
And from his Breast has blotted out my Name:
So that there nothing more remains for me
But a kind Death, or a long Misery.
But Death alone's th' unhappy Lover's Ease,
That seals up to us an Eternal Peace;
By that our Souls to endless Pleasures move,
And we enjoy an everlasting Love.
Yet e'er I dye, as dye I feel I must,
To *Alcibiades* I would be just;
Fain would I let him know how I resign
All in him, that his past Vows had made mine:
Then to its Seat in Peace my Soul should flye,
And calmly at my Lover's Feet I'd dye.
Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldst thou do?

Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to see you dye.

Tim. Some safe Disguises for us then provide,
From watchful Eyes our sudden Flight to hide;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'll forthwith move,
Born on the Wings of Jealousie and Love;
For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of Fate;
I wou'd be blest; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

Theramnes *at the Door.*

Ther.——Stay, kind *Polindus*, here,
Whilst I go pay my just Devotion there: [*Stepping to* Tim.
See, fairest Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfullest and humblest Worshipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice,
To those Eternal Glories of your Eyes:

It is a Heart as ſpotleſs and ſincere,
As the chaſte Vows of holy Veſtals are;
Accept, Divine one, and pronounce my Doom.
Tim. Are you, my Lord, to mock my Sorrows come?
Ther. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
To pay my Duty, and preſent my Flame.
Tim. What Flame or Duty can you owe to me?
Ther. Next what the Holy to the Deity,
When they for Bleſſings at the Altars move;
'Tis Adoration, Madam, joyn'd with Love.
Tim. Love! I thought that had been e'er this o'er-blown;
I'm ſure it had ſmall Hopes to live upon.
Ther. That Love, which only tedious Hopes ſuſtain,
Is a dull, eaſie, and ignoble Pain:
Mine's an enliv'ning and tranſporting Fire,
Whoſe Flames increaſe, and ſtill are piercing higher.
Tim. Yes, as from Piles ſome wilder Flames eſſay
To mount, but baffled part in Fumes away;
So all that Love, you now ſo ſtrongly boaſt,
Sever'd from Hope in a weak Vapour's loſt;
But you too urgent in your Suit appear.
Ther. Oh what's too urgent for a Joy ſo dear!
Tim. Since then you Conſtancy ſo firmly vow,
Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do ſo too. [*Gives her Hand.*
Ther. Thus, when the Storms of Love are over-paſt,
We gain the wiſht-for Port of Bliſs at laſt.
I ne'er could doubt—— [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Tim. —— Then know I ne'er can ceaſe
From my vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.
Ther. I'm loſt, and all thoſe Joys I ſaw ſo near,
Vaniſh, and leave me wand'ring in Deſpair:
Thus, Madam, barb'rous Cruelty y'ave ſhown,
Raiſing me up only to throw me down.
Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know
How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and You.
Since you ſuch ample Kindneſs did expreſs,
In favour of my *Alcibiades*:
How poorly did you envy the Eſteem
I for his matchleſs Virtues had, and Him!

When

When finding him abandon'd by the State,
You, to advance your Int'reſt, did create
New Feuds;——
As if my Love were ballanc'd by his Fate:
No, he had nobler Charms my Breaſt to move,
Unblemiſh'd Honour, and a ſpotleſs Love;
Which though perhaps now know another Flame,
Yet I have Love and Paſſion for their Name.

Ther. Am I then of all hopes of Bliſs debarr'd?
Oh too ſoft Charms ſway'd by a Heart too hard!

Tim. Y'are ſomething diſcompos'd, Sir, I perceive,
And 'tis but Modeſty to take my leave.

Ther. Oh ſtay, and pity a poor Lover's Fate!

Tim. If Pity, Sir, is all you ask, take that.

Ther. Heav'ns, can ſhe at thoſe Chains ſhe gave me ſcoff!

Tim. You at your Pleaſure, Sir, may ſhake 'em off.

[*Exeunt* Tim. *and* Drax.

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my nobleſt Friend?

Ther.—— As thoſe who are
Tott'ring upon the Brinks of dire Deſpair;
Help and retrieve me with thy' aſſiſting Hand,
Love thruſts me forward, and I cannot ſtand.

Pol. Then, Sir, turn back, and face your driving Foe.

Ther. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?
The more I ſtrive, the faſter I am bound,
As ign'rant Swimmers are with ſtrugling drown'd.

Pol. Timandra ſurely can't in Honour leſs,
Than crown your Love with proſperous Succeſs,
When ſhe believes (as certainly ſhe muſt)
That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjuſt.

Ther. Alas, ſhe loves him with much greater Flame,
And pays Devotion to his very Name:
Diſtance adds to their Loves a Violence;
And their Souls hold from far Intelligence.
Thus my miſtaking Policy out-run
My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

Pol. Why do you let your Soul be ſo oppreſt?
'Tis Patience beſt befits a gallant Breaſt.

Ther. Patience! What's that? the Mistress of tame Fools
That can in nothing else employ their Souls:
No; since, *Timandra*, thou canst disapprove
My just Flame for an absent Rival's Love,
I'll find that Rival out, and snatch his Breath,
Though ev'ry Step I tread encounter Death.

Pol. Now, Sir, y'are brave ——
Already you've disarm'd *Timandra*'s Charms,
Methinks I see you rev'ling in her Arms!
Let's then o'th' Wings of Love and Honour flye
To th' Field, and meet th' insulting Enemy:
Where through the Paths of Death and Blood we'll go
To meet your Rival, and his Country's Foe:
There the remembrance of *Timandra*'s Charms
Shall add fresh Courage to your conqu'ring Arms.
But if Fate the Success so order shall,
That by your Rival's Sword you chance to fall:
I then (as Houour justly will command,)
Inspir'd by Friendship and *Timandra*'s Name,
Will bravely stem him, and with this bold Hand
Revenge, or fall a Victim to your Flame.

Ther. Oh noble generous Youth! whose tender Years
Such gallant Courage and such Honour wear!
How can my Aims but in my Wishes end, } *Embraces*
That have so worthy and so brave a Friend? } *him.*
Come my *Polyndus* ——

Pol. —— On my Friend I'll wait,
Through all the Labyrinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Tent of a Pavillion Royal; the King and Queen of* Sparta, Alcibiades, Tissaphernes, Patroclus, *Guards, Ladies*, &c.

King. Now must proud *Athens* lay her Triumphs down,
And pay her Glory's Tribute to my Crown;
No more shall stupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make disadvantageous Peace for fear;
But she her self must in Subjection come,
And humbly at my Feet expect her Doom.

Tis. Yes, Sir; all Glories must, when yours break forth,
Go out, and lose their Beauty, and their Worth;

And

And like falſe Angels vaniſh and be gone,
Dreading thoſe Shapes they durſt before put on.
Pat. Athens, the World's great Miſtreſs, will not be
Courted with low and vulgar Gallantry.
Her Glory aims at higher Characters,
Than heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furrs:
Who wins her Deeds 'bove common Fate muſt do;
And ſo ſhe's only Miſtreſs fit for you.
King. Yes! and I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou haſt alone [*To* Alcibiades.
Things worthy the *Athenian* Honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle ſoar'dſt above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A Flight too high for their dull Souls to uſe,
Which prompted 'em that Honour to abuſe;
Thinking their Baſeneſs they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that black Myſtery purſue,
By Worth and Honour Empires greateſt grow;
Which when abus'd, their Glory does ſuppreſs,
As revers'd Proſpects make the Object leſs.
Alc. Yours, Sir, like Heav'ns great Soul, is general;
Diſpenſing its kind Influence on all.
This makes Succeſs and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Sphere;
As fragrant Dews leave the corrupter Earth,
Exhal'd by th' Sun, from whom they had their Birth.
King. The truth of that we by your Lawrels know,
Conqueſt your Arms, Triumph ſtill waits your Brow;
By your Succeſs th' *Athenian* Greatneſs roſe,
Your Courage ſcatter'd their inſulting Foes;
And from that Height to which by you th'are grown,
'Tis your Succeſs alone muſt throw 'em down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force;
And all thoſe Honours you were robb'd of there,
We'll make our Study to redouble here.
Tiſ. And I, (if that my Malice tell me true,)
As diligently ſhall his Plagues purſue. [*Aſide.*
Alc. Of all my Courage or my Sword ſhall do,
I the Succeſs muſt to your Virtue owe.

The Honour and the Juſtice of your Cauſe
So glorious are, Fate muſt from them take Laws:
So you o'er *Athens* this Advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom ſhe's but a Slave.

King. Enjoy, my *Tiſſaphernes*, now thy Eaſe,
And plant freſh Lawrels in the Shades of Peace.
The Glories thou haſt won ſo num'rous are,
They ſeem as many as thy Age can bear.
But if thy ſpacious Soul thou canſt confine
Within this narrow Manſion of mine,
Be this the utmoſt of thy Wiſhes Bound,
Poſſeſs his grateful Heart, whoſe Head th'aſt Crown'd.

Tiſ. Heav'n knows my Age does feel no ſharper Sting,
Than to want Pow'r to ſerve ſo good a King.
But ſince Time tells me that my Glaſs is run,
Setting me backward where I firſt begun;
Since no way elſe they can their Duty ſhow,
I'll only employ my Hands to Heav'n for you:
And what my Sword can't, may Devotion do.

King. How truly he a glorious Monarch is,
That's crown'd with Bleſſings ſo ſublime as theſe!
How can I but in all Things happy be,
Propt by ſuch Courage and ſuch Piety?
To me, with Gods, Similitude is giv'n;
'Tis Pow'r and Virtue that ſupports their Heav'n.
Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
T'alarm it to Obedience, or to War.
To Morrow muſt decide th' *Athenian* Fate,
This Day to Joy and Eaſe we'll conſecrate. } *Exeunt Om. præt.* Tiſ.

Tiſ. Ungrateful King! thy ſhallow Aims purſue;
But, my brisk Upſtart Fav'rite, have at you.
Was it for this my Active Youth I ſpent
In War? and knew no Dwelling but a Tent!
Have I for this through Invious Mountains paſt?
Demoliſh'd Cities, and laid Kingdoms waſte?
Still in his Cauſe unweary'd Courage ſhown?
And almoſt hid his Head in Crowns I won!
Upon my Breaſt receiv'd ſo many Scars,
They ſeem a War deſcrib'd in Characters!

And must the Harvest of my Toil and Blood,
Upon a fawning Rebel be bestow'd?
Who having false to his own Country been,
Comes here to play his Treasons o'er again?
Must he at last tumble my Trophies down,
And revel in the Glories I have won?
Whilst from my Honours they me disengage,
With a dull Compliment to feeble Age.
What ails this hardy Hand, that yet it shou'd
Tremble at Death, or start at reeking Blood?
Methinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger.*
And with a Strength as resolute and bold,
As he who kindly would its Point impart,
A Present to an envy'd Fav'rite's Heart;
And I, fond Youth, will try to work thy Fall,
Though with my own I crown thy Funeral.
Envy and Malice from your Mansions flie,
Resign your Horrour and your Snakes to me;
For I'll act Mischiefs yet to you unknown;
Nay, you shall all be Saints when I come down. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Grove adjoining to the* Spartan *Camp.*

Enter *Timandra* and *Draxilla.*

Tim. WHAT uncouth Roads afflicted Lovers pass!
How strange, prepost'rous Steps their Sorrows trace!
Oh, *Alcibiades*, if thou art just,
Forgive th'Excess of Love that bred Distrust.
Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
Yet here and ev'ry where my Grief's the same.
But kind *Draxilla's* Friendship can dispel
The thickest Clouds that on sad Bosoms dwell:
That does alleviate my Griefs, and give
My weary'd Soul a soft and kind Reprieve;
Which ever to forget, would be as hard,
And as impossible, as to reward.

Drax. The serving you, my Happiness secures,
I'm only something by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my Hopes were croſt,
When in your Lover I a Brother loſt;
Then like an Orphan, deſtitute and bare
Of all, but Miſery and ſad Deſpair,
Your Kindneſs gave my yielding Spirits reſt,
And rais'd me to a Dwelling in your Breaſt:
Then ought I not, in all, my Soul reſign
To eaſe her Griefs that kindly pity'd mine?

Tim. In that I did what Honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And Honour tells me Gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me?

Drax. Alas! that is the leaſt that I could do;
To our worſt Enemies our Tears we owe.
Friendſhip to ſuch a noble height ſhould riſe,
As their Devotion does in Sacrifice,
Who think they ſhew a Zeal remiſs and ſmall,
Except themſelves as nobler Victims fall.
With as great Courage could I for you die,
And my triumphant Soul to Heav'n ſhould flie;
There I again my Friendſhip would renew,
And lay up chiefeſt Joys in ſtore for you. [take!

Tim. What vaſt and boundleſs Flights does Friendſhip
Beyond what Search can ſee, or Fancy track!
'Tis the Improvement of the Part divine,
When Souls in their Seraphick Tranſports join;
In Souls united, ſo we Friendſhip ſee,
As many Glories make a Deity.

Enter Alcibiades *from the back part of the Scenes.*

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who muſt retrieve,
Your drooping Hopes, and your faint Joys revive.

Tim. My *Alcibiades*! how I begin
To think my miſplac'd Jealouſie did ſin!
Go meet him, ſeem all troubled and in Tears,
And with the Tale I taught thee, wound his Ears:
Mean while I will withdraw my ſelf this way,
Nor would my ſwelling Paſſions let me ſtay.

[*Goes to the Door.*

Alc.

Alc. What airy Visions o'er my Eyes there move,
Like the good Genius of an absent Love!
Where-e'er I turn me, I methinks espy
Timandra's Image softly gliding by.
Such fond Ambition Love his Slaves does teach,
To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.
For oh, Divine One! ——
How sickly Joys Honour and Greatness grant,
When thee the Glory of my Soul I want!

Drax. My Lord! ——

Alc. —— Guard me, ye Pow'rs! *Draxilla* here,
And weeping too! Oh my Prophetick Fear!
What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh quickly, is my Princess well?

Drax. Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the *Spartan* Camp you took your Flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forsake your Country and your Love;
Timandra, and my self, as we were sate
In her Apartment, grieving for your Fate:
No sooner, with sad Jealousies oppress,
Her wearied Soul in Sleep fought after Rest,
But Grief new Scenes of Misery brought in,
And plaid in Dreams its Horrours o'er again:
Sometimes her tender Arms she'd forward stretch,
Then fiercely at the empty Air would catch:
Weary'd with Grief, she then would milder be,
And in a hollow Sigh send out, Ah Me!
At last she rose, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talkt:
Anon, repeat some short and pithy Pray'r;
Again grow wild, and tear her precious Hair;
'Till having so wrought Sorrow to that height,
That her Soul grew too tender for the Weight:
E'er I my Courage could collect, to go
And give a Hindrance to the fatal Blow,
She with her Dagger stabb'd her self, and said,
Thus dy'd *Timandra*, that unhappy Maid.

Alc. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Justice you dispence,
To lay th' Reward of Guilt on Innocence?

What though these Sacrilegious Hands have thrown
Your Images, those Pageant Glories, down!
Must you Revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, so y'ad pity'd her.
But thus I'll send my Soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well:
[*Offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindred by* Draxilla.
Oh Sister! do not hinder me my Death;
Sighs are the only Use I've left of Breath:
One Blow will put an end to Grief and me.

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That, Sir, you must not do, nor must I see.
[Alcibiades *starts.*
Why fly you back? Nay, if you shun me now,
I shall grow apt to think my Fears too true.

Alc. Oh Heav'ns! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greatest Bliss Heav'n had to give.
How rashly did my impious Rage prophane
Your Goodness! oh but wash away that Stain,
Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God:
'Till by those holy Fires this black Offence
Be purg'd, and purify'd to Innocence.
But Dearest, how could you so cruel be,
To let such Bliss be dress'd in Misery?
To tell me you were dead!
How could you think but th'Horrour of that Breath
Must damp my Soul, and chill me into Death?

Tim. Alas! my Fears could find out no Relief,
But thus t'assault you in the garb of Grief;
This Tryal of your Faith my Joy secures,
As Thunders usher in refreshing Show'rs.

Alc. Let us no longer then to Doubts give way,
But haste to th' Consummation of our Joy;
So, with our bright united Flames, dispel
Those anxious Mists that on our Bosoms dwell,
Being of no other Jealousie possest,
But which shall kindest prove, and love the best.

Tim. And when our faithful, happy Hearts shall be
Firmer united by that sacred Tie,

How in an endleſs Road of Bliſs we'll move,
Steering our Motions by our perfect Love!
There we with Pleaſure will recount each Woe,
Which we have paſs'd, and others undergo.
There we'll reflect o' th' various Hopes and Fears,
The mournful Sighs and the impatient Tears
Of diſtreſt Lovers, whilſt we'll kindly thence,
Through a ſtrange myſtical Intelligence,
Give 'em Redreſſes by our Influence:
Till ſo, by ours——
Their full grown Joys receive a happy Birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bleſs the Earth.

Alc. Then, my *Timandra*, to our Bliſs let's fly,
There's but one Minute more to Extaſie. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Oh my *Ardella*, whither ſhall I turn?
I'm all o'er Flame, in ev'ry part I burn.

Ard. Your Majeſty——

Queen. ——Fool, Majeſty! what's that?
Th' ill-natur'd Pageant mockery of Fate;
When her ungrateful ſportive Pow'r ſhe'd ſhow,
Raiſing us high——
To bar us of the Benefits below.
But I'll her ſervile Policy deſpiſe,
And make her ſtoop to Love's great Victories.
Th' Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taſte the Sweets of am'rous Excellence:
Why then ſhould Princes, that are Gods below,
Think that a Sin which Heav'n is proud to do?

Ard. But Madam, is it not a cruel thing
T'abuſe a loving Husband, and kind King?

Queen. Dull Girl, thou know'ſt not what a Husband is.
Alas, they never reach the height of Bliſs,
But ignorantly with Loves Magick play,
Till they raiſe Spirits they want Pow'r to lay.
In that brave *Alcibiades* there ſwarm
So many Graces, he's all over Charm,
Such killing Airs in each part of him move,
His Brows dart Majeſty, and his Eyes Love:

Oh

Oh my *Ardella*, I am loſt in Thought!
I fain would have thee —— yet 'tis falſe, I'd not.
Ard. Madam, your Royal Pleaſure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.
Queen. Art thou then skilful in Love's ſubtle Arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuſcades for Hearts?
Canſt thou expreſs a melting kind Deſire,
And give a feeling Draught of Love's ſoft Fire?
Ard. Madam, ſo ſubtly I'll his Heart betray,
As one, who by ſome great Magician's Pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an Hour,
And for return again can find no way.
Queen. My better Angel! Fly then ſwift as Time,
Or Thought; thou gain'ſt a Queen in gaining him.
But uſe ſuch Secreſie as ſtollen Loves ſhould have,
Be dark as the huſht Silence of the Grave.
Ard. Madam, diſtruſt not but that I ſhall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.
Queen. Honour! a very Word; an empty Name:
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the Air, and boundleſs as the Wind:
Nature was then in her firſt Excellence,
When undiſturb'd with puny Conſcience,
Man's Sacrifice was Pleaſure, his God, Senſe.

Enter Tiſſaphernes.

Tiſ. Madam, by th' King's Command I'm to you ſent,
Who attends your Royal Preſence in his Tent.
Queen. I go —— [*Exeunt Queen and* Ard.
Tiſ. —— Now all is ripe, methinks I ſee
Treaſon walk Hand in Hand with Deſtiny,
And both in a kind Aſpect ſmile on me.
Now the whole Court proceeds to ſolemnize
The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades*:
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wiſh combine,
To give a happy End to my Deſign.
It is the Cuſtom at a Marriage Feaſt,
The Bridegroom ——
With a full Bowl preſents his chiefeſt Gueſt.

The Cups, by my great Secresie and Care,
With strongest Potion all infected are:
Which when our *Alcibiades* shall bring,
And offer as his Duty to the King,
The Poison and his sudden Death will seem
Fully a traiterous Design in him.
Then must the Crown descend on me, and so
I feast my Rage, and my Ambition too.
Let Cowards Spirits start at Cruelty,
Remorse has still a Stranger been to me.
I can look on their Pains with the same Eyes,
As Priests behold the falling Sacrifice.
Whilst they yell out the horrour of their Moans,
My Heart shall dance to th' Musick of their Groans. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. Look that your Care and Diligence be great,
See the Guards doubled, and each Centinel set. [*Exit.*

The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavillion; in it an Altar, behind which are seated the King and Queen, attended by Tissaphernes, Patroclus, *and the rest of the Camp; about the Altar stand several Priests of* Hymen.

King. Each Day brings some surprize of Pleasure, here
Love vies his Triumphs with the God of War.

Six Priests of Hymen *Dance.*

The Dance ended, Enter chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen, *Priest leading* Timandra, *and the Priestess* Alcibiades.

Priest Sings.

Distracting Jealousies and Fears,
Heart-breaking Sobs and restless Tears
Fly to the Breasts that are
Wrack't with Despair:
In this,

Priestess. Or this,

Cho. No Tears but those of Joy, no Pantings but of Bliss.

Priestess. Yes, yes, by Love alone we see
On Earth the Glories of a Deity:
For 'tis the greatest Work above,
To be Innocent, and Love.

Those

Thoſe then that flame ſo nobly here,
What raviſhing Delights muſt they have there!
Cho. Who on Earth to their Honour are juſt, and their Love,
Muſt reap the chief Bleſſings above.
Prieſt. Let's then proceed, and *Hymen*'s Aid implore,
To join thoſe Hands whoſe Hearts were link'd before.
Prieſteſs. Agreed.
Prieſt. Agreed.
Prieſteſs. Agreed.
Prieſt. Agreed.
Cho. Hymen, oh *Hymen*, come away,
Crown the Wiſhes of this Day.
See, ſee theſe pure refin'd Deſires
Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch, to improve their Fires.

Whilſt this Chorus is ſinging, Hymen *enters with his Torch, and joins their Hands with a Wreath of Roſes, which the Prieſteſs ſtrikes with her Spear and breaks, then they offer both Parts upon the Altar.*

This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of Hymen, *all carrying in their Hands ſhort Spears muff'd with Flowers and Boughs of Fruit; after which a Bowl is brought in, and preſented to* Alcibiades, *who immediately upon the receipt bows to the King, who deſcends with the Queen, and receives the Bowl of him, then ſpeaks.*

King. To ſhew how ſtrict a Reverence I have
For ev'ry thing that loyal is, and brave,
[*Drawing near to* Tiſſaphernes.
This ſignal Honour only due to me,
Thus *Tiſſaphernes* I confer on thee. [*Preſents him the Bowl.*
Tiſ. Confuſion! What means this?
King. Nay, do not ſtart,
It is the Offering of a grateful Heart:
Come drink to ſuch a Depth as may expreſs
Thy Wiſhes for their Joy, and *Sparta*'s Happineſs.
Tiſ. I muſt obey your Majeſty——
[*Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and ſeems to Swoon back.*
Pat. Alas my Father!

King.

King. ——How fares our worthy Friend?
Hence quickly, for our chief Phyſicians ſend.
So much this aged Hero I eſteem,
I rather could part with my Crown than him.
Tiſ. My Health, Sir, needs no other help than this, [*faintly.*
That you will pardon its Infirmities.
The Wine was of ſo ſtrong an Excellence,
Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my Senſe.

Alarum without. Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force alarms:
Without the City Gates th' appear in Arms.
And with a numerous and warlike Train,
Begin their March upon the neighb'ring Plain.
Their bloody Enſigns all diſplay'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air:
Looſly they fly, and with a wanton Play,
Seem to ſalute the Sun-beams in their way:
Whilſt their ſhrill Trumpets rattle in the Sky,
As if with Muſick they'd charm Victory.
And this Triumphant Pride does higher grow,
That they may make a Conqueſt fit for you.
King. 'Tis well; ev'ry Battalia reinforce
With my late freſh Supplies of *Perſian* Horſe.
Their Fate no longer will delay endure;
Prepare to fight 'em in this very Hour.
I'd have this Day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory. [*Shouts from afar.*

Enter another Officer.

2 *Off.* The Enemy, Sir, does on the Plain appear,
And with re-ecchoing Shoutings pierce the Air.
King. So Beaſts decreed for Slaughter, e'er they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Camp.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes.

Tiſ. CURSE on my niggard Stars; they were ſo poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their Pow'r:
My Fury had begot ſo vaſt a Birth,
Fate wanted Strength enough to bring it forth.
[*Trumpets afar-off ſound a Charge.*
That ſprightly Sound darts fiercely through my Soul.
Oh that I might one Minute Fate controul;
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To ſend it ſelf into the Gen'ral's Heart.
Enter King and Queen attended. [claim:
King. Thus muſt proud States ſubmit, when Monarchs
They govern in a rude diſorder'd Frame,
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But vaniſh at the Sun's more potent Light.
Athens now feels the Fury of my Heat:
A Pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great:
It may tumultuous and num'rous ſhow,
But ne'er contract to give a ſteady Blow.
Queen. In States, thoſe monſtrous many-headed Pow'rs,
Their private Int'reſt publick Good devours.
'Tis true, when in their Hands a Rule they gain,
They know to uſe that Power, not maintain.
Like Pirates in a Fleet, a while they may
Seem dreadful; but when by ſome juſter force
Oppos'd ——
Each his own Safety ſeeks, and ſhrinks away.
Tiſ. You, Sir, have vanquiſh'd Emp'rors, fetter'd Kings:
States are ſuch mean and deſpicable Things,
Compar'd with other Glories y'ave ſubdu'd,
Their Conqueſt ſeems but a ſoft Interlude.
[*Trumpets from far ſound a Retreat.*

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. This Minute, Sir, your Glories are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat:
Victory, blushing they no more could do,
With a full Wing directs her Flight to you.

King. Thus *Deidamia* are our Wishes crown'd,
Love and Renown in the same Sphear go round:
Our lasting Loves draw lasting Victories,
Whilst Courage takes his Flame from Beauty's Eyes.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mes.* Thus hourly, Sir, fresh Glories you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the sad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their tatter'd Troops are scatter'd o'er the Plain,
And in disorder'd Parties make away.

King. Relate, how went the Bus'ness of the Day?

Mes. Brave *Alcibiades* has Wonders done.
Ne'er greater Courage was in *Sparta* shown.
Troops were not able to withstand his Shock,
Like Thunder from a Cloud his Fury broke
On all his Enemies; and like that too,
Death and Amazement did attend each Blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still,
'Till at the last the brave *Polyndus* fell.
His Loss did so amaze the Enemy,
That in disorder they began to fly.
Yet brave *Therammes* rally'd in their Head;
Though so their Fate was but a while delay'd,
For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made.
At which again they did their Flight renew,
With Numbers too so tatter'd and so few,
It had been Barbarism to pursue.
Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
An anxious Looker on this Tragick Scene,
With all the haste Joy could, or Love afford,
Flies to congratulate her conqu'ring Lord;
Now both in solemn Triumph this way move,
To Crown your Glories, as you Crown'd their Love.

Trumpets.

Trumpets. *Enter* Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra, *and* Theramnes *Priſoner*: Alcibiades *kneels to the King.*

King. Sir, of your Brav'ry I've already heard,
So much above the Power of Reward;
It were but juſt that I ſhould Homage do,
And offer up Acknowledgments to you.
Riſe, Sir, and give this Ceremony o'er,
The Poſture ill becomes a Conqueror. [Alcib. *riſes.*

Alc. Conqu'rors that are triumphant in the Field,
Muſt at their Monarch's Feet their Trophies yield;
For all thoſe Glories which their Conqueſts claim,
They only have Subordinate from them.
Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'ercome,
It is from you he muſt expect his Doom.

Ther. Yes, and in this you have o'ercome him too,
He cannot talk, Sir, half ſo faſt as you.
Curſe, though I am your Priſoner, I hate
To hear your Pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alc. Why, Sir, was't not my Favour that you live?

Ther. No; for I hate that Life your Hand did give.
Know, had your Fate been mine——
I ſhould have urg'd kind Deſtiny more home,
And there have revell'd, Rival, in your room.

Alc. Sir, for your Love, you ſhew but weak Pretence,
When all your Arguments are Inſolence.
Whence does it ſpring?

Ther. ——From whence your Bliſs you draw,
Love, that ne'er clog'd his Proſelytes with Law.
I lov'd this Fair One firſt, and you muſt know
I'll love her ſtill; and what's all that to you?

Alc. This Rudeneſs, Sir, my Fury can't engage:
You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

Ther. But know, I'll follow ſtill my Hate to thee;
Nor ſhall my Chains obſtruct thy Deſtiny:
Thou didſt ſupplant me in *Timandra*'s Love,
For which I gave thy Glories a Remove;
And on thy Ruins made my ſelf more great:
But ſince my Wiſhes Fate would not compleat,
My Fury with my Fortune ſhan't decreaſe,
I'll ſtill purſue thy Life and Happineſs:

By

By all Despairs, dark Arts, thy Fall design,
Till in thy Blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alc. Rave on; know of your Threats no Sense I feel,
I'd laugh at 'em, wer't not to lose a Smile.

King. But I'll take care that he shall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his Life does owe.
How dare you offer here these Injuries?
Know you how much this gallant Man I prize?
Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
Be his Bonds narrow, and Restraint severe.
Since in your Breast such a hot Frenzy reigns,
We'll try how you can brave it in your Chains.

Ther. So King, as thou shalt envy what th'ast done;
I have a Soul can smile when thou dost frown.
Whilst I *Timandra*'s fair Idea wear,
I can't want Freedom, for I'll think of her. [*Exit guarded.*

King. Thus, Madam, to your Eyes must Conquest bow;
Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know.

Tim. If any Charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:
No greater Aims nor more Ambition know,
Than how, Sir, to oblige him that serves you.

Alc. Your gen'rous Pity to our faithful Flames,
That Power which it gave 'em justly claims.
Thus happy by your great Indulgence made,
In Joys so perfect, nothing can remove:
Your spreading Glories ne'er shall shrink or fade,
Till you forget to' aspire, and we to love.
But how dare I usurp the least Pretence,
Who only borrow all my Laurels hence! [*Pointing to* Pat.
This is that noble Youth, who, when I stood
Beset on ev'ry side with Death and Blood,
To my Relief such gen'rous Succour brought,
And things so much above ev'n Wonder wrought.

Pat. You, Sir, that taught me Friendship, taught me too,
How much is to that sacred Title due.
No, Sir, if your Life at hazard lye,
Though thousand Deaths should dare me, on I'll flie,
And Conquer all, or bravely with you die.

Alc. In Gallantry you are ſo abſolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the Purſuit.
Yet that return accept in Silence here,
Which is ſo great 'twill no Expreſſion bear. [*Embraces him.*

Tiſ. Hell! Sure my Blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my Son embrace the Man I hate? [*Aſide.*

King. How, *Tiſſaphernes*, is thy good Age bleſt
In ſuch a Son, of ſuch a Friend poſſeſt!
Thus from thy rev'rend Trunk freſh Glories ſpread,
And with their pious Laurels ſhade thy Head.

Tiſ. In this warm Comfort patiently I'll ſit,
Till Fate ſhall come and claim her lateſt Debt.
Sometimes my Youth's paſt Triumphs I'll review,
And pleaſe my ſelf they were approv'd by you:
Alas, I've nothing elſe left now to do. [*Ironically.*
Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus ſhown,
Poſſeſs the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*

King. Monarchs, thus propt, the ſhocks of Fate defie,
No bonds ſo firm as thoſe which Friendſhip tie.
[*Exit King attended.*

Manent Alcibiades, Timandra *and* Draxilla.

Alc. Now, nobleſt Siſter, how ſhall I be repay'd
Thoſe large Endearments, which your Love has made?
Our Happineſs will but imperfect prove,
If 'midſt the growing Pleaſures of our Love,
We nothing elſe in Gratitude can do,
Than only wiſh a Happineſs to you.

Drax. What I have done, Sir, never had regard
To that ſiniſter thing we call Reward.
Good Deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.

Alc. But Siſter, if I might one Queſtion move?

Drax. Your pleaſure, Sir?——

Alc. ——Could you not Madam—— Love
The Friend, in whom I'm happy ſince I came,
In Honours as renown'd as in his Name?
He, when I to him often would relate
The ſad Adventures of my Love and Fate;
So much your gallant Friendſhip did admire,
That with your Character he grew on Fire;

And bears a Flame ſo noble and ſublime,
As not to love again would be a Crime.
Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now diſcourſe;
Love rarely conquers with a ſudden Force.
Nor muſt I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Compliment to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it Gallantry, not Love.
Alc. I ſhall no more your Modeſty offend:
Pardon a forward Zeal to ſerve my Friend.
But if ought add a Bleſſing, 'twill to ſee
You made as happy as you have made me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* Patroclus.

Tiſ. D'you underſtand, *Patroclus*, what y'ave done?
Have you conſider'd that you are my Son?
Pat. Sir, 'tis a Title I am proud of. ——
Tiſ. How can you then deſcend to things ſo baſe,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilſt thus your blinded Folly ſo adores
The only Traytor, that my Soul abhors?
Pat. How, Sir! I doat upon the Man you hate!
No, I had never Thoughts ſo impious yet.
By all my Hopes, if any Wretch there be
S'unhappy to be held your Enemy,
Rather than in my Breaſt his Image bear,
I'd raze it from my Heart, or ſtab it there.
Tiſ. Stay, leſt you ſhould pronounce too raſh a Doom
Believe it is a Blow will wound you home.
But I will try——
What gen'rous Reſolution you expreſs.
Know then you muſt hate *Alcibiades.*
Pat. Protect me Heav'n! can you command that I
Should break that Knot you did ſo lately tie!
Was't not your Love that did our Friendſhip join?
Did not your kind Embraces ſecond mine?
Tiſ. Embraces! Love! and Kindneſs! what are theſe?
The outward Varniſh that our Hearts diſguiſe.
Haſt thou ſo long with Courts converſant been,
The various turns of Power and Greatneſs ſeen,

And

And haſt thou not this Myſtery yet found,
Always to ſmile in's Face we mean to wound?
Come you muſt hate him, nay and kill him too.
Pat. Oh let me rather beg my Death from you.
Can you command me, Sir, to wound a Heart,
Whereof I do poſſeſs ſo great a Part?
In that I ſhould prove a Self-murderer:
Piercing his Breaſt, I ſtab my own Image there.
Tiſ. Come, lay theſe idle Boyiſh Scruples down,
Do as becomes your Virtue, and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my Place,
And turning all my Honours to Diſgrace;
And can you of ſo little Value prize
The Honour of your Blood, not to ſhed his?
Pat. Oh, Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theam,
'Twill blaſt your Glories, and your Wreaths defame.
Do but look on that Life you would deſtroy,
See if it ben't as ſpotleſs and ſerene
As that which in their Heav'n bleſt Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a Thought of Sin.
By all th' Endearments of a filial Love, [*Kneels.*
And if that Charm cannot your Pity move,
By my dear Mother's Ghoſt, whoſe dying Pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief Treaſure to your Care,
This unjuſt cruel Enmity lay down,
And do not in his Friend deſtroy your Son.
On the paſt Brav'ry of your Youth look back,
There the bright Paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be thoſe Glories to exchange,
For a baſe, brutal, infamous Revenge.
Oh, Sir, recall, recall the dire Decree,
'Tis ſuch a Deed as Fate will ſhrink to ſee.
Tiſ. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly Childiſh Pity o'er,
Or ne'er preſume to call me Father more.
Pat. Then ſee how I reſign that Int'reſt here: [*Riſes.*
Thus all the Bonds of Duty cancell'd are.
Whilſt ſuch black Horrours in your Soul I ſee,
Y'are not my Father, but my Enemy.

Now

Now againſt me let all your Vengeance come;
Thus, thus my Breaſt for your Revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades*——
No, ſince ſuch barb'rous Miſchiefs you dare do,
I'll die for him, but ſcorn to live for you.
Why don't you ſtrike, Sir? Is your Rage grown faint?
Tiſ. I fear I've too much trifl'd with this Boy;
Curſe on his Honour, 'twill my Hopes deſtroy.
But I'll ſmooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
None but a Heart, that's truly noble, cou'd
Ever deſerve a Title to my Blood.
No, may ye both in your brave Friendſhip be
As truly Happy as I am in thee.
That's curſt—— [*Aſide.*
Pat. Is then my Father kind? can he approve
Our Friendſhip? Does he once more crown our Love?
Oh, Sir, let thus my Acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for Bleſſings offer Thanks to Heav'n. [*Kneels.*
Tiſ. Riſe, riſe thou Comfort of my Age; I now
Have underſtood all I could wiſh to know.
Alas, in this Diſguiſe I did but try
The Strength and Virtue of thy Conſtancy.
'Tis a Refreſhment to this hoary Head,
To prove that Virtue which my ſelf have bred.
Thus bleſt in Peace I'll to my Grave deſcend,
As the declining Sun goes down at Night,
Pleas'd with the riſing of an off-ſpring Light.
Pat. Such myſtick Ways Fate does our Loves confirm,
As rooted Trees ſtand faſter by a Storm.
After this ſhock our Friendſhip's more ſecure,
As Gold try'd in the Fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*
Tiſ. There's ſome Foundation yet for my Deſign;
The Captive's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
Unweary'd I will let my Fury range,
And leave no Heart unſearch'd to find Revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A dark Tent.*

Theramnes *in Chains.*

Ther. How ſweet a Quietude's in Fetters found!
That it ſeems almoſt Freedom to be bound.
Though thus confin'd, my agil Thoughts may fly
Through all the Regions of variety.
Here in a trice I can the World run o'er,
And finiſh whole Years Labours in an Hour.
But oh my Miſtreſs! my *Timandra* loſt!
That is the only Bitterneſs I taſte.
This outward Fetter but my Body chains,
But that the Freedom of my Soul detains.
Why by my Rival's Sword did I not fall?
So bravely have embrac'd one Death for all?
Yet why ſhould I court ſuch an abject Fate?
Courage is the Supporter of the Great.
Methinks I've ſomething yet to do, might prove
Becoming both my Glory and my Love.
I'll——hah this does my buſie Thoughts prevent.

Enter Tiſſaphernes.

Is that old Fiend for a Tormenter ſent?
Good Sir, upon what Meſſage are you come?
Am I then deſtin'd to ſome harder Doom?

Tiſ. No, I am come to give your Sorrows eaſe:
I know you hate, Sir, *Alcibiades:*
Nay, and I know you love *Timandra* too.

Ther. Well, Sir, all this I know as well as you.

Tiſ. Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this Theam:
Dare you, Sir, raviſh her, and murder him?

Ther. For what dark Ends do you this Queſtion bring?
Dare! 's Death, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

Tiſ. That word then all my former Doubts ſecures;
Be only reſ'lute, and *Timandra*'s yours.
My Stratagems ſo ſubtly I will lay,
That to your Arms your Miſtreſs I'll betray.
Thus then, as the firſt Step to our Deſign,
Your Guards I'll with adulterated Wine
Secure; ſo they charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'll from your Bonds and Priſon ſet you free.

Then

Then, when some happy Moment shall present,
Timandra left unguarded in her Tent,
Both of us thither in Disguise will move,
To end your Rival, and compleat your Love.
For when your fill of Bliss you have enjoy'd,
And your full Pleasures with themselves are cloy'd;
I thither will alarm our Enemy,
Where by both Swords he shall be sure to die.
And the next Night (the Watch-word given by me)
You may 'scape through the Guards to Liberty.

Ther. Revenge! my Love enjoy'd, and Freedom too!
Then in the Name of *Pluto* be it so.
What stupid Ignorance the World possest,
That only Fury plac'd i' th' youthful Breast!
No, 'tis in Age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's strong.
These hoary Heads like grisly Comets are,
Which always threaten Ruin, Death, and War.

Tis. Alas, such tame Souls know but half a growth:
I'll make my Age a step to a new Youth:
Such Murders and such Cruelties maintain,
I'll from the Blood I shed grow young again.

Ther. Let's in the Name of Horrour then go on;
Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:
Something like Conscience else may all defeat,
You know, Sir, I'm but a raw Villain yet.

Tis. Conscience! a trick of State, found out by those,
That wanted Power to support their Laws;
A bug-bear Name, to startle Fools: But we,
That know the Weakness of the Fallacy,
Know better how to use what Nature gave.
That Soul's no Soul, which to it self's a Slave.
Who any thing for Conscience sake deny,
Do nothing else but give themselves the Lie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter Patroclus *and* Draxilla.

Pat. Why, Madam, do you fly a Lover's Pray'r?
Is Cruelty the Privilege o' th' Fair?

Drax. You cannot, Sir, i' th' Camp be Beauty's Slave,
Where Honour's the only Miſtreſs of the Brave.
Pat. But 'tis a rugged Honour got in Arms,
When not made ſoft by Beauty's ſweeter Charms.
That melts our Rage into a kind Deſire,
Whilſt Love refines it in his purer Fire.
Drax. Lovers, whoſe flights ſo ſublime Pitches chuſe,
Oft ſoar too high, and ſo their Quarry loſe.
But you, Sir, know to moderate your height,
Miſſing your Game, can eas'ly ſlack the flight.
Pat. Such faint Eſſays may fit a common Flame,
But my Deſires have a far nobler Aim,
Religious Honour, and a Zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that Deity to which I ſue.
Drax. Thoſe who to Deities their Off'rings pay,
Make their Addreſſes in an humbler way.
Not in a Confidence of what they give,
But modeſt Hopes of what they ſhall receive.
Pat. I in my Off'rings no Aſſurance have,
Though an Ambition to become your Slave.
Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place
You'll ſtill be looking for ſome acts of Grace.
Pat. Some little Favours Pity can't deny,
You are too noble to uſe Cruelty.
Drax. See, Sir, the Queen! I beg you, Sir, forbear.
Pat. Madam, this way—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Did he then ſuffer no Surprize? no ſhew
Of Alteration? let's the Progreſs know.
Ard. In order, Madam, t' your Command, I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent:
Where, after th' uſual Ceremonies paſt,
E'er I would feaſt, I gave him firſt a Taſte;
Told him how much his Courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean Path of Glory mov'd,
Who in his Arms had ſo ſucceſsful been,
T' engage a Monarch, and oblige a Queen.
Then nearer came, and whiſper'd ſomething more,
Began to intimate Love's mighty Pow'r.

He

He briskly took the hint, and readily
Began to urge ſome pretty Things to me.
By which encourag'd, I to th'bus'neſs drew,
Told him in fine it only was his due
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.
Queen. And did not then his alter'd Looks betray
Some Extaſie? ſome marks of lively Joy?
Ard. No, Madam, he knew better Policy,
Talk'd of your Honour, and his Loyalty;
Fine ſmoothing Terms to cloak a Paſſion in.
But if your Majeſty——
Queen. What?
Ard. ——Had but ſeen
How much his Carriage did his Words deceive,
When with a gentle Sigh he took his Leave,
As if he languiſh'd till the Minute came.
Queen. Doſt thou then think he entertains my Flame?
Let's to my Tent, and wait his coming there.
Such ſwarms of Love within my Breaſt there are,
The Heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
What would I give but for a taſte of Bliſs!
Oh, the choice ſweets of a ſtol'n Happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Alcibiades *ſolus.*

Alc. UNDER what fatal Planet was I born!
Sure at my Birth the Heav'ns themſelves did mourn;
Disjointed Nature did her Courſe forbear,
And held within her Womb a civil War.
I who but now did Fame and Conqueſt bring,
And added to the Glories of a King,
Muſt ſee my Trophies all thrown down again,
By the baſe Paſſions of a luſtful Queen!
Why was I not born to a common Fate?
Free from the glorious Troubles of the Great:

So in ſome humble Cell my Years have ſpent,
Bleſt with a private peaceable Content.
The vulgar Mortal feels not Fortune's harms;
The higheſt Structures ſtill are ſhook with Storms.
See too, ſhe's here; what ſhall I do or ſpeak?
Fate has beſet me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. My Lord, you ſomething diſcompos'd appear;
Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

Alc. Majeſty, Madam, is a thing divine.

Queen. If that diſturb you, Sir, I'll lay by mine.
Methinks I apprehend a greater Pride,
To view the Man whoſe Glories ſpread ſo wide.

Alc. Madam, you on 'em ſet too high a Price.

Queen. Perhaps I ſee not, Sir, with common Eyes.
They beſt of Honour judge that Honour have.
I find a Secret in me ſays y'are brave;
You need not, Sir, unfold it, you can gueſs.

Alc. How craftily ſhe would her Luſt expreſs,
And ſet her Ills off with a winning Dreſs!
What's to be done, which way ſhall I conclude?
I muſt abuſe my King, or muſt be rude.
I cannot ſpeak ——

Queen. ——My Lord, let's ſit a while:
Won't you vouchſafe your Viſitant a Smile?

Alc. Smiles, Madam, were too inſolent a Joy.

Queen. Fie! put theſe formal Compliments away.
Ardella, ſing that Song I heard to Day.

SONG.

I.

The brighteſt Goddeſs of the Sky,
How did ſhe panting, ſighing lye,
And languiſhing deſire to die!
For the triumphant God of War
Amidſt his Trophies did appear,
As charming Rough as ſhe was Fair.

II. *Their*

II.

Their Loves were bleſt, they had a Son,
The little Cupid; *who has ſhown*
More Conqueſt than his Sire e'er won.
He grew the mightieſt God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To Heav'n, that dares be ſo to Love,

III.

How ſoft the Delights, and how charming the Joy,
Where Love and Enjoyment each other ſupport!
Let the Cynical Fool call Pleaſure a Toy,
Who ne'er Fame i'th' Camp had, nor Love in the Court:
O ſo kindly the Combats each other ſucceed,
Where 'tis Triumph to Dye, and a pleaſure to Bleed.

Alc. The Air is charming.——
Queen. —— Retire. [*Exit* Ardella.
No lively Symptoms of a growing Fire!
I'll urge him further——
My Lord, your Hand; how beats your Pulſe? I fear
Y'are ill; cold Drops upon your Brows appear;
I'll wipe 'em off; come, Sir, your Fears remove,
You need not bluſh to tell me that you love.
I'll do it for you, nay, I more will do,
Bluſh for my ſelf too when I bluſh for you.
Sure this will take; what does your Wonder mean?
Is Love ſo ſtrange?——
Alc.——Oh name not that again!
Could you ſuch wrong to Royal *Agis* do?
Think what's to Heav'n and to your Virtue due.
Queen. Muſt I be hated then? and Sir, by you? [*Angrily.*
Piſh, why d'you talk of Heav'n and Virtue now? [*Mildly*
Alc. Not new-made Mothers to their Infants bear
A firmer Paſſion, or a tend'rer Care.
Shew me yours, or your Honour's Enemy,
See with what Vigour t'your Revenge I'll fly.
For you with Life I willingly could part,
But whilſt that laſts, *Timandra* has my Heart.

Queen. The heavy Pleasures of the Marriage-Bed
Dull Repetition soon will render dead.
Taste fresher Joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old Pleasures may seem gay and new.

Alc. Could I expect to have such Language heard,
Where Beauty and such Innocence appear'd?

Queen. Can you my little Beauty then approve,
And is't so difficult a thing to love?

Alc. Love, Madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd;
I'll love you as the Sister of my Blood.

Queen. A Sister's Love's a lean insipid Bliss,
So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the Transport, Extasie, Delight?
'Tis like thin Meat to a sharp Appetite.

Alc. I know y'are beauteous as the blushing Morn:
Your Beams the Lustre of a King adorn,
That King whose Piety me happy made;
And can I in return prophane his Bed?
Though, Madam, I've liv'd free, and never set
Limits to any thing we call Delight,
Yet raise not new Rebellions in my Blood:
Beauty hath Darts too keen to be withstood.

Queen. Yet all its Power has no Force o'er you,
Your cruel Heart's immoveable; but know
'Twill to your Honour be but ill apply'd,
That for your Love a Queen neglected dy'd.

Alc. What is't your Majesty would have me do?

Queen. Are you so ignorant that you don't know?

Alc. Death! not to have some Sense, were to unman
My self; but I'll be Conqu'ror if I can.
Should I be made a Captive to her Charms,
E'er I am warm in my *Timandra*'s Arms?
One Stratagem I'll for my Freedom try.
Madam, no longer I'll your Pow'r deny: [*To the Queen.*
For if these Eyes had ne'er *Timandra* known,
You only might have call'd my Heart your own.
But whilst with her I enjoy Love, and Life,
And you remain the mighty *Agis* Wife;

Know this is all I can in Juſtice do,
I'm ready on your leaſt Commands, to ſhew
I live for her; but yet could dye for you.
Queen. Muſt I then only border upon Bliſs?
Reſt on the Confines of my Happineſs?
As Souls that are excluded Heav'n for Sin,
See all its Glories, but can't enter in.
Alc. No, Madam; free from the dull clogs of Senſe,
We'll reap Delights of nobler Excellence.
Our entwin'd Souls each other ſhall enjoy,
Tread Virtue's Paths, and never loſe their Way.
But if one in his Motion chance to err,
Strait regulate it by the other's Sphear:
——Till at the laſt,
When the ſhort Zodiack of this Life w'ave paſt,
With new-impt Zeal beyond the Stars we'll fly,
There meet, and mingle to a Diety.
Queen. Then to all hopes of Happineſs adieu,
Since my chief Bliſs I've loſt in loſing you.
Oh the tyrannick Cruelty of Fate,
That lets us know our Happineſs too late.
Yet why ſhou'd I to Fears and Sorrows bend,
If only on their Fate my hopes depend?
A Rival, and a King, I may remove:
There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit* Queen.
Alc. She's gone.——
Greatneſs, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,
The wiſe Man's Fetter, and the range of Fools!
Who is't wou'd court thee if he knew thy Ills?
He who the greateſt heap of Honour piles,
Does nothing elſe but build a dang'rous Shelf,
Or erect Mountains to o'erwhelm himſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *a Grove adjoyning to the Camp.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* Theramnes *diſguis'd.*

Tiſ. Now, Sir, y'are free, and proſperouſly move,
To reap the long-wiſht Harveſt of your Love.
One Minute and y'are in *Timandra*'s Arms,
New fetter'd in the power of her Charms:
Methinks the thought ev'n my old Blood alarms.

Ther. His Rage ſure works him to an Extaſie:
How the old Monſter hugs his Villany!
Good, Sir, diſpatch, I cannot brook delay;
I waſte in expectation of my Joy.
But hearк, did you not hear a murm'ring Talk?
Tiſ. Perhaps 'tis ſhe come in this Grove to walk:
Stay, here they are; by Heav'n the ſame, 'tis She.
Retreat a while; bleſt Opportunity! [*They go to the Door.*
Enter Timandra *with a Book in her Hand, and* Draxilla.
Tim. Methinks, *Draxilla*, when *Atlanta* ran,
And Slaughter was the only Prize ſhe wan;
Her Power a too cruel Rigour bore,
To kill thoſe ſhe had wounded ſo before.
[Theramnes *throws off his Diſguiſe.*
Ther. Then, Madam, be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor Wretch y'ave wounded do not kill.
Ah in your Heart, if ſuch a Senſe there be
Of the Injuſtice of her Cruelty;
How much more Pity from your Breaſt is due
To him, who ev'ry Minute dies for you!
Tim. My Lord *Theramnes*! by what lucky Hap
Have you from Guards and Priſon made eſcape?
Ther. Who wears your ſacred Image in his Breaſt,
Is of ſuch pure Divinity poſſeſt,
And from ignoble Bondage ſo ſecure,
That feeble Chains fall off, and loſe their Pow'r.
Tim. Then, Sir, in your intended Flight make haſte,
Leſt by ſome fatal Chance y'are once more loſt.
Ther. No, I enjoy a nobler Safety here;
No Danger dares approach when you are near:
Theſe Groves to Lovers Bliſs are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil Outrages of Fate.
Come, let's to ſomething like Delight draw nigh,
And loſe our ſelves a while in Extaſie. [*Seizes roughly on her*
Tim. Guard me, ye Powers! *Draxilla*, help: my Lord!
Tiſ. Good, gentle Madam, if you pleaſe, one Word.
[Draxilla *runs out, crying Help, and* Tiſſaphernes *after her.*
Ther. I cannot ſee my Rival bleſt alone;
Muſt he reap all the Sweets, and I have none?

Tim.

Tim. This Outrage on my Knees I beg, forbear:
See, Sir, it is *Timandra* sheds a Tear; [Tis. *returns.*
Her whom you vow'd you lov'd with noble Flame:
Oh don't by savage Lust prophane that Name!
If 'tis the Envy of your Rival's Joy,
Remove, remove th' Offence some other way:
Save but my Honour, and my Life destroy.

Ther. Such Tenderness might cool another's Blood;
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let Virtue to dull Anchorites repair,
Who ne'er had Soul enough to know Despair.
I'll banish the Encroacher from my Breast,
And shake him off e'er he take hold too fast.
Come, let's retire within this Covert by;
I am impatient, and my Blood boyls high.

Tim. I will not go, I'll die a Martyr here.

Ther. Then I must drag you.

Tim. ——Barb'rous Ravisher!
Oh! oh! ——

Enter Alcibiades.

Alc. ——Did I not hear a tender Cry?
Oh Heav'ns! turn, base Hell-hound, turn, and die. [*Draws.*

Ther. That, Sir, will thus be better understood. [*Draws.*

Tis. Y'ave undertook, Sir, more than you'll make good.
[*Draws.* [*They both make at him.*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. How's this; assaulted! and by such base Odds!
Courage, my Friend! ——

[*After a fierce Fight between* Alcibiades *and* Theramnes, Patroclus *and* Tissaphernes, Patroclus *drives his Father off the Stage, and* Alcibiades *runs* Theramnes *through.*

Alc. ——To the acurst Abodes
Of tortur'd Souls that in dark Horror dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,
It was my Sword that sent thy Soul to Hell.

Ther. Hold, Sir, enough; I must your Victim fall,
Tho' an Atonement for my Sin too small.
My hasty Soul can make no longer stay,
Death tolls his Leaden Bell, and calls away.

And now like ſome ſad Trav'ler, taking view
Of the long Journey that I have to go,
Whilſt I my Thoughts to Heav'ns ſweet Manſions bend,
Without your Mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one Word of Pardon e'er I die;
Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly.
Abſolv'd by you, it muſt have welcome there,
As Incenſe that is offer'd up with Pray'r.

Tim. My Pardon and my Prayers too receive;
More than your Guilt could ask me I could give:
Be happy as your Penitence is true;
And may kind Heav'n forgive you, as I do. [*Weeps.*

Ther. Ah! can your Piety vouchſafe a Tear
Of Pity, on an impious Raviſher!
My Soul will leave me in an Extaſie:
And I ſhall want the Senſe to know I die.
Thus, pure Divinity, at your Feet I bow;
Here 'tis my Soul would make her lateſt ſtay:
Nor can ſhe ——
Beginning hence her Journey, miſs the Way.
But I'd forgot; beware of—— [*Dies.*

Alc. ——Who can fear,
That is ſecur'd by Charms ſo pow'rful here?
Within theſe Spheres my Guardian Angels move;
Theſe are my Seats of Safety, as of Love.

Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themſelves; I fear more Miſchief may depend
On this Diſaſter.——

Enter Patroclus.

Alc. So when a Storm's blown o'er,
And a calm Breeze has ſmooth'd the rugged Deep,
The joyful Mariners can fear no more:
But thus embrace, and lull their Cares aſleep. [*Embraces him.*
Welcome my Life's Protector and only Friend.
Hah! what does that ſad Look, and Sigh intend?
Are you, Sir, wounded?——

Pat. Yes, too deep, I fear.

Alc. Forbid it Heav'n! where is't?

Pat. ——Oh here, Sir, here;
My Soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where:

Your

Your Friend! ah let that Title be no more;
Behold me as a Wretch forlorn, and poor.
Imagine ev'ry Form of Misery;
And when y'ave sum'd up all, then look on me.

Alc. Now some blest Angel to my Soul reveal
This Doubt; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah, kind *Patroclus*, this sad Silence break.

Pat. Oh, Sir, you must not hear, nor must I speak.
Paint out black Horrour in its deepest dread,
And Troops of Murders hov'ring o'er your Head,
And when that hideous Masque of Hell you see,
Think, if you can, that they came all from me.

Alc. Confusion! how my Thoughts begin to start!
A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my Heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get Place;
But I'll subdu't,----Be free, kind Friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our Friendship and your Worth.

Pat. That Charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth.
But oh it must not; Duty does forbid:
Yet what's my Duty if my Honour bleed;
Know then,----now that this stubborn Heart would break!
My cruel Father —— oh I dare not speak.

Alc. Hah!

Pat. Led by some blind mistaken Jealousie,
Heaps Treasons upon you, and Shame on me.
It was by him *Theramnes* made escape,
And 'twas he back'd him in this impious Rape.
But oh no more! Shame does my Words suppress:
Yet think what he will do that durst do this.
I'll go and try if I his Rage can stay:
I may divert the Stream another way. [*Exit* Patro.

Alc. Kind Youth, I cannot fear thy Father's Hate:
He sells his Honour at too cheap a rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a Wrong?
No, I've a guard of Innocence too strong;
Whilst I unspotted that and Friendship bear,
No Danger is so great that I need fear.

Tim. Yet be not, Sir, regardless of my Fears;
Some Pity have of these sad Sighs, and Tears.

Whither,

Whither, oh whither would your Raſhneſs lead;
To urge a Ruin level'd at your Head!
Let us——
To ſome Receſs that's ſafe and humble go:
Timandra can bear any thing with you.
Let Int'reſt the unfix'd and wav'ring ſway;
With us——
Love ſhall ſupply what Fortune takes away.

Alc. Sure 'tis not my *Timandra*'s Voice I hear:
She ne'er had cauſe to think that I could fear.
Have I ſo many Dangers over-paſt,
Poorly to ſhrink from Villany at laſt?
No, with my Innocence I'll brave his Hate,
And meet it in a free undaunted State:
See all with Smiles, as fearleſs and as gay,
As Infants unconcern'd at Dangers play.

Tim. Then I'll perform what to my Love is due;
Unſteady Doubts be gone, blind Fears adieu:
I were unworthy of the Heart you gave,
Were I than you leſs faithful, or leſs brave.
And of my Courage too this Proof I'll give,
When you dare meet a Death, I'll ſcorn to live,
Nor longer be a Vaſſal to my Fear;
We'll in each others Chance a Portion bear:
So Fate has thus at leaſt ſome Kindneſs ſhown,
Neither can Wretches be, nor bleſt alone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and four Villains.*

Tiſ. Is't done?——

1 *Vil.* Sir, to a Point your Will's fulfill'd;
Theramnes's Guards, as they lay drunk, we kill'd:
Draxilla too, by th' Ambuſh you had lay'd
For your Retreat, was on her Flight betray'd.

Tiſ. Next, as from me, be there a Meſſage ſent,
To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;
In's Paſſage thither you may ſeize him, ſo
Convey him to the Cave——

1 *Vil.* ——My Lord, we go.

Tif. Ye are the best of Rogues; but disappear: [*Ex.* 3 *Vil.*
You know your Bus'ness: So; the King is here.

Enter King and Queen attended.

King. Lead to the Grove——

Tif. Oh, Sir, there's Treason in the Camp; retreat;
But now the Guards I in Confusion met,
Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
The late *Athenian* Captive General, kill'd.
That little Breath he had left h'employ'd to shew
His Honour, and his Gallantry to you:
Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
As would seem almost Treason to repeat.
But, Sir, you have no longer Safety here:
Secure your self, and leave all to my Care.

King. No more! you know not what you urge me to:
Secure my self! am I a King, or no?
That Monarch, who when Danger's near, sits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne.
The best Securities in Courage are;
We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold Traytor know,
To stem the Torrent I my self will go:
In State I'll meet the fond Capricious Wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would snatch.

Tif. Alas, dread Sir, force me not to declare;
The Name would wound your sacred Breast to hear.
I in revealing, Honour should offend:
He once was Noble, Sir, and call'd me Friend.

King. How, Sir, your Friend! and Traytor to my Crown?
Reveal him, or his Treasons are your own.

Tif. Alas, but must I! ——'tis so foul a Deed,
I cannot speak.

King. Hell, Sir; d'ye play? Proceed.

Tif. Then to be short, he you so lately strove
T'engage in all the firmest tyes of Love,
He whom you almost had from nothing raisd,
And on the highest Seats of Honour plac'd;
Has thence this use of all your Favours shown,
To make 'em steps to mount into your Throne.

King.

King. Defend me! what do I hear!——
Sir, you have rais'd a Tumult in my Breaſt,
Which will not be ſo ſuddenly appeas'd:
By Heav'ns, ſee all that you inform be true,
Or may all Torments which to the damn'd are due
Light on me, if Inflicted not on you.
The brave *Athenian* falſe! it cannot be:
His Soul ne'er dreamt of ſuch Impiety.

Tiſ. Sir, y'are unkind if you ſuſpect me falſe,
I never yet abus'd your Ears with Tales;
Had I ſuch Myſtick Policy purſu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier underſtood.

King. Alas, dear Friend, miſconſtrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Paſſions in nice Reaſon's Scale.
Who would believe a King ſhould blindly place
His Love ſo firmly, for Returns ſo baſe?
Wrack me no more, but the dark Scruple clear:
My Soul's in a Convulſion till I hear.

Tiſ. Yes, Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were laid.
Th' account I from the dying Captive had;
Whom he with Liberty had brib'd, to joyn
With him in this his treacherous Deſign:
This Night wi'th' Enemy your Camp t'envade,
On promiſe it ſhould be by him betray'd.
Which when the gallant Captive did diſdain,
He was to Combat dar'd, and by him ſlain.
If you inſiſt on farther Evidence,
Theramnes's murder'd Guards enough convince:
Hence you may farther Confirmation have.

King. Be bold; ſpeak what thou knoweſt——

4. *Vil.*——When to relieve
The Captive's Guards, I by Command was ſent,
I found 'em murder'd at the Door o'th' Tent.
In one of 'em ſome Life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our General ſlain,
'Cauſe they *Theramnes* Freedom had deny'd.
More he had ſaid, but at theſe Words he dy'd.

King. It was enough. Treaſon, how dark art thou?
In Shapes more various than e'er *Proteus* knew.
By Heav'n I'll make him baſe, deſpis'd and poor,
More wretched than e'er Monſter was before.

Naked,

Naked, and ſtript of all his Dignities,
I'll lay his odious Crimes before his Eyes.
Then when his Mind is lab'ring with Regret,
To make his Infamy the more compleat,
Some common Slave ſhall on him Juſtice do,
And ſend his Soul among the damn'd below.
Guards wait on him—— [*To* Tiſſaphernes.
Go e'er my Love return, and I repent,
And ſieze upon the Traitor in his Tent.
A ſpeedy Vengeance beſt befits this Wrong,
'Twere too much Mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades *and* Timandra.

Alc. This way's the King?
Tiſ. He's here leapt into the Net.
Thus, Sir, the King ſalutes you. [*Guards ſieze* Alc.
Alc. Slaves, retreat.
Tim. Alas, my Lord!
Tiſ.—— Sir, 'tis the Command,
The leaſt of 'em I never durſt withſtand.
Alc. But, Sir, what Meaning can this Uſage bear?
Tiſ. The King, Sir, quickly all your Doubts will clear.
King. Away with him, thou Poiſon to my Eyes.
Alc. The baſeſt Wretch not unconvicted dies.
Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
Unworthy of my Honour or your Crown.
If in your Cauſe who'd ſpend his deareſt Blood,
And is, to be your meaneſt Vaſſal, proud,
No greater Welfare than in yours does know,
If he be an Offender, I am ſo.
King. How cunningly he would ſeem innocent,
And gild with Flattery his foul Intent!
Thus Traitors in their Fall are like the Sun,
Who ſtill looks faireſt at his going down.
'Sdeath, Sir, do you believe me Child, or Fool,
Whom ev'ry fawning Word or Toy can rule?
By Heav'n I'll let you ſee, Sir, your Miſtake;
Hence with the Traitor quickly to the Rack.
Alc. Sir, hear me ſpeak——
King. What is't that you can ſay,
Who would my Crown and your own Truſt betray?

Wh en

When you from Prison set the Captive free,
Basely to win him to your Treachery:
Whom, when on him your Plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cause he more Honour had than you.

Alc. By all above, Sir, I am innocent;
I ne'er knew what the Thought of Treason meant.
But know from whence this Jealousie you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuses you:
Therammes had his Liberty from hence; [*To* Tissaphernes.
And for Designs so base ——

Tis. —— Oh Impudence!
To what prodigious Height will Treason climb!
Dare you, Sir, charge me with your heavy Crime?
Old as I am, my Sword should do me right.
But ——

Alc. —— Monster hence, and them that fear thee fright;
Think'st thou to play with the black Deeds th'ast done?
Were I but free, though naked and alone,
Thou too defended by a desp'rate Crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd than thou;
This single Arm should prove my Cause is good,
And chronicle my Honour in their Blood.

King. Is't thus, Sir, you would plead your Innocence?
Think you t'outbrave us with your Impudence?
Once more the Traitor to his Tortures bear.

Queen. But, Sir, your Justice now is too severe.
'Twere an ill Triumph after Victories,
To make the Conqueror the Sacrifice;
That Gallantry some Privilege may plead.

King. His Treasons are too plain, and open laid,
And all his Merits weigh'd against them light.

Queen. Should we him guilty of worse Crimes admit,
And that in's Death you'd worthiest Justice shew,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

King. When *Deidamia* pleads I can't deny:
His Doom's this time recall'd, he shall not die;
But (robb'd of all his Joys) let him be sent
To a perpetual Imprisonment;
His Treasures rifl'd, and his Wife a Slave.

Alc. Here on my Knees let me one Favour crave.

What

What-ever Fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac'd; but, Sir, let her be free;
Let all the Weight of the alledg'd Offence
Light upon me; wrong not her Innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your Courage now!
Think you that I dare suffer less than you?
No, Sir; in this he has no Right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equally Justice on us both be shown;
And as we are, so let our Fates be one.

Alc. Thou Wonder of thy Sex!——

King. I'll hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry Monarch's Pow'r?
But since his Fate so gratefully you esteem:
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.
He must not be so happy to have her,
For Fetters would be Blessings were she there.
Go see ye execute our Orders straight.

Tim. Thus we with Smiles will entertain our Fate.
My dearest Lord, farewel; let not a Sigh
Or Tear proclaim we grieve, our Parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our Happiness a Pain,
Joy were not then a Blessing, but a Chain.
No, let us part as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this Life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at least in Heav'n shall meet again.

Alc. So from their Oracles the Deities
Instruct the ignorant World in Mysteries.
But, part! that Word would make a Saint despair.
Obedience cannot be a Virtue here.
If so, ye Gods, ye have such Precepts giv'n,
That an Example would confound your Heav'n:
You Duties beyond your own Omnipotence enjoin;
Can you forsake your Heav'n, or I leave mine?
'Till when thus King I'm fix'd beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endless Love.
Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy Ends despair,
My Soul shall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n 'till she came there.

King. Shall I thus see my self out-brav'd? away,
He is a Traitor that but seems to stay.
[Alcibiades *snatches a Sword from one of the Guards.*
Alc. Now I am arm'd, Death to that Wretch that stirs.
King. Sir, do you think to look us into Fears?
Disarm him Guards, or kill him. [*They fight and disarm him.*
Tis. Push home, ye Dogs ——
Alc. —— Sordid Slaves.
Thus ev'ry Ass the helpless Lion braves.
Adieu, divinest of thy Sex, adieu!
I never thought that I could part 'till now.
Now I deserve the worst Fate has in Store,
That in so brave a Cause should do no more.
[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*
Yet stay, one Look. Thus does the Needle steer
To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:
When in the eager Prospect of his Joy,
He is by some rude Artist snatch'd away.
Farewel ——
Tim. Farewel, and if your Memory
E'er trouble you with such a thing as I,
Let not a Sigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, than you should grieve.
Alc. Such Worth shall in each Temple have a Shrine;
What, to regain her, would I not resign?
But she's too Heav'nly to be longer mine.
[*Exeunt several ways Guarded, and looking back at each other.*
King. She's gone, but oh what mighty Charms there lye
Couch'd in the narrow Circle of an Eye!
Had she but stay'd another Minute here,
I had worn Chains, and been her Prisoner:
And still I fear my Heart is not my own;
For if so bright when to a Dungeon gone,
How would she shine triumphant on a Throne? [*Exit.*
Queen. So, now or never must my Love succeed;
Vainly, weak King, hast thou his Doom decreed.
In this beginning of his Fall th'ast shown
But the imperfect Figure of thy own.
Few Hours remain 'twixt thee and Destiny,
'Till when grow dull in thy Security.

Timandra's

Timandra's and thy Death is one Design;
Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tissaphernes *solus.*

Tis. NOW like a Lion on my Prey I'll feast;
Revenge! thou solace to a troubled Breast.
Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,
How would his Ghost rejoice at what I do!
[Theramnes's *Ghost rises.*

Ghost. Oh no——

Tis. Death, what is that I hear and see?
Begone, dull Ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Ghost. From deepest Horror of eternal Night,
Where Souls in everlasting Torments groan,
Where howling Fiends lye chain'd, and where's no Light,
But thickest Darkness covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee, Mortal, of thy Sin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain:
'Twere fit that thy Repentance soon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endless Pain.
Farewel—— [*Descends.*

Tis.—— 'Twas an odd Speech; but be it so:
Pish; Hell it self trembles at what I do;
And its Submission better to express,
Sends this Embassador to make its Peace.
Let idle Fears the Superstitious awe;
With me my Resolution is a Law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for Souls such Torments are,
Methinks there's yet some Brav'ry in Despair.
The easie King looks little in his State.
His Crown is for his Head too great a Weight:
But I will ease him, and adorn this Brow.
Thus to my Aims no Limits I'll allow.
Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, shall be
My Bus'ness; so I'll baffle Destiny.

Hell

Hell! No,——
I'll act such Things whilst here I have Abode,
'Till my own Trophies raise me to a God.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Now such an Engine is it I would have,
I know he is a Traitor, and is brave.
I'll bait him with Ambition that may move;
Then if complacent to my Ends he prove,
In seeming to comply with his Design,
I'll make him but an Instrument to mine;
For when Success me to my Wishes calls,
I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
My Lord!——

Tis. Madam.

Queen. My Father lov'd you well,
I've heard him oft of your Atchievements tell;
When in his Camp such gallant Deeds you wrought,
And always Victory and Triumph brought.

Tis. Madam, your Father was all good and just.

Queen. He could, why may not I, your Honour trust?

Tis. You wrong it else, your Father lives in you;
As I was his, I am your Champion too.
Though old, against your Foes this Sword shall plead
Your Right; name but your Traitor, and he's dead.

Queen. Nay, Sir, the Traitor's not alone my Foe,
His Injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet basely him that gave him Growth destroys;
Whilst for his Ills he would his Kindness plead,
To heap your Honours on your Rival's Head.
Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own Honour save.

Tis. Your Majesty would mean the King. D'ye try
My Resolution, or my Loyalty?

Queen. Your Courage, Sir is known; your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Through me these Honours you in *Sparta* bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before.
Now know it is the King, whose perjur'd Soul
Has done me Injuries so base and foul,

That all that's good will bluſh at; his Vows paſt
To me, all in another's Love are loſt.
Nay, with my Honour too my Life muſt bleed;
He, with the Gen'ral's has my Fall decreed,
To take the fair *Timandra* to his Bed.
Let's go ſurprize him now he's full of Wine:
Revenge me on his Life, his Crown is thine.

Tiſ. Madam, indeed the Injuries you feel
Cry loud; nor do I tamely ſee my Ill.
But you muſt ſwear to me you will be true.

Queen. By all that's holy I'll be ſo to you.

Tiſ. I'll do't; but, Madam, know, I undertake
To hazard Life and Honour for your ſake;
Should you betray me:——

Queen. Nay now you are unkinder than before.
To my firſt Oath I'll add a Million more.

Tiſ. And you will ſtill be mindful of the Crown?

Queen. Had he ten thouſand, they were all your own.

Tiſ. This then's his Fate; pity a Crime were here:
He ſhan't have time enough to make a Prayer.
[*Draws a Dagger.*

Queen. Be bold; and proſper in thy brave Deſign;
And when his Death's perform'd, the next is thine
[*Aſide. Exit.*

Tiſ. This Trap was dang'rouſly and ſubtly lay'd,
But I am not ſo eaſily betray'd.
Her love to *Alcibiades* I know;
Her Woman for me did that Kindneſs do.
And ſince ſhe is ſo good at the Deſign,
I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.
My zealous urging of her Oath was done,
Not to prevent her Plots, but hide my own.
I'll cheriſh her in all that ſhe pretends,
So make her Aims but Covers to my Ends.
For when I'm ſeated on the *Spartan* Throne,
Both her and all her Treaſons I'll diſown:
Prove both her Judge and her Accuſer too,
And on her my firſt Act of Juſtice do.
So all my Doubts and Fears will be o'er-paſt,
And by her Fall I fix my ſelf more faſt.
[*Exit.*

Enter

An Apartment, with a Chair of State and by it a Table, with the Crown and Scepter.

Enter King and Lords.

King. My Lords, no more, we'ave drank too deep! I'd now
A while be private.

Lords. —— Royal Sir, we go [*Ex. Lords.*

King. Boy take thy Lute, and with a pleasing Air
Appease my Sorrows, and delude my Care. [*Sits down.*

SONG.

Princes that rule, and Empires sway,
How transitory is their State!
Sorrows the Glories do allay,
And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.

II.

The mighty Monarch Treason fears,
Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;
His Life all Discontent and Cares,
And he at best is but a Slave.

III.

Vainly we think with fond delight
To ease the burden of our Cares;
Each Grief a second does invite,
And Sorrows are each others Heirs.

IV.

For me, my Honour I'll maintain,
Be Gallant, Generous, and Brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At least I find it in the Grave. [The King falls asleep.

Enter Queen and Tissaphernes *with a Dagger.*

Queen. He sleeps; now let the fatal Deed be done.
Hah! what are these, the Scepter and the Crown!
So did the drousie Dragon sleep, when he
Lost the rich Fruits of the *Hesperian* Tree.
First we'll secure his Crown, and then he dies.
[*Takes up the Crown.*
Thus I'm discharg'd of all my Promises. Take

Take this, and if I claim your Promiſe too,
[*Puts it on his Head.*
Y'are King, and Juſtice is your Duty now.
Come, by his Fall——
This your firſt ſtep to Glory ſolemnize,
I'll make you King, make him my Sacrifice.
Tiſ. I'll do't, but ſtay—— [*Advances towards the King.*
Queen.——Nay, quickly to him go;
Sir, he expects no Ceremony now.
Tiſ. Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!
I ſtand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
There is in Majeſty a ſecret Charm,
That puts a Fetter on a Traitor's Arm:
I cannot do't——
Queen. Then look on her that dares.
How deſpicable is the Man that fears!
Give me the fatal Inſtrument of Death;
[*Takes his Dagger from him.*
My ſelf will in his Heart this Dagger ſheath;
Then bluſh to think, if e'er the World ſhould know,
That a frail Woman durſt do more than you.
Courage——he ſmiles,—— [*Advances towards the King.*
Some pleaſing Dreams his Fancy entertain;
Oh it were Pity he ſhould wake again.
Thus, King, thy Life and Empire I command:
Accept this from thy *Deidamia*'s Hand. [*Stabs him.*
King. Hah, Murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!
What is't that faithleſs Woman will not do!
Henceforth all Loyalty and Love farewel,
When After-Ages ſhall this Story tell,
'Twill be a Truth too ſad to be receiv'd;
Nor ſhall the World be by it ſelf believ'd.
Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,
To lay all my Ambition at your Feet;
When at the Altar ſtricteſt Vows I paid?
Nor were they with leſs Zeal perform'd than made.
I lov'd you far above that Life y'ave ſpilt,
Till ev'n my Paſſion was become my Guilt.
I for your ſake depriv'd Heav'n of its due,
Took Adoration thence to pay it you.
And muſt this be th' Reward for all I've done?
Yet I ſhall have this Comfort when I'm gone,

That I no longer ſhall with thee remain,
But dye in hopes we ne'er ſhall meet again. [*Dyes.*

Queen. He's gone, and now my Lord——

Tiſ.-------Oh, what is't you have done?
A while lay your unruly Paſſions down.
View but the ſweet Compoſure of that Face,
Where Grandeur ſat attended by each Grace:
Now there grim Death his ghaſtly Revels keeps,
And pallid Horrour o'er each Feature creeps.
Weep, Madam, weep, to think your Rage has given
That Blow, which robs the World to enrich Heav'n.
Oh my dear Lord, that e'er I liv'd to know
This Day! Madam, I can't conceal it.

Queen.---------Say you ſo?
But, Sir, I ſcorn to be betray'd by you.

[*At the noiſe of People entring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her Knees, and lays hold of* Tiſſaphernes; *then ſpeaks.*

Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon, *&c.*--------
Is't not enough y'ave ſhed my Husband's Blood?

Tiſ. The Devil!———

Queen. And robb'd the World of all that's great and good,
But you muſt ſeek my Life? Oh Pity take,
If not for mine, at leaſt for Virtue's ſake!

Tiſ. Hell and Plagues!———

Queen. But why do I name that? for all that e'er
The World had left of it, lyes murder'd there.

Tiſ. Very fine. [mine:

Queen. Yet though you've robb'd him of his Life, ſave
I'll live to ask Heav'n Pardon for your Sin.

Tiſ. So, now I'll ſtop your Mouth.

[*Breaks from her, and takes up the Dagger.*

Queen. Help! Murder! Treaſon! help!

Enter Lords.

1 *Lord.* How, *Tiſſaphernes* arm'd againſt the Queen!
What means this Poſture, Sir?———

Queen.——— Oh noble Lord,
If e'er your Pity could a Tear afford,

Weep

Weep down an Ocean there; behold the Spring
Of *Sparta*'s Hopes lyes murder'd in her King.
And had not I the Traytor's Rage withstood,
He with my Husband's too had mixt my Blood.
See where he guilty stands.

Lord. ——Great *Agis* slain!
By *Tissaphernes* too!

Queen. Yes, he to gain
The *Spartan* Crown, this bloody Deed has done.
See he already has usurpt the Crown;
His hot Ambition could not bear Delays,
But on the Royal Spoils thus proudly preys;
Insults in's Treason.

Tis. ——I am now run down
So far, that all hopes of Recovery's gone.
But Madam, can you dare to lay this Guilt
On me? wast not by you his Blood was spilt?

Queen. By me! base Wretch, would thy Impiety
Lay this inhuman Regicide on me?
I wound this Breast? ah, dearest Saint, too well
I knew thy Worth! [*Weeps.*

Tis. Death! she'll be Queen of Hell:
Pluto will grow in Love with her for this.

Lord. My Lord, Treason's above all Pardon.

Tis. ——'Tis.

Lord. Then, Sir, to justice.

Tis. No, thus I deny. [*Presents his Dagger.*
I liv'd not by it, nor will by it die.
Was it for this my Stratagems I laid
To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
Curse on my narrow Fate; but yet to shew
That I love Murder too as well as you,
Thus, perjur'd Queen——

[*Offers to stab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.*

Queen. See, how he'd still pursue
His Treason! hence to Justice with him go:
Hourly let on the Rack his Pains encrease,
Till he the horrour of his Guilt confess.

Tis. That shall not need. I'll own the Deed as mine,
But glory in't, it was a brave Design,

The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
Thy Luſt, all by one Stratagem, was great!
So great, that for its ſake
I can with Satisfaction yield my Breath,
Elſe I ſhould take no Pleaſure in my Death.
But e'er I go, be pleas'd to entertain
The laſt kind Precepts of a dying Man.
Be bloody, falſe, revengeful, luſtful, all
That can be found recorded on Hell's Roll
Embrace; where-e'er you riſing Virtue ſee,
Down with it, and ſet up Impiety.
Make that your Theam, leave nothing ill undone,
So copy *Tiſſaphernes* when he's gone;
Who leaves this Counſel as a Legacy:
'Tis my Religion, and I'll in it dye. [*Exit* Tiſ. *guarded.*

Queen. Hence with the Wretch——
Mean while to my dead Lord I'll Sorrows pay,
And after his ſigh my own Life away.
So, now they are gone——Hah, who comes there?

Enter Ardella.

Ard. 'Tis I.

Queen. Ardella, on that thing caſt back an Eye;
'Twas once a King, but thank theſe Hands now none:
Nay ſtart not, *Tiſſaphernes* too is gone; [Ardella *ſtarts.*
His Treaſures all are thine as a Reward.

Ard. You are too kind——

Queen. See ſtraight a Draught prepar'd,
And Murderers; *Timandra* next muſt fall;
You know our Will, let it be done.

Ard.——It ſhall. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *A darken'd Tent.*

Timandra *aſleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and ſings.*

Mer. *Come my* Salla, *come away,*
Thy Merli *calls.*
Sal. *within.*] *Whither?*
Mer. *Hither; we've no Buſineſs to day,*
And where Innocence ſleeps we ſecurely may play.
Sal. *I come.* [Enters.

Mer.

Mer. *So, welcome my Dear,*
But first let's disperse the black Clouds that are here.
Both. *Round about this Place we range,*
And its gloomy Darkness change,
To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scene for happy Love.

The SCENE changes to *Elizium*.

Mer. *Next, to divert this Fair One, all*
Our wing'd Companions we'll call,
And the Air for Musick charm,
Whilst they their Measures here perform.
Both. *Come all you bright Forms that inhabit the Air,*
And ease with your Pleasures the Cares of the Fair;
Here frolick and skip, Oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his Wings, and away.

Several Spirits of the Air descend, and Dance.

Salla. *Now let us discover the Mansions of Rest,*
Where Lovers with Eternal Joys are blest.
[A glorious Temple appears in the Air, where the Spirits of the Happy are seated.
See Fair One, see, not long e'er you
To those Glorious Seats shall go.
Another Spi. *The lustful Queen thirsts for your Blood,*
And you are for the World too good.
Mer. *Nor shall you come alone, your Lover too*
Must meet a Fate the same with you.
Salla. *But here your Troubles all shall cease,*
'Tis the Seat of endless Bliss.
Cho. *Here in endless Pleasures they*
Keep Eternal Holyday.
Here they Revel, Sport, and are
Crown'd with Joys still new and rare;
Their Pleasures too can never dye,
But like themselves have Immortality.
Mer. *See the kind Spirits smile, and now*
They'll bless her with a nearer View.
[The whole Body of the Temple moves downward.

Cho. *Descend, oh ye Glories, descend!*
Who with Blessings eternal are Crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind Influence lend,——
Whilst all the Spheres with Harmony resound.

Mer. *She wakes; let the Apparition go;*
Ey th' damp upon my Wings I know
Something ill is drawing near;
Come Salla, *come away; Oh come away, my Dear.*

They all Vanish, and the Scene *changes again to the Tent.*

Tim. I've had a Dream might have a Lover Blest;
Oh th' sweet delights of everlasting Rest!
[*Queen appears at the Entrance.*
How's this! the Queen? what can her coming mean?

Queen. Ardella with the Ruffians here remain;
I'll in, and with soft words her Temper try;
If without him she'll live, she shall not Dye.
Madam!—— [*To* Timandra.

Tim.——Your pleasure!

Queen. Oft I've heard y'are brave;
But the best Proof of Gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And such a Bliss with so rare Patience left.

Tim. Madam, our Flames a nobler Passion rules
Than Fondness, th' idle Guilt of wav'ring Fools;
Our Loves knew a far higher Excellence,
Then the half Pleasures of a Minute's sense.

Queen. Then you may love, since you can with him part,
He has made a Conquest o'er my tender Heart.
Love governs here; and since my Husband's dead,
Fate and my choicest Wishes have decreed,
He should both in his Love and Throne succeed.

Tim. Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
Him his *Timandra* and his Faith forsake?
Or think you I an Atome will resign
Of that Heart, which by holy Vows is mine?
No, I will keep him, maugre Cruelty.

Queen. But Madam do you know what 'tis to Dye?

Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay these Clogs our Bodies by,
And be remov'd to blest Eternity.

By

By Death Relief from all our Griefs we gain,
And by one put an end to Years of Pain;
By that we in one Minute find out more,
Than all the busie Gown-men study for;
Who after in dull search th'ave Ages spent,
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.
Death is a Blessing, and a thing so far
Above that worst of all our Frailties, Fear,
It claims our Joy; since by it we put on
The top of Happiness, Perfection.
Quit him! no never whilst I here have breath;
He's mine in spight of Cruelty or Death.

Queen. Then enter ye grim Ministers of Fate.

Enter Murderers with Poison.

Does not your stubborn Courage now abate?

Tim. No, my Resolves more fixt and firm are grown!
Bring dreadfull'st Racks and Tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each Sense, and then do thou
Tempt me my Love and Int'rest to forgo,
'Midst of my Pains I'll smile, and tell thee No.

Queen. But Minion, soon your Insolence shall cease.
Come, since such Resolution you express,
Take this; demur not; do't—— [*Gives her a Bowl of Poison.*

Tim. And is this all?
I thought t'have had a more Heroick Fall,
Expected to have noblest Tortures met,
Not by dull Poison to have found my Fate;
But any way I can thy Pow'r defie;
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I die. [*Offers to drink.*

Queen. Yet yield, and live——

Tim. ——Live! what have I to do
With Life, when giv'n by one so base as you?
Thus I despise it—— [*Drinks.*

Queen. What dismal Tortures strait will on her seize!
So! 'twas a Health to *Alcibiades*.
[*After* Timandra *has drank the Poison.*

Tim. Now blush at what thy impious Rage has done;
My *Alcibiades* is still my own:
And if thou him embrace when I am gone,

Each Night thy Bed I'll haunt, and challenge there
Thoſe Joys, of which thou haſt bereft me here.
Anxious ſhall be each Day, diſturb'd each Night,
A reſtleſs Shade I'll ſtill be in thy Sight;
And thee i' th' height of all thy Pleaſures fright.
Heav'n, what do I feel!——

Queen. Oh, does the Draught ſucceed!

Ard. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
And juſt is entring——

Queen. ——Straight, with ſtricteſt Care
Convey her in, and wait my Pleaſure there.
[*The Murderers lead in* Timan.
Sweet Murder! oh no Phyſick is ſo good
For th' hopeleſs Lover as a bath of Blood.
But here he comes——

Enter Alcibiades.

——Now to my Griefs again. [*Veils.*

Alc. It makes me wonder how I Freedom gain;
All things confus'd, and in diſorder are.
How's this, in mourning Weeds? unveil, my Fair.
Hah, not *Timandra!*—— [*Queen unveils.*

Queen. ——No, Sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did ſhe yet live; but ſhe is dead.

Alc. How, dead!——

Queen. Yes; *Tiſſaphernes* that black Deed did do,
Promoted by his ignoble Hate to you.
But you will wonder more, when I ſhall tell,
That by his Hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is ſlain, both I and *Sparta* now
Have no hopes left, but what remain in you.

Alc. In me! alas! I am a Wretch too poor.
Timandra dead! curſt ever be the Hour
Wherein ſo fair an Innocence was loſt.
Heav'n juſtly now may of its Glories boaſt;
For the moſt bright, and precious Saint that e'er
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and ſeated there.

Queen. Why do you let your Griefs diſtract your Soul?
Call up your Reaſon, and let Paſſion cool.

See here a Queen, that courts you with the Charms
Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her Arms:
No longer for *Timandra* Sorrow wear;
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.

Alc. ——Oh, Madam, no;
To love like her's a Task too hard for you:
Love me as she did? why, each Thought she had
Of me, was such, might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns, though Emp'ror of the World I were,
I'd turn a Beggar to recover her.
Oh, Madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a Thought of Love again.

Queen. Never!——

Alc. No, never——

Queen. ——Can you then so soon
Forget your Promise? or will you disown
That e'er, if you *Timandra* should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how Heav'n has decreed——

Alc. ——Alas!
I then the Blessing knew, but not the Loss;
Besides, I now must die——

Queen. How, Sir, is't thus my proferr'd Love you prize?

Alc. I do not hate you; may not that suffice?

Queen. Ungrateful, no! but I'll reward thy Pride.
Draw back:——

[*The Scene drawn discovers* Timandra *on a Couch, in the midst of her Pains.*

——Go Dotard in, enjoy thy Bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:
Yes, cruel Man, by me——

Tim. ——No, Queen, she lives,
And still to all thy Rage Defiance gives.
Do I behold my dearest Lord so nigh! [*Spies* Alcibiades.
Shall I again see him before I die!

Alc. Best Hopes and Comfort of my Life, I'm here.
How fares my Love?——

Tim. Oh, come not, come not near;

My Blood's all Fire, Infection's in each Vein,
And Tyrant Death in ev'ry Part does reign;
But I for you could suffer much more Pain.

Alc. Kind Heav'n! let all her Pangs upon me fall;
And add ten thousand more, I'll bear 'em all,
Do but restore her back. Oh curs'd Queen!
What Devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a Sin?
Cou'dst thou be guilty of so foul a Deed?

Queen. Yes, I did do't; by me the King too bled,
Unworthy Wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.

Alc. Oh do't, I'll blot out all th'ast done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.
Here is my Breast, soon the kind Work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, send it boldly in.

Queen. No, thou shalt live for harder Destiny,
But first shalt see thy dear *Timandra* die.

Alc. Oh Misery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in Life nor Death?

Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary Moan;
I find my Torments quickly will be gone.
Though I could wish they might to Years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.
Now the black Storms of Fate are all blown o'er,
And we shall meet, and ne'er be parted more.
But oh farewel —— [*Dies.*

Alc. —— My dear *Timandra* stay!
Ah precious Soul, fly not so soon away!
But one Look more; will Death have no Remorse?
See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
But oh she's gone! seize there that Murderess.

Queen. ——No:
Seize me! 'tis more than all your Camp can do:
Who e'er comes, here's my Guard; alas mean Fool,
[*Presents her Dagger.*
My Fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lyes your Constancy. [*Pointing to* Timandra.

[Alcibiades *flies to the Queen, and snatches the Dagger from her.*

Alc. Infernal Hag!
Whose ev'ry Breath infects, each Look's a Plague!
Could not thy Fury on my Bosom rest,
But thou must wreak thy Vengeance on this Breast?
To murder her! —— curse on me that I stand
Thus idle; now thy Heart:
[*Presents the Dagger to her Breast.*
—— But oh 'twould brand
My Trophies with eternal Infamy,
If by my Hand so base a thing should die:
Her Ills so many, and so odious are,
They would disgrace an Executioner.
Yet I'd do something; oh I have't, I'll tear [*Ravingly.*
Her piece-meal: —— but *Timandra*'s gone too far:
[*Mildly.*
Yonder she mounts! triumphant Spirit stay;
See where the Angels bear her Soul away!
Now all the Gods will grow in love with her:
And I shall meet fresh Troops of Rivals there.
But thus I'll haste and follow—— [*Stabs himself.*
—— Devil, there—— [*Throws the Dagger to the Queen.*
Die, if thou hast Courage enough to dare.
But oh!——
A heavy Faintness does each Sense surprize:
Yet e'er I close up these unhappy Eyes,
Here their last duteous Sorrows they shall pay,
And at this Object melt in Tears away.
Blest Center of my Hopes! in whom I plac'd
Too choice, too pure a Happiness to last.
I any Loss less than thy Death had griev'd;
How well could I have dy'd, so thou hadst liv'd!
Damn'd Fiend!—— [*To the Queen.*
But oh why do I rave at her,
That have so little time to tarry here?
One parting Kiss, and then in Peace I'll die:
[*Kisses* Timandra.
Now, farewell World; welcome Eternity.

Enter Patroclus, *Lords and Guards.*

Pat. Horrour of horrours! this was a dismal Chance;
Alas, my Friend!

Alc.

Alc. ——Thy uſeleſs Grief refrain;
Farewell; we ſhall hereafter meet again. [*Dies.*

Pat. Guards, ſeize the Queen——

Queen. —— Seize me, rude Slaves! forbear.

Pat. You ſhall in ſhort your Accuſation hear.
To kill the King, my Father firſt you made
Your Property; then baſely him betray'd.
Your Woman all confeſt, and by the Guard
Is now ſecur'd to a more juſt Reward.
And (though too late) this black Deſign I knew:
Yet all your Stratagems are uſeleſs now.
Hence with the Murd'reſs to Juſtice.

Queen. —— Hah!
Think you that I will die by formal Law?
No, when I'm dead be thus my Fame ſupply'd;
She liv'd a Murd'reſs, and a Murd'reſs dy'd.
[*Stabs her ſelf.*
Juſtice would but my Happineſs retar'd:
Thus I deſcend below to a Reward.
I ſhall be Queen of Fate: The Furies there
For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.
I long to be in State; my Lords farewell:
Now noble *Charon*! hoiſe up Sail for Hell. [*Dies.*

Lord. Her Soul is fled——

Pat. ——With her for ever die
Her Treaſons, and her odious Memory.
But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?

Lord. Diſtracted at the Miſchiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

Pat. Quickly let after her be made Purſuit;
I'll ranſack all the World to find her out.
Propitious Heav'n to her will ſure be kind.

Enter Lord.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, we in our Votes have all combin'd
To make you King; the Camp, with ſhouts and cries
Of Joy, ſend their loud Wiſhes to the Skies.

[*Shouts within, Long live* Patroclus *King of* Sparta.

Pat. Go bid 'em their unwelcome Noiſe forbear:
Turn all their Shouts to Sighs of Sorrow here.
[*Turns to the Bodies.*

Th'are

Th'are gone; and with 'em all I wiſh'd to keep.
Now I could almoſt turn a Boy, and weep.
My Friend! my Miſtreſs! and my Father loſt!
Never were growing Hopes more ſadly croſt.
Now Fortune has her utmoſt Malice ſhown,
She'd court me with the Flatt'ry of a Crown:
A thing ſo far beneath thoſe Joys I miſs,
'Tis but the Shadow of a Happineſs.
For how uneaſily on Thrones they ſit,
That muſt, like me, be wretched to be great.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee.*

NOW who says Poets don't in Blood delight?
'Tis true, the Varlets care not much to fight;
But 'faith, they claw it off whene'er they write;
Are Bully-Rocks not of the common Size;
Kill ye Men faster than Domitian *Flies.*
Ours made such Havock, that the silly Rogue
Was forc'd to make me rise for th' Epilogue.
The Fop damn'd me, but e'er to Hell I go,
I'd very fain be satisfy'd if you
Think it not just that he were serv'd so too.
As he hath yours, do you his Hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then Damn him down to Hell, and never spare;
Perhaps he'll find more Favour there than here:
Nay of the two may chuse the much less Evil;
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'en so's the Devil.

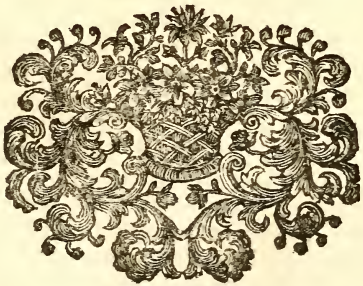
DON *CARLOS*,

Prince of *Spain*.

A

TRAGEDY.

Principibus placuisse Viris non ultima laus est.
Hor.



Printed in the YEAR 1712.

To His Royal Highneſs the

DUKE.

SIR,

IS an approved Opinion, There's not ſo unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: For certainly he lives to very little Uſe that only toils in the ſame Round, and becauſe he knows where he is, though in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a ſmoother Path, for fear of being loſt. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, Your Royal Highneſs may be ſufficiently convinc'd, in that I durſt preſume to put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it were not ordinary: For, beſides my own Propenſity to take any Opportunity of publiſhing the extream Devotion I owe Your Royal Highneſs, the mighty Encouragement I received from your Approbation of it when preſented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whoſe Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilſt I do this, I am ſenſible the Curious World will expect ſome Panegyrick on thoſe Heroick Virtues, which are throughout it ſo much Admir'd. But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, ſo only to endeavour at the Truth of 'em, muſt, in the diſtance between my Obſcurity and their Height, ſavour of a Flattery, which in Your Royal Highneſs's Eſteem I would not be thought guilty of: Tho' in that part of 'em which relates to my ſelf (viz. Your Favours ſhower'd on a Thing ſo mean as

I am) *I know not how to be silent. For You were not only so indulgent as to bestow Your Praise on this, but even* (*beyond my hopes*) *to declare in favour of my First Essay of this nature, and add yet the Encouragement of Your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highness's Hand, in token of your Permission to make a Dedication to You of the Second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain Sign of some Desert when You vouchsafe to promote: I, who have terminated my best Hopes in it, should do Wrong to Your Goodness, should I not let the World know my Mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know Your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who* (*as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near You, and know You by that Title*) *never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all Men created an awful Love and Respect towards You; since in the Firmness of your Resolution the brave and good Man is sure of You, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears You. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better Opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am*

Your Royal Highness's

most Humble, most Faithful,

and most Obedient Servant,

Tho. Otway.

THE
PREFACE.

READER,

'TIS not that I have any great Affection to Scribbling, that I peſter thee with a *Preface*; for amongſt Friends, 'tis almoſt as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with thoſe that write Hackney under *Attornies*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale* and *Cheeſe*. Honeſt *Arioſto* began to be ſenſible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpoſe;

I pity thoſe who in theſe latter Days
Do Write, when Bounty hath ſhut up her Gate;
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington*'s Tranſlation; had I underſtood *Italian* I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talent; therefore to proceed: This Play was the Second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I muſt confeſs, I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never durſt venture on my Muſe, 'till I got her into a Corner in the Country; and then, like a baſhful young Lover, when I had her Private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought ſhe would have produc'd any thing; 'till at laſt, I know not how, e'er I was aware, I found my ſelf Father of a Dramatique Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades:* But I might, without Offence to any Perſon in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that ſqueamiſh Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the Paſſion of a young and a beautiful Lady, as I ſhould my ſelf, had I the ſame Opportunities, which I have given him. This

I publish to antedate the Objections some People may make against that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them; nor have they, (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: In the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. I am well satisfy'd I had the greatest Party of Men of Wit and Sense on my Side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl* of *R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his Business, to establish it in the good Opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highness*; from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good Liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all Gratitude confess, I owe the greatest Part of my good Success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extreamly build my Hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late; for, I thank Heav'n, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so noble a Pleasure; for 'twas not my Business, to take such as only come to a Play-House to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his Opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock'd, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a Line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewel.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Author took this Play in Hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a ſtand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred Things.
Not as they're repreſented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!
Us'd only juſt for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worſe, made Villains all, or Fools.
Beſides, the Characters he ſhows to Night,
He found were very difficult to Write:
He found the Fame of France *and* Spain *at Stake,*
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which Part to take;
'Till this his Judgment ſafeſt underſtood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
But now the greateſt Stop was yet unpaſt,
He found himſelf, alas! confin'd too faſt.
He is a Man of Pleaſure, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to Buſineſs bow,
'Till at the laſt he did this Conqueſt get,
To make his Pleaſure Whetſtone to his Wit,
So ſometimes for Variety he writ.
But as thoſe Block-heads, who diſcourſe by Rote,
Sometimes ſpeak Senſe although they rarely know't:
So he ſcarce knew to what his Work would grow,
But 'twas a Play, becauſe it would be ſo:
Yet well he knows this is a weak Pretence,
For Idleneſs is the worſt want of Senſe.
Let him not now of Careleſsneſs be tax'd,
He'll write in earneſt, when he writes the next;
Mean while——
Prune his ſuperfluous Branches, never ſpare;
Yet do it kindly, be not too ſevere;
He may bear better Fruit another Year.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Philip II. King of *Spain*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Don *Carlos*, his Son.	Mr. *Smith*.
Don *John* of *Auſtria*.	Mr. *Harris*.
Marquis of *Poſa*, the Prince's Confident.	Mr. *Crosby*.
Rui-Gomez.	Mr. *Medburn*.
Officer of the Guards.	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Queen of *Spain*.	Mrs. *Mary Lee*.
Dutcheſs of *Eboli*, Wife to *R. Gomez*.	Mrs. *Shadwell*.
Henrietta.	Mrs. *Gibbs*.
Garcia.	Mrs. *Gillow*.

DON

DON *CARLOS*,

PRINCE of *SPAIN*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Palace Royal.*

The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen attended, Don Carlos, *the Marquis of* Posa, Rui-Gomez, *&c.* Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, *Attendants, Guards.*

KING.

HAPPY the Monarch, on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and Love, the gentlest Calms of Rest,
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast.
To me great Nations Tributary are;
Though whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I Reign, I must pay Homage, here.
[*To the Queen.*

Approach, bright Miſtreſs of my pureſt Vows;
Now ſhew me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more devoutly bows.

D. *Car.* So Merchants, caſt upon ſome ſavage Coaſt,
Are forc'd to ſee their deareſt Treaſures loſt.
Curſe! What's Obedience? A falſe Notion made
By Prieſts, who when they found old Cheats decay'd,
By ſuch new Arts kept up declining Trade. [*Aſide.*
A Father? Oh!——

King. ——Why does my *Carlos* ſhrowd
His Joy, and when all's Sunſhine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this Fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall ſuch a noble Race of Heroes ſpring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. *Car.* A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in you.
The brighteſt Ornaments of Crowns and Pow'rs
I only can admire, as they are yours.

King. Heav'n! how he ſtands unmov'd! not the leaſt ſhew
Of Tranſport.

D. *Car.* ——Not admire your Happineſs? I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me expreſs the mighty Joy I feel.
Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. [*Kneels to the Queen.*

Queen. How hard it is his Paſſion to confine!
I'm ſure 'tis ſo, if I may judge by mine. [*Aſide.*
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obſequious now. [*To* Carlos.

D. *Car.* Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleaſure ſtill,
Here would I worſhip, and for ever kneel.

Queen. For Heav'n, my Lord! you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears Diſturbance on his Brow;
And in his Looks an Earneſtneſs I read,
Which from no common Cauſes can proceed. [*Aſide.*
I'll probe him deep——
——When, when, my deareſt Joy, [*To the Queen.*
Shall I the mighty Debt of Love defray?
Hence to Love's ſecret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous Fire,
Then Phœnix-like each in the Flame expire.

Still

Still he is fix'd—— [*Looking on Don* Carlos.
——*Gomez*, obſerve the Prince. [*To* Rui-Gomez.
Yet ſmile on me, my Charming Excellence.
Virgins ſhould only Fears and Bluſhes ſhew;
But you muſt lay aſide that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n, is good:
Oh, the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now Fate her utmoſt Malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos, farewel; for ſince I muſt ſubmit——

King. Now wing'd with Rapture let us fly, my Sweet.
My Son, all Troubles from thy Breaſt reſign,
And let thy Father's Happineſs be thine.
[*Ex. King and Queen attended.*

D. *Car.* What King, what God would not his Pow'r forego,
T' enjoy ſo much Divinity below?
Didſt thou behold her, *Poſa*?

Poſa. Sir, I did.

D. *Car.* And is ſhe not a ſweet one? Such a Bride!
O *Poſa*, once ſhe was decreed for mine:
Once I had hopes of Bliſs. Hadſt thou but ſeen
How bleſt, how proud I was, if I could get
But leave to lye a Proſtrate at her Feet,
Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;
Nay ſhe in Pity too would ſometimes ſmile;
'Till at the laſt my Vows ſucceſsful prov'd,
And one Day, ſighing, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe lov'd.
Oh! then I found no Limits to our Joy,
With Eyes thus languiſhing we look'd all Day;
So vigorous and ſtrong we darted Beams,
Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight:
For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the Light,
As we had gaz'd all Day, we dreamt all Night.
But after all theſe Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus deſtroys his Son;
In their full Height my choiceſt Hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils.
My deareſt *Poſa*, thou wert ever kind;
Bring thy beſt Counſel, and direct my Mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here —— My Lord.

D. *Car.* ——Your Buſineſs now?

R. Go. I've with Concern beheld your clouded Brow.
Ah! though y'have loſt a Beauty well might make
Your ſtricteſt Honour and your Duty ſhake,
Let not a Father's Ills miſguide your Mind,
But be Obedient, tho' he's prov'd Unkind.

D. *Car.* Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach;
I have no leiſure now to hear thee Preach:
Still you'll uſurp a Power o'er my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
Nor need it be ſo ſoon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy.
When to my Charge committed, I alone
Inſtructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and War's nobleſt Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
Whilſt, though but young, ——
You would with Pleaſure read of Sieges got,
And ſmile to hear of bloody Battels fought:
And ſtill, though not controul, I may adviſe.

D. *Car.* Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Diſguiſe:
Too well I know the Falſhood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me ſo foul,
That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You damp'd my Father's Smiles ſtill as they ſprung,
Perſuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my Hopes by you were fruſtrate made,
And, robb'd of Sun-ſhine, wither'd in the Shade.
Whilſt, my good Patriot! you diſpos'd the Crown
Out of my Reach, to have it in your own.
But I'll prevent your Policy ——

R. Go. —— —— —— My Lord,
This Accuſation is unjuſt and hard.
The King, your Father, would not ſo upbraid
My Age: Is all my Service thus repaid?

Ex-

But I will hence, and let my Maſter hear
How generouſly you reward my Care;
Who on my juſt Complaint, I doubt not, will
At leaſt redreſs the Injuries I feel. [*Exit* Gomez.

Poſa. Alas, my Lord, you too ſeverely urge
Your Fate; his Int'reſt with the King is large.
Beſides, you know he has already ſeen
The Tranſports of your Paſſion for the Queen.
The uſe he may of that Advantage make
You ought at leaſt t'avoid, but for her ſake.

D. *Car.* Ah! my dear Friend, th'aſt touch'd my tender'ſt (Part;
I never yet learn'd the diſſembling Art.
Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
His Pardon, and will ne'er offend him more.
The Queen! kind Heav'n, make her thy neareſt Care.
O! fly, o'ertake him e'er he goes too far. [*Exit* Poſa.
How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate?
By ſo much more unhappy as w'are great.
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain*'s great Monarch born,
I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom I moſt ſcorn;
Who, like a *Bramble* 'mongſt a *Cedar*'s Boughs,
Vexes his Peace under whoſe Shades he grows.
Now he returns: Aſſiſt me, Falſhood,——down,
Thou Rebel Paſſion ———

Re-enter R. Gomez *and* Poſa.

Sir, I fear I've done [*To* R. Gomez.
You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I do this abject thing, and live? [*Aſide.*

R. Go. Ah! my good Lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his Vaſſal thus a Prince deſcends;
Though it was ſomething rigid, and unkind,
T' upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend.

D. *Car.* Alas, no more; all Jealouſies ſhall ceaſe
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace.
So may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt me when I ſue,
As I to *Gomez* always will be true.

R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take
All the Return Sincerity can make.
Bleſt in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,
May not one Fear diſturb your happy Hours:

Crown'd with Succeſs may all your Wiſhes be,
And you ne'er find worſe Enemies than me.
[*Exeunt D.* Car. *and* Poſa.

Nor, ſpight of all his Greatneſs, ſhall he need:
Of too long Date his Ruin is decreed.
Spain's early Hopes of him have been my Fears;
'Twas I the Charge had of his tender Years,
And read in all the Progreſs of his Growth,
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild;
At all my Precepts ſtill with Scorn he ſmil'd.
Or when, by th' Power I from his Father had,
Any Reſtraint was on his Pleaſures laid,
Uſher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would riſe,
And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.
But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;
For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you.
Here comes the Star by whom my Courſe I ſteer.
Enter Eboli.

Welcome, my Love.——

Eboli. My Lord, why ſtay you here,
Loſing the Pleaſure of this happy Night?
When all the Court are melting in Delight,
You toil with the dull Bus'neſs of the State.

R. Go. Only, my Fair One, how to make thee Great:
Thou tak'ſt up all the Bus'neſs of my Heart,
And only to it Pleaſures canſt impart.
Say, ſay, my Goddeſs, when ſhall I be bleſt?
It is an Age ſince I was happy laſt.

Eboli. My Lord, I come not hither now to hear
Your Love, but offer ſomething to your Ear.
If you have well obſerv'd, you muſt have ſeen
To Day ſome ſtrange Diſorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes, ſuch as youthful Brides do ſtill expreſs,
Impatient Longings for the Happineſs.
Approaching Joys will ſo diſturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole. [well

Eboli. Come, come, my Lord, ſeem not ſo blind; too
I've ſeen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel;

And

And know your Judgment is too good, to loſe
Advantage, where you may ſo ſafely chuſe.
Say now, if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your paſt Wrongs repay.
R. Go. Bleſt Oracle! ſpeak how it may be done:
My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.
Eboli. Hence then, and with your ſtricteſt Cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can deſcry;
Watch ev'ry Look, each quick and ſubtle Glance;
Then we'll from all produce ſuch Circumſtance
As ſhall the King's new Jealouſie advance.
Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you ſhew:
If you will make me Great, begin it now.
How, Sir? D'you ſtand conſid'ring what to do?
R. Go. No; but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen, and Prince, three goodly Flowers, ſpring;
Whilſt on 'em like a ſubtle Bee I'll prey,
'Till ſo their Strength and Virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each ſhall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd Top:
Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious Sweets at home. [*Exit* Gomez.
Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,
And make what haſte thou canſt to be undone,
Whilſt I have nobler Buſ'neſs of my own.
Was I bred up in Greatneſs? Have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen:
Made Love my Study, and with practis'd Charms
Prepar'd my ſelf to meet a Monarch's Arms:
At laſt to be condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one, whom Nature made to her Diſgrace;
An old, imperfect, feeble Dotard, who
Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?
On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,
As Jewels that are loſt t'enrich a Tomb?
No, though all Hopes are in a Husband dead,
Another Path to Happineſs I'll tread;
Elſewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd:
Yet, while he can, let the Slave ſerve my Pride.

Still I'll in Pleasure live, in Glory shine;
The gallant, youthful *Austria* shall be mine:
To him with all my Force of Charms I'll move.
Let others toil for Greatness, whilst I Love. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Orange Grove.*

Enter Don John *of* Austria.

D. *John.* WHY should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law by which her self is now betray'd?
Ere Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most Noble that was born most Free:
Each of himself was Lord, and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
My Glorious Father got me in his Heat,
When all he did was eminently Great:
When warlike *Belgia* felt his conqu'ring Pow'r
And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperor.
Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood
Because I came not in the common Road,
But Born obscure, and so more like a God?
No; though his Diadem another wear,
At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir.
Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my Fair.

Enter Eboli.

She comes; as the bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves,
When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the warlike God she loves.

Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

D. *John.* O banish it: Lovers like us should fly,
And mounted by their Wishes soar on high,

Where

Where softest Extasies and Transports are,
While Fear alone disturbs the lower Air.

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are ev'ry where?
Or if we could with happiest Secresie
Enjoy these Sweets, oh, whither shall we fly
T'escape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?

D. *John.* Alas, lay this Religion now aside;
I'll shew thee one more pleasant, that which *Jove*
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himself, and taught his Mortals Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. *John.* I know y'are her I love, what should I more Regard?——

Eboli. ——By Heav'n he's brave—— [*Aside.*
——But can so poor
A Thought possess your Breast, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Lust and Infamy?

D. *John.* Those that are noblest Born should higher prize
Love's Sweets, Oh! let me fly into those Eyes!
There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glass
Beholds his wish'd-for Fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy Eyes——
Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, Heav'n, I dare no longer stay;
Your Looks speak Danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*Half aside.*

D. *John.* Take Vows and Pray'rs if ever I prove false;
See at your Feet the humble *Austria* falls. [*Kneels.*

Eboli. Rise, rise,—— [Austria *rises.*
My Lord why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*

D. *John.* How many ways to wound me you contrive?
Speak, wou'dst thou have an Empire at thy Feet?
Say, wou'dst thou Rule the World; I'll Conquer it.

Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but——

D. *John.* ——What?

Eboli. ——For ever true.

D. *John.* That thou may'ſt ne'er have Cauſe to fear thoſe
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms: [Harms,
Nay, I'll not one ſhort Minute from thee ſtray;
My ſelf I'll on thy tender Boſom lay,
'Till in its Warmths I'm melted all away.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, your Lord——

Eboli. ——Oh! fly, or I'm undone.

D. *John.* Muſt I without my Bleſſing then be gone?
[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Eboli. Think you this Indiſcretion merits one?
[*Pulls it back.*

D. *John.* I'm aw'd——
As a ſick Wretch, that on his Death-Bed lyes,
Loath with his Friends to part, juſt as he dies,
Thus ſends his Soul in Wiſhes from his Eyes. [*Exit.*

Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and Vigour are!
Yet he in Conqueſt is not gone too far;
Too eaſily I'll not my ſelf reſign:
E'er I am his, I'll make him ſurely mine;
Draw him by ſubtle Baits into the Trap,
'Till he's too far got in to make Eſcape;
About him ſwiftly the ſoft Snare I'll caſt,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him faſt.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I ſubtlely range
The ſolitary Paths of dark Revenge:
The fearful Deer in Herds to Coverts run,
Whilſt Beaſts of Prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you ſpend your Hours?
You little think what my poor Heart indures;
Whilſt, with your Abſence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after Joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my Unkindneſs ſure upbraid;
You ſhould forgive thoſe Faults your ſelf have made.
Remember you the Task you gave?——

Eboli. ——'Tis true;——
Your Pardon, for I do remember now. [*Sighs.*
If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my Mind:
And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too kind.

R. Go.

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh thou moſt precious Bleſſing of my Life!
Eboli. Does then Succeſs attend upon your Toil?
I long to ſee you revel in the Spoil.
R. Go. What ſtricteſt Diligence could do, I've done,
T'incenſe an angry Father 'gainſt his Son.
I to Advantage told him all that's paſt,
Deſcrib'd with Art each am'rous Glance they caſt:
So that this Night he ſhunn'd the Marriage-Bed,
Which through the Court has various Murmurs ſpread.

Enter the King attended by Poſa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes;
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher riſe.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in ſome dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work ſo well.
King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor
Is fading Greatneſs? or how vain is Pow'r?
Where all the mighty Conqueſts I have ſeen?
I, who o'er Nations have Victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curs'd Jealouſie, that poiſons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th'Invader ſits!
Oh, *Gomez!* thou haſt giv'n my Mortal Wound.
R. Go. What is't does ſo your Royal Thoughts confound?
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, ſhould not be Paſſion's Slave.
King. Thou counſell'ſt well, but art no Stranger ſure
To the ſad Cauſe of what I now endure.
Know'ſt thou what Poiſon thou didſt lately give?
And doſt not wonder to behold me live?
R. Go. I only did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never ſtudy'd any thing beſide.
King. I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care:
Quickly, what paſt between 'em more, declare.
How greedily my Soul to Ruin flies!
As he, who in a Feaver burning lyes,
Firſt of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which taſted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet ſtill Thirſts after more.
Oh then-----

R. Go. ------ I fear that you'll interpret wrong.
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.
King. Lye ſtill, my Heart: Not long was't that you ſaid?
R. Go. No longer than they in your Preſence ſtay'd.
King. No longer? Why, a Soul in leſs time flies
To Heav'n; and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
Hence abject Fears, be gone; ſhe's all Divine.
Speak, Friends, can Angels in Perfection ſin?
R. Go. Angels that ſhine above do oft beſtow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.
King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and always near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphere.
True, ſhe may ſhow'r promiſcuous Bleſſings down
On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown.
But when too kindly ſhe his Brightneſs ſees,
It robs my Luſtre to add more to his.
But Oh! I dare not think------
That thoſe Eyes ſhould at leaſt ſo humble be,
To ſtoop at him, when they had vanquiſh'd me.
Poſa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a Senſe,
To cheriſh but a Thought beyond the Bound
Of ſtricteſt Duty. He to me has own'd
How much was to his former Paſſion due,
Yet ſtill confeſs'd he above all priz'd you.
R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, than adviſe:
Be not more Charitable than y'are Wiſe.
The King is ſick, and we ſhould give him Eaſe,
But firſt find out the depth of his Diſeaſe.
Too ſudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
We muſt not heal up feſter'd Wounds too ſoon.
King. By this then you a Pow'r would o'er me gain.
Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.
I'm ſtung, and won't the Torture long endure:
Serpents that wound, have Blood thoſe Wounds to cure.
R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I ſhould ever dare
To queſtion Virtue in a Queen ſo fair;
Though ſhe her Eyes caſt on her Glorious Son:
Men oft ſee Treaſures, and yet covet none.

King.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in obscure Contraries.
No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark
And subtlest Paths, each little Action mark.
If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Enter Queen attended, and Henrietta.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes,
For all around she'll her bright Beams display:
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,
Spight of my self I shall be led astray.

[*Exit the King attended, looking at the Queen.*

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure ere his Love he'd let me know his Pow'r:
As Heav'n oft Thunders ere it sends a Show'r.
This *Spanish* Gravity is very odd:
All things are by Severity so aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Hen. Alas, what can you from Old Age expect,
When frail uneasie Men themselves neglect?
Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though such as in extinguish'd Fires you'll find;
Where some Remains of Heat the Ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Safety of the State;
Int'rest, that bold Impostor on our Fate;
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When, though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip*'s Bed.
Why sigh'st thou, *Henrietta*? [Hen. *Sighs.*

Hen. Who is it can
Know your sad Fate, and yet from Grief refrain?
With Pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. —— And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could Obliging call or Sweet.
At ev'ry Point he with Advantage stood:
Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, charming as a God.

Hen. One ſo accompliſh'd, and that lov'd you too,
With what Reſentments muſt he part with you?
Methinks I pity him.——But oh! in vain:
He's both above my Pity and my Pain. [*Aſide.*

Queen. What means this ſtrange Diſorder?

Hen. ————Yonder view,
That which I fear will diſcompoſe you too.

Enter Don Carlos, *and* Poſa.

Queen. Alas, the Prince! There to my Mind appears
Something that in me moves unuſual Fears:
Away, *Henrietta*—— [*Offers to go.*

D. *Car.* ————Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos* Sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, ſpeak: In Obedience I'll retire.

Queen. No, you may ſpeak, but muſt advance no nigher.

D. *Car.* Muſt I then at that awful Diſtance ſue,
As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High-Prieſt might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's ſo pure it might be Offer'd there.

Queen. Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to ſtay:
If you muſt ſpeak, proceed: What would you ſay?
[Carlos *kneels.*
Nay, this ſtrange Ceremony pray give o'er.

D. *Car.* Was I ne'er in this Poſture ſeen before?
Ah! can your cruel Heart ſo ſoon reſign
All ſenſe of theſe ſad Sufferings of mine?
To your more juſt Remembrance, if you can,
Recal how Fate ſeem'd kindly to ordain
That once you ſhould be mine; which I believ'd:
Though now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, Sir, you ſhould your Fate, not me upbraid.

D. *Car.* I will not ſay y'ave broke the Vows you made;
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y'ave oft ſeen dying at your Feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Than ſuch kind Pity as becomes your Slave.
For 'midſt your higheſt Joys, without a Crime,
At leaſt you now and then may think of him.

Queen.

Queen. If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right;
All other Passions I must now forget.

D. *Car.* Can then a Crown and Majesty dispense
Upon your Heart such mighty Influence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence?
Had I been rais'd to all the Heights of Pow'r,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperour,
Of all its Riches, all its State possels'd,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my Breast.

Queen. In vain on her you Obligations lay,
Who wants not Will, but Power to repay.

Hen. Yet had you *Henrietta*'s Heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could. [*Aside.*

D. *Car.* Oh! say not you want Pow'r; you may with one
Kind Look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the Innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my Wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my Want,
When all I'll ask you may so safely grant.

Queen. I know not what to grant; too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. *Car.* Afford me then that little which I crave.

Queen. You shall not want what I may let you have.
[*Gives her Hand sighing.*

D. *Car.* Like one——
That sees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best;
From the rich Treasure whilst I Choice should make,
Dazzel'd with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich——

Queen. ——Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*

D. *Car.* Oh! take not back again th' appearing Bliss.
How difficult's the Path to Happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with Pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give
Than just enough to keep a Wretch alive;

At

At leaſt remember how I've lov'd——

Queen. ——I will.

D. *Car.* That was ſo kind, that I muſt beg more ſtill;
Let me love on: It is a very poor
And eaſie Grant, yet I'll requeſt no more.

Queen. Do you believe that you can Love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. *Car.* Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are ſo:
All my Diſquiets baniſh from my Breaſt:
I will endeavour to do ſo at leaſt. [*Sighing deeply.*
Or if I can't my Miſeries out-wear,
They never more ſhall come t' offend your Ear. [admire;

Queen. Love then, brave Prince, whilſt I'll thy Love
[*Gives her Hand, which Don* Carlos *during all this Speech kiſſes eagerly.*
Yet keep the Flame ſo pure, ſuch chaſte Deſire,
That without Spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we ſhall come all Soul, all Love.
'Till when——Oh! whither am I run aſtray?
I grow too weak, and muſt no longer ſtay:
For ſhould I, the ſoft Charm ſo ſtrong would grow,
I find that I ſhall want the Power to go.
[*Ex. Queen and* Henrietta.

D. *Car.* Oh ſweet——
If ſuch Tranſport be in a Taſte ſo ſmall,
How bleſs'd muſt he be that poſſeſſes all!
Where am I. *Poſa*? Where's the Queen? [*Standing amazed.*

Poſa. ——My Lord,
A while ſome Reſpite to your Heart afford:
The Queen's retir'd-----

D. *Car.* -------Retir'd? And did ſhe then
Juſt ſhew me Heav'n, to ſhut it in again?
This little Eaſe augments my Pain the more?
For now I'm more impatient than before:
And have diſcover'd Riches make me mad.

Poſa. But ſince thoſe Treaſures are not to be had,
You ſhould correct Deſires that drive you on
Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.
No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;
The Brave may by themſelves be happy made.

You to your Father now must all resign.
D. *Car.* But e'er he robb'd me of her she was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou hast to do,
For half my Miseries thou canst not know.
Make my self happy! Bid the Damn'd do so;
Who in sad Flames must be for ever toss'd,
Yet still in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave lost. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Grove continues.

Enter Don John *of* Austria.

D. *J.* HOW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws?
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant, with unbounded Liberty
Rove as he list-------
I find it; for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.
Methinks I yet--------
See with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too-near Sweets they took my Sense away;
And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy.
But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then's the Man, who though alone
He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one,
Is but at best a Pris'ner on a Throne?

To him King attended, Posa, *and* Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Pow'rs, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y'ave lain of Earth the Rule and Care,

Why

Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill;
And to thoſe weighty Cares add greater ſtill?
Or how could I your Deities enrage,
That bleſs'd my Youth, thus to afflict my Age?
A Queen and a Son's Inceſt! diſmal Thought!
D. John. What is't ſo ſoon his Majeſty has brought
[*To* Gomez.
From the ſoft Arms of his young Bride?
King. ——Ay true
Is ſhe not, *Auſtria*, Young and Charming too?
Doſt thou not think her to a Wonder fair?
Tell me-------
D. John. -------By Heav'n more bright than Planets are:
Her Beauty's Force might ev'n their Pow'r out-do.
King. Nay ſhe's as falſe, and as unconſtant too.
Oh *Auſtria*, that a Form ſo outward Bright,
Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
For ſhe, to whom I'ad dedicated all
My Love, that deareſt Jewel of my Soul,
Takes from its Shrine the precious Relick down,
T' adorn a little Idol of her own,
My Son! that Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
Oh the diſtracting Throws of Jealouſie!
But as a drowning Wretch juſt like to ſink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the Brink;
At the third Plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into Deſtruction too:
So thou from whom theſe Miſeries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.
[*Seizes roughly on* Rui-Gomez.
R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Succeſſes of my Sov'raign's Fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you would command me?
King. How?-------
-------What is't? -------I know not what I'd have thee do:
Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.
D. John, Alas! what Frenzy does your Temper haunt?
Revenge! On whom?
King. On my falſe Queen and Son. [have done?
R. Go. On them! good Heav'n! what is't that they
Or

Or had my Tongue been curs'd e'er it had bred
This Jealouſie------- [*Half aſide.*

King. -------Then cancel what thou'ſt ſaid.
Didſt thou not tell me, that thou ſaw'ſt him ſtand
Printing ſoft Vows in Kiſſes on her Hand;
Whilſt in Requital ſhe ſuch Glances gave,
Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did; and what leſs could the Queen allow
To him, than you to ev'ry Vaſſal ſhow?
Th' affording him that little from Love's Store,
Imply'd that ſhe for you reſerv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtleſs ſhe muſt have a wond'rous ſtore
Of Love, that ſells it at a rate ſo poor.
Now thou'dſt rebate my Paſſion with Advice;
And when thou ſhou'dſt be active, wou'dſt be wiſe.
No, lead me where I may their Inceſt ſee,
Do, or by Heav'n------do, and I'll worſhip thee!
Oh how my Paſſions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy Weight I yield and bow.
But I'll re-gather yet my Strength, and ſtand
Brandiſhing all my Thunder in my Hand.

Poſa. And may it be ſent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Conſort bear
No Ill, ſince they of any guiltleſs are.
Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their Fame.

D. *John*, I too dare with my Life their Cauſe make good.
King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave underſtood,
That you ſo prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wou'dſt thou ſpeak me Comfort? I would find
'Mongſt all my Counſellors at leaſt one kind.
Yet any thing like that I muſt not hear;
For ſo my Wrongs I ſhould too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own Flatterer.
Poſa, withdraw———— [*Exit* Poſa.
My Lords, all this y'ave heard.

R. Go. Yes, I obſerv'd it, Sir, with ſtrict Regard.
The Young Lord's Friendſhip was too great to hide.

King. Is he then ſo to my falſe Son ally'd?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all
My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.
Like *Cæsar* in the Senate, thus I ſtand,
Whilſt Ruin threaten'd him on ev'ry Hand.
From each ſide he had warning he muſt die;
Yet ſtill he brav'd his Fate, and ſo will I.
To ſtrive for Eaſe would but add more to Pain:
As Streams, that beat againſt their Banks in vain,
Retreating ſwell into a Flood again.
No, I'll do things the World ſhall quake to hear:
My juſt Revenge ſo true a Stamp ſhall bear,
As henceforth Heav'n it ſelf ſhall Emulate,
And Copy all its Vengeance out by that.
All but *Rui-Gomez* I muſt have withdrawn,
I've ſomething to Diſcourſe with him alone.

[*Ex. Omnes, præter King and* Gomez.

Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate:
Thou'ſt wrought my Senſe of Wrong to ſuch a height,
Within my Breaſt it will no longer ſtay,
But grows each Minute 'till it force its Way.
I would not find my ſelf at laſt deciv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I 'gainſt your Reaſon be believ'd.
Think, Sir, your Jealouſie to be but Fear
Of loſing Treaſures, which you hold ſo dear.
Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:
I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant! What ſhould Looks, and Sighs, and Preſſings mean?
No, no; I need not hear it o'er again.
No Repetitions-----ſomething muſt be done.
Now there's no Ill I know that I would ſhun.
I'll fly, 'till them I've in their Inceſt found,
Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;
Like a Granado from a Canon ſhot,
Which lights at laſt upon the Enemy's Ground,
Then breaking deals Deſtruction all around. [*Exit King.*

R. Go. So, now his Jealouſie is at the top,
Each little Blaſt will ſerve to keep it up.
But ſtay; there's ſomething I've omitted yet;
Poſa's my Enemy; and true, he's great.

Alas,

Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainſt all that he can do;
For my Snare's large enough to hold him too;
Yet I'll diſguiſe that Purpoſe for a while:
But when he with the reſt is caught i' th' Toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter Poſa.

Poſa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez!* and the King not here!
You, who ſo eminent a Fav'rite are
In a King's Eye, ſhould ne'er be abſent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a riſing Prince
Are cheriſh'd, and ſo tread a ſafer way,
Rich in that Bliſs the World waits to enjoy.

Poſa. Since what may bleſs the World we ought to prize,
I wiſh there were no Publick Enemies:
No lurking Serpents, Poiſon to diſpence,
Nor Wolves, to prey on Noble Innocence;
No Flatt'rers, that with Royal Goodneſs ſport,
Thoſe ſtinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay, if good Wiſhes any thing could do,
I have as earneſt Wiſhes, Sir, as you:
That though perhaps our King enjoys the beſt
Of Pow'r, yet may he ſtill be doubly bleſs'd.
May he - - - - - - - -

Poſa. Nay, *Gomez*, you ſhall ne'er out-do me there;
Since for Great *Philip's* Good, I would you were
(If poſſible) more Honeſt than you are.

R. Go. Why, *Poſa*; what Defect can you diſcern?

Poſa. Nay, half your Myſteries I'm yet to learn;
Though this I'll boldly juſtifie to all,
That you contrive a gen'rous Prince's Fall.

[Gomez *ſmiles*.

Nay, think not by your Smiles, and careleſs Port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to ſport,
I do not, Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord, what Meaning has
This Heat?

Poſa. To let you ſee I know y'are Baſe.

R. Go. Nay then I Pardon ask that I did ſmile:
By Heav'n, I thought y'had jeſted all this while.

Baſe!

Baſe!——

Poſa. Yes, more Baſe than Impotent or Old.
All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood, runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid Carkaſs is leſs full
Of Rancour and Contagion than thy Soul.
Ev'n now before the King I ſaw it plain;
But Duty to that Preſence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy Treaſon with my Sword.
But ſtill——
Thy Villany talk'd all; Courage had not a Word.
True, thou art old; yet if thou haſt a Friend,
To whom thy curſed Cauſe thou dar'ſt commend;
'Gainſt him in Publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewel, bold Champion——
Learn better how your Paſſions to diſguiſe,
Appear leſs Cholerick, and be more Wiſe. [*Exit* R. Go.

Poſa. How frail is all the Glory we deſign,
Whilſt ſuch as theſe have Pow'r to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'ſt have ſafely ſtood,
If thou hadſt been leſs Great, or not ſo Good.
Why the vile Monſter's Blood did I not ſhed,
And all the Vengeance draw on my own Head?
My Honour ſo had had this juſt Defence,
That I preſerv'd my Patron and my Prince,

Enter Carlos *and* Queen.

Brave *Carlos:* Ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up againſt you both.

D. *Car.* Has then the falſe *Rui Gomez* broke his Oath;
And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?

Poſa. Yes, all his ſubtleſt Snares are for you laid.
The King within this Minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but ſeen with her.
Retire, my Lord.——

Queen. How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my Virtue he had better known.

His

His unjuſt Doubts have ſoon found out the way
To make their Entry on our Marriage-Day:
For yet he has not with me known a Night:
Perhaps his Tyranny is his Delight;
And to ſuch height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd exerciſe it on his Queen and Son.
But ſince, my Lord, this time we muſt obey
Our Intereſt, I beg you would not ſtay.
Not ſeeing you, he may to me be juſt.

D. *Car.* Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes, you muſt.

D. *Car.* Not then when Storms againſt your Virtue riſe.
No; ſince to loſe you, wretched *Carlos* dies,
He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cauſe.
This is the nobleſt thing that Fate could do,
She thus abates the Rigour of her Laws,
Since 'tis ſome Pleaſure but to die for you.

Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their baſe Fears compel 'em to deſpair.
Hope's the far nobler Paſſion of the Mind.
Fortune's a Miſtreſs that's with Caution kind;
Knows that the Conſtant merit her alone,
They who, though ſhe ſeem froward, yet court on.

D. *Car.* To wretched Minds thus ſtill ſome Comfort gleams:
And Angels eaſe our Griefs, though but with Dreams.
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
You, Madam, bid me go. [*Looking earneſtly at the Queen.*

Queen. You muſt.

Poſa. You ſhall.
Alas, I love you, would not ſee you fall;
And yet may find ſome Way t'evade it all.

D. *Car.* Thou, *Poſa*, ever wert my trueſt Friend;
I almoſt wiſh thou wert not now ſo kind.
Thou of a Thing that's loſt tak'ſt too much Care.
And you, fair Angel, too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*
Great my Deſpair; but ſtill my Love is higher.
Well——in Obedience to you I'll retire.

Though

Though during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I ſee the Danger grow too high,
To ſave you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.
[*Exit Don* Carlos.

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have gueſs'd that this had ever been?
[*Seeing* Poſa *and the Queen.*
Diſtraction! Where ſhall my Revenge begin?
Why, he's the very Bawd to all their Sin:
And to diſguiſe it, puts on Friendſhip's Mask.
But his Diſpatch, *Rui-Gomez*, is thy Task.
With him pretend ſome private Conference,
And under that Diſguiſe ſeduce him hence;
Then in ſome Place fit for the Deed, impart
The Buſ'neſs by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. Go. 'Tis done.——

King. So, Madam------ [*Steps to the Queen.*

Queen. ------ By the Fury in your Eyes,
I underſtand you come to tyrannize.
I hear you are already jealous grown,
And dare ſuſpect my Virtue with your Son.

King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myſt'ries who can ſcan?
Too deep for eaſie weak believing Man.
Hold, let me look: Indeed y'are wond'rous fair.
So on the out-ſide *Sodom*'s Apples were:
And yet within, when open'd to the View,
Not half ſo dang'rous, or ſo foul as you.

Queen. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am!
And you unworthy of a Husband's Name!
Do you not bluſh?------

King. Yes, Madam, for your Shame.
Bluſh too my Judgment e'er ſhould prove ſo faint,
To let me chuſe a Devil for a Saint.
When firſt I ſaw and lov'd that tempting Eye,
The Fiend within the Flame I did not ſpy;
But ſtill ran on and cheriſh'd my Deſires,
For Heav'nly Beams miſtook Infernal Fires:
Such raging Fires, as you ſince thought fit
Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth ſhould meet.
Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!------

Queen. ----- Poor ungen'rous King!
How mean's the Soul from which such Thoughts must [ſping!
Was it for this I did so late submit,
To let you whine and languish at my Feet;
When with false Oaths you did my Heart beguile,
And proferr'd all your Empire for a Smile?
Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did resign,
Though you still swore you would preserve it mine.
And still it shall be so, for from this Hour
I vow to hate, and never see you more.
Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you soon shall know
I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell, her Pride's as raging as her Lust.
A Guard there-----Seize the Queen----- [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Carlos, *and intercepts the Guards.*

D. *Car.* ——Hold, Sir, be just.
First look on me, whom once you call'd your Son;
A Title I was always proud to own.
King. Good Heav'n! to merit this what have I done,
That he too dares before my Sight appear?

D. *Car.* Why, Sir, where is the Cause that I should fear?
Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
The Reason, why you use this Princess so?

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this Siege:
He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege.
Foul Ravisher of all my Honour, hence.
But stay: Guards, with the Queen secure the Prince.
Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?
Now in my Reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

Enter Don John *of* Austria, Eboli, Henrietta, *and* Garcia.

D. *John.* I come, Great Sir, with Wonder here, to see
Your Rage grown up to this Extremity
Against your Beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son;
What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
Or is't your own wild Jealousie alone?

King. O *Austria*, thy vain Enquiry cease,
If thou hast any value for thy Peace.
My mighty Wrongs so loud an Accent bear,
'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. *Car.*

D. *Car.* Father, if I may dare to call you ſo,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no:
As you have ſeal'd my Doom, I may complain.
King. Will then that Monſter dare to ſpeak again?
D. *Car.* Yes: Dying Men ſhould not their Thoughts diſguiſe;
And ſince you take ſuch Joy in Cruelties,
Ere of my Death the new Delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
Time was that we were ſmil'd on by our Fate,
You not unjuſt, nor I unfortunate.
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early Praiſe was talk'd abroad.
Then Love's dear Sweets you to me would diſplay,
Told me where this Rich Beauteous Treaſure lay,
And how to gain't inſtructed me the Way.
I came, and ſaw, and lov'd, and bleſs'd you for't.
But then when Love had ſeal'd her to my Heart,
You violently tore her from my Side:
And 'cauſe my bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But ſtill ſome Pleaſure to behold her took;
You now will have my Life but for a Look.
Wholly forgetting all the Pains I bore,
Your Heart with envious Jealouſie boils o'er,
'Cauſe I can love no leſs, and you no more.
Hen. Alas! how can you hear his ſoft Complaint,
And not your harden'd ſtubborn Heart relent?
Turn, Sir, ſurvey that comely, awful Man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.
King. Away, Deluder; who taught thee to ſue?
Ebeli. Loving the Queen, what is't ſhe leſs can do,
Than lend her Aid againſt the dreadful Storm?
King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that Form?
This is their little Engine by the By,
A Scout to watch, and tell when Danger's nigh.
Come, pretty Sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when; nay do not fear —— you ſhall.
Hen. Ah, Sir, Unkind! ——
King. ——Now hold thy Syren's Tongue.
Who would have thought there were a Witch ſo young?

D. *John.*

D. *John.* Can you to ſuing Beauty ſtop your Ears?
[*Takes up* Hen. *and makes his Addreſs to her.*
Heav'n lays its Thunder by, and gladly hears,
When Angels are become Petitioners.
Eboli. Ha! what makes *Auſtria* ſo officious there?
That Glance ſeems as it ſent his Heart to her.
[*Aſide to* Garcia.
D. *Car.* A Banquet then of Blood ſince you deſign,
Yet you may ſatisfie your ſelf with mine.
I love the Queen, I have confeſs'd 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Though ſhe, by Heav'n, is clear ——but I indeed
Have been unjuſt, and do deſerve to bleed.
There were no lawleſs Thoughts that I did want,
Which Love had Pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant;
Tho' I ne'er yet found Hopes to raiſe 'em on,
For ſhe did ſtill preſerve her Honour's Throne:
And daſh the bold aſpiring Devils down.
If to her Cauſe you do not Credit give,
Fondly againſt your Happineſs you'll ſtrive,
As ſome loſe Heav'n, becauſe they won't believe.
Queen. Whilſt, Prince, my Preſervation you deſign,
Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.
The clearneſs of my Truth I'd not have ſhown,
By any other Light beſides its own.
No, Sir, he through Deſpair all this has ſaid,
And owns Offences which he never made.
Why ſhould you think that I would do you wrong?
Muſt I needs be unchaſt, becauſe I'm Young?
King. Unconſtant wav'ring Heart, why heav'ſt thou ſo?
I ſhiver all, and know not what I do.
I who ere now have Armies led to Fight,
Thought War a Sport, and Danger a Delight;
Whole Winter Nights ſtood under Heav'n's wide Roof
Daring my Foes; now am not Beauty proof.
Oh turn away thoſe Baſilisks, thy Eyes,
Th' Infection's fatal, and who ſees 'em, dies. [*Going away.*
Queen. Oh, do not fly me; I have no Deſign
Upon your Life, for you may yet ſave mine. [*Kneels.*

Or if at laſt I muſt my Breath ſubmit.
Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your Feet.
Will you not look on me, my deareſt Lord?
King. Why? Wou'dſt thou live?——
Queen. Yes, if you'll ſay the Word.
D.*Car.* Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he ſees
A praying Beauty proſtrate on her Knees!
Riſe, Madam—— [*Steps to take her up.*
King. ——Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
Into my Breaſt her Glances thick are ſhot.
Not true! ——Stay, let me ſee——by Heav'n thou art
[*Looks earneſtly on her.*
——A falſe vile Woman—— Oh my fooliſh Heart!
I give thee Life——but from this time refrain,
And never come into my Sight again:
Be baniſh'd ever.——
Queen. This you muſt not do,
At leaſt 'till I've convinc'd you I am True.
Grant me but of much time, and when that's done,
If you think fit for ever I'll be gone.
King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain;
She heats me firſt, then ſtroaks me tame again.
Oh, wert thou true, how happy ſhould I be!
Think'ſt thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the Bliſs I'd give:
Nay, though it were not ſo, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.
Queen. I would not, Sir, deceive you, if I might.
But if you'll take my Oaths, by all above,
'Tis you, and only you that I will love.
King. Thus as a Mariner that ſails along,
With Pleaſure hears th'enticing *Siren*'s Song,
Unable quite his ſtrong Deſires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, though certain to be drown'd.
Come to my Boſom then, make no Delay:
[*Takes her in his Arms.*
My Rage is huſh'd, and I have room for Joy.
Queen. Again you'll think that I unjuſt will prove.
King. No, thou art all o'er Truth, and I all Love.

Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again!
Queen. Command me any thing, and try your Pow'r.
King. Then from this Minute ne'er see *Carlos* more.
Thou Slave, that dar'st do Ill with such a Port,
For ever here I banish thee my Court.
Within some Cloister lead a private Life,
That I may love and rule without this Strife.
Here *Eboli*, receive her to thy Charge:
The Treasure's precious, and the Trust is large.
Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit
To wait for Joys, which are too fierce to meet. [*Exit King.*
D. *Car.* My Exile from his Presence I can bear
With Pleasure: But, no more to look on her!
Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear.
No, Madam, all his Pow'r shall nothing do:
I'll stay and take my Banishment from you.
Do you command me, see how far I'll fly.
Queen. Will *Carlos* be at last my Enemy?
Consider, this Submission I have shown,
More to preserve your Safety than my own.
Ungratefully you needless ways devise,
To lose a Life which I so dearly prize.
D. *Car.* So, now her Fortune's made, and I am left
Alone, a naked Wanderer to shift. [*Aside.*
Madam, you might have spar'd the Cruelty; [*To the Queen.*
Bless'd with your Sight I was prepar'd to die.
But now to lose it drives me to Despair,
Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.
Well, to some solitary Shoar I'll roam,
And never more into your Presence come,
Since I already find I'm troublesome. [*Is going.*
Queen. Stay, Sir, yet stay:——You shall not leave me so.
D. *Car.* Ha?------
Queen. ------I must talk with you before you go.
Oh *Carlos*, how unhappy is our State?
How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?
Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,
'Till envying to see us like to win,
Straight fell to Cheat, and threw the false Lot in.

My Vows to you I now remember all.
D. *Car.* Oh Madam, I can hear no more.----- [*Kneels.*
Queen. -----You ſhall.----- [*Kneels too.*
For I can't chuſe but let you know, that I,
If you'll reſolve on't, yet will with you die.
D. *Car.* Sure nobler Gallantry was never known.
Good Heav'n! This Bleſſing is too much for one;
No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.
Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.
But to what Country, whereſoe'er you go,
Forget not me, for I'll remember you.
D. *Car.* Shall I ſuch Virtue and ſuch Charms forget?
No, never.------
Queen. ------ Oh that we had never met,
But in our diſtant Climates ſtill been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So towards Happineſs more ſafely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
What makes you look ſo wildly?------Why d'ye ſtart?
D. *Car.* A faint cold Damp is thick'ning round my Heart.
Queen. What ſhall we do?-----
D. *Car.* ------Do any thing but part.
Or ſtay ſo long 'till my poor Soul expires
In view of all the Glory it admires.
Eboli. In ſuch a Lover how might I be bleſs'd!
Oh! were I of that Noble Heart poſſeſs'd,
How ſoft, how eaſie would I make his Bands! [*Aſide.*
But, Madam, you forget the King's Commands:
[*To the Queen.*
Longer to ſtay, your Dangers you'll renew.
D. *Car.* Ah Princeſs! Lover's Pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part, as we muſt do.
Part too for ever------
After one Minute, never more to ſtand
Fix'd on thoſe Eyes, or preſſing this ſoft Hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not ſtarve;
Yet that is more than I did e'er deſerve.
Though Fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from Eternity can't ſpare one Hour.

Queen. If it were had, that Hour would soon be gone,
And we should wish to draw another on.
No, rigorous Necessity has made
Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come, let us try the parting Blow to bear.
Adieu------

D.*Car.* Farewel. [*Looking at each other.*

------I'm fix'd and rooted here,
I cannot stir------

Queen. Shall I the Way then show?
Now hold, my Heart-----

[*Goes to the Door, then steps, and turns back again.*

-------Nay, Sir, why don't you go?

D.*Car.* Why do you stay?

Queen. I won't.------

D.*Car.* -----You shall a while [*Kneels.*
With one Look more my Miseries beguile,
That may support my Heart 'till you are gone.

Queen. Oh *Eboli!* thy help, or I'm undone.
[*Takes hold on* Eboli.
Here take it then, and with it too my Life.
[*Leans into* Eboli's *Arms.*

D.*Car.* My Courage with my Tortures is at Strife.
Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the Ill.
Well, Madam, now I'm something hardier grown:
Since I at last perceive you must be gone,
To venture the Encounter I'll be bold; [*Leads her to the Door.*
For certainly my Heart will so long hold.
Farewell-----be Happy as y'are Fair and True.

Queen. And all Heav'n's kindest Angels wait on you.
[*Exit with* Eboli.

D.*Car.* Thus long I've wander'd in Love's crooked Way,
By Hope's deluding Meteor led astray:
For ere I've half the dang'rous Desart cross'd,
The glimm'ring Light's gone out, and I am lost,
[*Exit Don* Carlos.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Anti-Chamber to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Don Carlos *and* Posa.

D. *Car.* THE next is the Apartment of the Queen:
In vain I try, I must not venture in.
[*Is going,*
[*Returns.*
Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd Men,
Who to their Bodies would again repair;
But finding that they cannot enter there,
Mourning and Groaning wander in the Air.
Robb'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown
From all those Hopes that promis'd me a Crown;
My Heart, with the Dishonour's to me done,
Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my Breast:
But it will break, and I shall be at Rest.
No: Dull Despair this Soul shall never load:
Though Patience be the Virtue of a God,
Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear.
Father and *King*; both Names bear mighty Sense:
Yet sure there's something too in *Son* and *Prince*.
I was born high, and will not fall less great;
Since Triumph crown'd my Birth, I'll have my Fate
As Glorious and Majestick too as that.
To *Flanders*, *Posa*, straight my Letters send;
Tell 'em, the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend:
And that to head their Forces I design;
So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th' Rebels?-----

D. *Car.* No, th'are Friends; their Cause is just;
Or, when I make it mine, at least it must.
Let th' common Rout like Beasts love to be dull,
Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full;

Sense-

Senſeleſs what Honour and Ambition means,
And ignorantly drag their load of Chains.
I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to loſe the Proſpect now.
If th'art my Friend, do not my Will delay.

Poſa. I'll do't——— [*Exit* Poſa.

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord.

D. *Car.* Who calls me?

Eboli. You muſt ſtay.

D. *Car.* What news of freſh Affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppoſe it were the Queen; you'd ſtay for her?

D. *Car.* For her? yes, ſtay an Age, for ever ſtay;
Stay ev'n 'till Time it ſelf ſhould paſs away;
Fix here a Statue never to remove,
An everlaſting Monument of Love.
Though, may a Thing ſo wretched as I am
But the leaſt Place in her Remembrance claim?

Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing elſe but you:
Whilſt from the Theam ev'n Emulation ſprings,
Each ſtriving who ſhall ſay the kindeſt things.

D. *Car.* But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which only pities, and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing? Propoſe what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be Security.

D. *Car.* No, Madam, what's my Due none e'er can pay;
There ſtands that Angel Honour in the way,
Watching his Charge with never-ſleeping Eyes,
And ſtops my Entrance into Paradiſe.

Eboli. What Paradiſe? What Pleaſures can you know,
Which are not in my Power to beſtow?

D. *Car.* Love, Love, and all thoſe eager melting Charms,
The Queen muſt yield when in my Father's Arms.
That Queen, ſo excellently, richly Fair,
Jove, could he come again a Lover here,
Would court Mortality to die for her.
Oh, Madam, take not Pleaſure to renew
Thoſe Pains, which if you felt, you would not do.

Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: Think you no ſenſe I have
Of what you feel? Now you may take your leave:
Something I had to ſay; but let it die.

D. *Car.* Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? Not I.

Eboli. Nay, Sir, your Preſence I would not detain.
Alas! you do not hear that I complain.
Though could you half of my Misfortunes ſee,
Methinks you ſhould encline to pity me.

D. *Car.* I cannot gueſs what mournful Tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak, Madam——

Eboli. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a Man, I will not ſay ingrate,
Becauſe he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet ſo far he at leaſt does cruel prove,
He proſecutes a dead and hopeleſs Love,
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be bleſs'd,
Though I invite him kindly to a Feaſt.

D. *Car.* What ſtupid Animal could ſenſeleſs lie,
Quicken'd by Beams from that illuſtrious Eye?

Eboli. Nay, to encreaſe your Wonder, you ſhall know,
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
'Till ev'n I bluſh, as now I tell it you.

D. *Car.* You neither ſhall have cauſe of Shame or Fear,
Whoſe Secrets ſafe within my Boſom are.

Eboli. Then farther I the Riddle may explain.
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can.
[*Shews him his own Picture.*

D. *Car.* Diſtraction of my Eyes! what have they ſeen?
'Tis my own Picture, which I ſent the Queen
When to her Fame I paid Devotion firſt,
Expecting Bliſs, but loſt it: I am curs'd.
Curs'd too in thee, who from my Saint dar'ſt ſteal
The only Relick left her of my Zeal;
And with the Sacrilege attempt my Heart.
Wert thou more charming than thou think'ſt thou art,
Almighty Love preſerves the Fort for her,
And bids Defiance to thy Entrance there.

Eboli.

Eboli. Neglected? Scorn'd by Father and by Son?
What a malicious Course my Stars have run?
But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate:
My own dull Husband may assist in that.
To his Revenge I'll give him fresh Alarms,
And with the grey old Wizzard muster Charms.
I have't; thanks, thanks, Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.
[*Aside.*
Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can. [*To* Carlos *mildly.*
I'll try to recompence the Wrongs I've done,
And better finish what is ill begun.

D. *Car.* Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed,
I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Eboli. No matter; be but to my Honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queen's my Charge, and you may, on that score,
Presume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so much worship'd Charms,
And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.

D. *Car.* In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound?
I did not think such Virtue could be found.
Thou Mistress of all best Perfections, stay:
Fain I in Gratitude would something say;
But am too far in debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don John *of* Austria.

D. *John.* Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions speak
So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break?

D. *Car.* My Lord, what Fate has left me, I am here
Mere Man, of all my Comfort stripp'd and bare.
Once, like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my rip'ning Hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

D. *John.* Amongst those Numbers which your Wrongs deplore,
Than me there's none that can resent 'em more.
I feel a gen'rous Grudging in my Breast,
To see such Honour, and such Hopes oppress'd.
The King your Father is my Brother, true;
But I see more that's like my self in you.

Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here. [*Embrace.*

D. *Car.* From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This gen'rous Princess has her Promise giv'n,
I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n;
To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay:
And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
Where to th' insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep my self from Wrongs, and them in Awe.

D. *John.* Prosperity to the Design, 'tis good;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. *Car.* My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
Above the reach or shock of Destiny;
Mine early nipt, like Buds untimely die.

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear;
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Prisoner.

D. *Car.* A Pris'ner? What new Game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs'd the Name of *Son*,
Since I must be a Slave because I'm one.
Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: No:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
Tell him his Fury drives too much one Way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. *John.* If ask'd by whose Commands you did decline
Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*

D. *Car.* Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
I'd see the Queen once more, though but in spite;
Though he with all his Fury were in place,
I would Caress and Court her to his Face.
Oh that I could this Minute die, if so
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Cursing himself to think what he has done:
For I was ever an Obedient Son;
With Pleasure all his Glories saw, when young,
Look'd, and with Pride considering whence I sprung;

Joyfully

Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Bask'd in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade ——
But now ——
Cancelling all whate'er he then conferr'd,
He thrufts me out among the common Herd:
Nor quietly will there permit my Stay,
But drives and haunts me like a Beaft of Prey.
Affliction! O Affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to fuffer yet.
Though Ruin at me from each fide takes aim,
And I ftand thus encompafs'd round with Flame;
Though the devouring Fire approaches faft;
Yet will I try to plunge; if Pow'r wafte,
I can at worft but fink, and burn at laft.

[*Ex. Don* Carlos.

D. *John*. Go on, purfue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for Work where Honour's to be got.
But, Madam, to this Prince you're wond'rous kind.

Eboli. You are not lefs to *Henriet*, I find.

D. *John*. Why, fhe's a Beauty, Tender, Young and Fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.
You told me once my Beauty was not lefs.
Is this your Faith? Are thefe your Promifes?

D. *John*. You would feem jealous, but are crafty grown?
Tax me of Falfhood to conceal your own.
Go, y'are a Woman ——

Eboli. Yes, I know I am:
And by my Weaknefs do deferve that Name,
When Heart and Honour I to you refign'd.
Would I were not a Woman, or lefs kind.

D. *John*. Think you your Falfhood was not plainly feen,
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?
Too well I faw it; how did you difpence
In Looks your Pity to th' afflicted Prince?
Whilft I my Duty paid the King, your time
You watch'd, and fix'd your melting Eyes on him,
Admir'd him ——

Eboli. Yes, Sir, for his Conftancy ——
But 'twas with Pain, to think you falfe to me,

When

When to another's Eye you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid.
Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.

D. *John.* Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewel—— [D. John *is going.*

Eboli. Farewel, if y'are resolv'd to go.
Inhuman *Austria,* can you leave me so?
Enough my Soul is by your Falshood rack'd:
Add not to your Inconstancy Neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. *John.* If e'er you lov'd, 'tis you, not I, forget.
For a Remove is here too deeply set,
Firm rooted, and for ever must remain. [Eboli *turns away.*
Why thus unkind?

Eboli. Why are you jealous then? [*Turns to him.*

D. *John.* Come, let it be no more! I'm hush'd and still!
Will you forgive?

Eboli. How can you doubt my Will!
I do.

D. *John.* Then send me not away unbless'd.

Eboli. 'Till your Return I will not think of Rest.
Carlos will hither suddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewel. [Eboli *seems to weep.*

D. *John.* O do not let me see a Tear;
It quenches Joy, and stifles Appetite.
Like War's fierce God upon my Bliss I'd prey;
Who, from furious Toils of Arms all Day,
Returning home to Love's fair Queen at Night,
Comes Riotous and hot with full Delight—— [*Ex.* D. John.

Eboli. He'as reap'd his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealousie.
But I'm as much a Libertine as he;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Desires.
Yet will I hold him: Though Enjoyment tires,
Though Love and Appetite be at the best,
He'll serve, as common Meats fill up a Feast,
And look like Plenty, though we never taste.

Enter

Enter Rui-Gomez,

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee Young.

R. Go. Speak; there was always Muſick in thy Tongue.

Eboli. Thy Foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own;
Give 'em but one lift now, and they go down.
Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts renew:
Appear diſturb'd, as if you ſomething knew
Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
Then bring him hither lab'ring with the weight.
I will take Care that *Carlos* ſhall be here:
So for his jealous Eyes a Sight prepare,
Shall prove more fatal than *Meduſa*'s Head,
And he more Monſter ſeem than ſhe e'er made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breaſt!
When ſhall I get th' Uſurper diſpoſſeſs'd?
My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their Reſt,
Around the Place, where all was huſh'd before,
Flutter; and hardly ſettle any more ——
Ha, *Gomez!* what art thou thus muſing on? [*Sees* Gomez.

R. Go. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.
What mighty Cares, and what tempeſtuous Strife
Attend on an unhappy Father's Life?
How Children Bleſſings ſeem, but Torments are;
When young, our Folly; and when old, our Fear.

King. Why doſt thou bring theſe odd Reflections here?
Thou envieſt ſure the Quiet which I bear.

R. Go. No, Sir, I joy i' th' Eaſe which you poſſeſs,
And wiſh you never may have Cauſe for leſs.

King. Have Cauſe for leſs! come nearer; thou art ſad,
And look'ſt as thou wou'dſt tell me that I had.
Now, now I feel it riſing up again ——
Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*? Where the Queen?
What, not a Word? Have my Wrongs ſtruck thee dumb?
Or art thou ſwoln and labouring with my Doom,
Yet dar'ſt not let the fatal Secret come?

R. Go. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:
I'm old, and have a thouſand doting Thoughts.
Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I muſt.

R. Go. Nay, I would not be by Compulſion juſt.

King. Yet, if without it you refuſe, you ſhall.
R. Go. Grant me then one Requeſt, I'll tell you all.
King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.
R. Go. It is that you would here forgive your Son,
For all his paſt Offences to this Hour.
King. Th'aſt almoſt ask'd a thing beyond my Pow'r.
But ſo much Goodneſs i'th' Requeſt I find,
Spite of my ſelf I'll for thy ſake be kind.
His Pardon's ſeal'd; the Secret now declare.
R. Go. Alas! 'tis only that I ſaw him here.——
King. Where? With the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis ſo, I'm ſure.
Never were Wrongs ſo great as I endure.
So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.
Oh Woman! Monſtrous Woman!
Did I for this into my Breaſt receive
The promiſing repenting Fugitive?
But, *Gomez*, I will throw her back again;
And thou ſhalt ſee me ſmile, and tear her then.
I'll cruſh her Heart, where all the Poiſon lies,
'Till, when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.
R. Go. They the beſt Method of Revenge purſue,
Who ſo contrive that it may Juſtice ſhew;
Stay 'till their Wrongs appear at ſuch a Head,
That Innocence may have no room to plead.
Your Fury, Sir, at leaſt a while delay;
I gueſs the Prince may come again this way.
Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.
King. And when he's fix'd, be ſure bring Word to me.
'Till then I'll bridle Vengeance, and retire,
Within my Breaſt ſuppreſs this angry Fire,
'Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themſelves diſplay;
Then, like a Faulcon, gently cut my Way,
And with my Pounces ſeize th'unwary Prey.

[*Exit King.*

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Buſineſs with Delight,
And find Revenge will have a Feaſt to Night.
Though thy declining Years are in their Wane,
I can perceive there's Youth ſtill in thy Brain.
Away: The Queen is coming hither. [*Exit* R. Gomez.

Enter Queen and Women. Henrietta.

Queen. ——Now
To all Felicity a long Adieu:
Where are you, *Eboli?*

Eboli. ——Madam, I'm here.

Queen. O how freſh Fears aſſault me ev'ry where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a Priſoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders diſobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To Head the Rebels, whom he ſtiles his Friends.
But ere he goes, by me does humbly ſue,
That he may take his laſt Farewel of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Deſtiny at laſt?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haſte:
Tell him, I beg his Purpoſe he'd delay.
Or if that can't his Reſolution ſtay,
Say I have ſworn not to ſurvive the Hour
In which I hear that he has left this Shoar.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him——to ſtay him——tell him any thing.——

Eboli. One Word from you his Duty would reſtore:
And though you promis'd ne'er to ſee him more,
Methinks you might upon ſo juſt a ſcore.
But ſee, he's here——

Enter Don Carlos.

D. *Car.* Run out of Breath by Fate,
And perſecuted by a Father's Hate,
Weary'd withal, I panting hither fly,
To lay my ſelf down at your Feet, and die.
[*Kneels, and kiſſes her Hands.*

Queen. Oh too unhappy *Carlos!* Yet unkind?
'Gainſt you what Harms have ever I deſign'd,
That you ſhould with ſuch Violence decree
Ungratefully at laſt to murder me?

D. *Car.* Pour all thy Curſes, Heav'n, upon this Head,
For I've the worſt of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
My ſelf upbraided of a Wrong to her. [*He riſes.*
Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I Snares t' entrap your Virtue laid?
Tell me: If not, why do you then upbraid?

Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give;
Was't not my last Requeſt, that you would live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I ſee,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardleſs, your own Ruin you deſign,
Though you are ſure to purchaſe it with mine.

D. *Car.* I, as you bad me live, obey'd with Pride;
Though it was harder far than to have dy'd.
But loſs of Liberty my Life diſdains:
Theſe Limbs were never made to ſuffer Chains.
My Father ſhould have ſingled out ſome Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He ſhould have ſeen what *Carlos* would have done.
But to preſcribe my Freedom, ſink me low
To baſe Confinement, where no Comforts flow;
But black Deſpair, that foul Tormenter, lies;
With all my preſent Load of Miſeries;
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the ſleeping Lion in my Heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's Rage,
I know, the leaſt Submiſſion will aſſwage.
You're hot with Youth, he's cholerick with Age.
To him, and a put true Obedience on;
Be humble, and expreſs your ſelf a Son.
Carlos, I beg it of you: Will you not?

D. *Car.* Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.
I muſt obey whatever you prefer,
Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot Err.
For if my Doom's unalt'rable, I ſhall
This way at leaſt with leſs Diſhonour fall:
And Princes leſs my Tameneſs thus condemn,
When I for you ſhall ſuffer, though by him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy Iſſue wait.
Your Preſence there he cannot diſapprove,
When it ſhall ſpeak your Duty, and my Love.

[*Ex.* Car. *and* *Queen.*

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Eboli. Now, *Gomez*, triumph; all is ripe; the Toil
Has caught 'em, and Fate ſaw it with a Smile.

Thus

Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;
But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.
Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood;
A Mystery thou well hast understood:
Whilst I go rest within a Lover's Arms, [*Aside.*
And to my *Austria* lay out all my Charms. [*Exit.*

R. Go. Fate, open now thy Book, and set 'em down:
I have already mark'd 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Posa *at a distance.*

My Lord the King?

King. Gomez?

R. Go. The same.

King. Hast seen
The Prince?

R. Go. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Go. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Presidents there e'er
Was seen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, *Gomez*, did'st not hear th' Infernals groan?
Hush, Hell, a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should they be? The King and *Gomez*, sure.
[*At a distance.*
Methinks I wish that *Carlos* were secure.
For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Posa*, Pandar to their Lust.
[*Drawing near to* Posa.
Now, *Gomez*, to his Heart thy Dagger thrust;
In the Pursuit of Vengeance drive it far;
Strike deep, and, if thou canst, wound *Carlos* there.

R. Go. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss.
May he strike mine, if of his Heart I miss.
Thus, Sir—— [*Stabs him.*

Posa. Ha, *Gomez!* Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst: But yet I would not die alone:
Here, Dog—— [*Stabs at him.*

R. Go. So brisk? Then take it once again.

[*As they are struggling, the Dispatches fall out of* Posa's *Bosom.*
'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain.
[*Stabs him again, and* Posa *falls.*

Posa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son. [*Dies.*

King. The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I shall be very mindful. What are these?
[*Takes up the Dispatches.*
For *Flanders!* With the Prince's Signet seal'd!
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See, *Gomez*; Practices against my Crown. [*Shews 'em him.*
Treason and Lust have join'd to pull me down.
Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock,
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.
But I too long delay; give word I come.

R. Go. What, hoa! within; the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE *draws, and discovers Don* John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

King. Now let me, if I can, to Fury add,
That when I thunder I may strike 'em dead.
[*Looking earnestly on 'em.*
Ha—— *Gomez!* on this Truth depends thy Life.
Why, that's our Brother *Austria!*

R. Go. And my Wife!
Embracing close. Whilst I was busie grown
In others Ruins, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I perish'd ere 'twas understood.

King. This is the Nest where Lust and Falshood brood.
Is it not admirable? —— [*Ex. D.* John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

R. Go. O Sir, yes!
Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorceress——

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter Don Carlos *and Queen discoursing.*

Look, my incestuous Son and Wife appear.
See, *Gomez*, how she languishes and dies.
'Sdeath! there are very Pulses in her Eyes.
[*D.* Carlos *approaches the King.*

D. *Car.* In Peace, Heav'n ever guard the King from Harms;
In War, Success and Triumph crown his Arms;
'Till all the Nations of the World shall be
Humble and prostrate at his Feet like me. [*Kneels*
I hear your Fury has my Death design'd;
Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind;

Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not ſpill that Blood which is your own.
King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne'er doubt
But for my Health 'tis good to let it out;
But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul, to me,
Or elſe be curs'd thy Mother's Memory:
And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night,
In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.
D. *Car.* Thus then I lay aſide all rights of Blood. [*Riſes boldly.*
My Mother curs'd! She was all Juſt and Good.
Tyrant! too good to ſtay with thee below,
And therefore's bleſs'd, and reigns above thee now.
Submiſſion! which way got it Entrance here!
King. Perhaps it came ere Treaſon was aware.
Thy traiterous Deſign's now come to Light,
Too great and horrid to be hid in Night.
See here my Honour and thy Duty's Stains.
[*Shews the Diſpatches.*
I've paid your Secretary for his Pains.
He waits you there, to Council with him go,
[*Shews* Poſa's *Body.*
Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now.
D. *Car.* My Friend here ſlain, my faithful *Poſa* 'tis.
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What Temples ſack'd, what Deſolations made,
To pull down ſuch a Vengeance on my Head?
This, Villain, was thy work: What Friend of thine [*To* Go.
Did I e'er wrong, that thou ſhouldſt murder mine?
But I'll take care it ſhall not want Reward —— [*Draws.*
King. Courage, my *Gomez*, ſince thy King's thy Guard.
Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfil.
D. *Car.* No; though unjuſt, you are my Father ſtill;
[*Throws away his Sword.*
And from that Title muſt your Safety own,
'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true, all there contain'd I had deſign'd:
To ſuch a height your Jealouſie was grown,
It was the only way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.
King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decreaſe,
You'd eaſe me of my Crown to give me Peace.

D. *Car.* Alas! you fetch your Miſconſtructions far:
The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair.
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
Branded my Honour, and purſu'd my Life,
My Duty long with Nature was at Strife.
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
Could ſuffer by the Voice of common Fame;
A thing I ſtill eſteem'd beneath my Pride:
For though condemn'd by all the World beſide,
Had you but thought me Juſt, I could have dy'd.
At laſt this only way I found, to fly
Your Anger, and divert your Jealouſie ——
To go for *Flanders*, and be ſo remov'd
From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd:
There in your right hoping I might compleat,
'Spight of my Wrongs, ſome Action truly great.
Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
Your Hate, and ſhun that Storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit Hate? he would forgo
The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchaſe you;
Baniſh himſelf, and ſtem the dang'rous Tide
Of Lawleſs Outrage, and Rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly ſhe pleads in his Defence!
So blind is Guilt when 'twould ſeem Innocence.
She thinks her Softneſs may my Rage diſarm.
No, *Sorcereſs*, you're miſtaken in your Charm,
And whilſt you ſooth, do but aſſiſt the Storm.
Do, take full view of your tall able Slave;
[*Queen looking on* Carlos.
Look hard; it is the laſt you're like to have.

D. *Car.* My Life or Death are in your Pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'ſt.

D. *Car.* Not 'till ſhe give me leave.
She is the Star that rules my Deſtiny:
And whilſt her Aſpect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever bleſs'd.

King. Yes, I will ſend him to's Eternal Reſt.

Oh

Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,
I ne'er had known the Pains that rack me now.
Queen. What Pains? what Racks? [*Approaching him.*
King. Avoid, and touch me not.
I ſee thee foul, all one inceſtuous Blot;
Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.
Queen. Have I then in your Pity left no place?
King. Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
With Promiſes you ne'er wou'd ſee him more.
But now your ſubtleſt Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.
Queen. May you be ever free; but can your Mind
Conceive that any Ill was here deſign'd?
He hither came only that he might ſhow
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You ſaw his humble and dutiful Addreſs.
King. But you before-hand ſign'd the happy Peace.
Enter Eboli.
Oh Princeſs, thank you for the Care you take.
Tell me, how got this Monſter Entrance? ſpeak.
Eboli. Heav'n witneſs 'twas without my Knowledge done.
R. *Go.* No, ſhe had other Bus'neſs of her own. [*Aſide.*
Oh Blood and Murther!
King. All are falſe: A Guard.
Enter Guard.
Seize on that Traitor------ [*To* Carlos.
D. *Car.* Welcome; I'm prepar'd-----
Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.
King. No, thou ſhalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*
By Heav'n, but not a Day. [*Aſide.*
I a Revenge ſo exquiſite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and ſo ſhe's damn'd.
Hen. If ever Pity could your Heart engage,
If e'er you hope for Bleſſings on your Age,
Incline your Ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.
King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too Fair.
What wou'dſt thou ſay?
Hen. Deſtroy not, in one Man,
More Virtue than the World can boaſt again.
View him the eldeſt Pledge of your firſt Love,
Your Virgin-Joys; that may ſome Pity move-----

King. No; for the Wrongs I ſuffer weigh it down:
I'd now not ſpare his Life to ſave my own.
Away, by thy ſoft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Hen. By all that Hopes can frame I beg. If not,
May you by ſome baſe Hand unpity'd die,
And childleſs Mothers curſe your Memory.
By Honour, Love, by Life——

King. Fond Girl, away.
By Heav'n, I'll kill thee elſe. Still dar'ſt thou ſtay?
Cannot Death terrifie thee?

Hen. ——— No; for I,
If you refuſe me, am reſolv'd to die.

D. *Car.* Kind Fair one, do not waſte your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joys in ſtore,
When I in Duſt am laid, and ſeen no more.
Oh Madam!—— [*To the Queen.*

Queen. Oh my *Carlos!* muſt you die
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. *Car.* Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Tenderneſs that misbecomes my Heart:
For ſince I muſt, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my Aid my Manly Spirits call.

Queen. You, like a Man, as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a Woman ſtill. [*Weeps.*

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curs'd.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd:
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
He too an Angel, 'till he durſt rebel;
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on; a ſtock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.

Queen. Cruel! Inhuman! Oh my Heart! why ſhould
I throw away a Title that's ſo good,
On one a Stranger to what-e'er was ſo?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The juſt Reſentment of my Wrong's ſo great,
My Spirits ſink beneath the heavy weight.
[*Ready to ſink with Paſſion.*

Tyrant, ſtand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.
D. *Car.* Bleſs'd Angel, ſtay —— [*Takes her in his Arms.*
Queen. Carlos, the ſole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his Face.
D. *Car.* No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous Eaſt,
In all the Glories of his Empire dreſs'd,
Was ever half ſo rich, or half ſo bleſs'd.
But from ſuch Bliſs how wretched is the Fall!
They too like us muſt die, and leave it all.
King. All this before my Face? what Soul could bear't?
Go force her from him. [*Officer approaches.*
D. *Car.* ——Slave, 'twill coſt thy Heart.
Th'adſt better meet a Lion on his way,
And from his hungry Jaws reprize the Prey.
She's Miſtreſs of my Soul, and to prepare
My ſelf for Death, I muſt conſult with her.
R. Go. Have pity —— [*Ironically.*
King. Hence! How wretchedly he rules,
That's ſerv'd by Cowards, and adviſ'd by Fools.
Oh Torture!——
D. *Car.* —— Rouze, my Soul, conſider now,
That to thy bliſsful Manſion thou muſt go.
But I ſo mighty Joys have taſted here,
I hardly ſhall have Senſe of any there.
Oh ſoft as Bloſſoms, and yet ſweeter far!
[*Leaning on her Boſom.*
Sweeter than Incenſe which to Heav'n aſcends,
Though 'tis preſented there by Angels Hands.
King. Still in his Arms? Cowards, go tear her forth.
D. *Car.* You'll ſooner from its Center ſhake the Earth:
I'll hold her faſt 'till my laſt Hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.
King. Cut off his Hold! or any thing.----
D. *Car.* ----Ay come;
Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb.
I'd have my Monument erected here,
With broken mangled Limbs ſtill claſping her.
Queen. Hold, and I'll quit his Arms-----
[*The Guards offer their Axes.*
King.

King. Now bear him hence. [*They part.*

Queen. O horrid Tyrant! [*Guards are hurrying* Carlos *off.*
Stay, unhappy Prince----
Turn, turn: O Torment! muſt I leave you ſo?
No, ſtay, and take me with you where you go.

D. *Car.* Hark, Slaves, my Goddeſs ſummons me to ſtay.
Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you diſobey?
See her? Oh let me but juſt touch my Bliſs.
[*Preſſing forward.*

King. By Hell he ſhan't: Slaves, are ye mine, or his?

Queen. My Life----

D. *Car.* ----My Soul, farewel----

Queen. ----He's gone, he's gone. [*Exit* Carlos.
Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone.
Give me my Death, that hate both Life and thee.

King. I know thou doſt; yet live.

Queen. ----O Miſery! [*Throws her ſelf on the Floor.*
Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why
Should Life be forc'd, when 'tis ſo ſweet to die?

King. Thou, Woman, haſt been falſe; but to renew
Thy Credit in my Heart, aſſiſt me now, [*To* Eboli.
Prepare a Draught of Poiſon, ſuch as will
Act ſlow, and by degrees of Torment kill.
Give it the Queen, and to prevent all Senſ
Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that e'er Morning he'll attend her. I
In a Diſguiſe his Preſence will ſupply:
So glut my Rage, and ſmiling ſee her die.

Eboli. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd---

R. Go. Do, work thy Miſchiefs to their laſt degree,
And when th'are in their height I'll murther thee. [*Aſide.*

King. Now, *Gomez*, ply my Rage, and keep it hot:
O'er Love and Nature I've the Conqueſt got.
Sill charming Beauty triumphs in her Eyes;
[*Looking at the Queen.*
Yet for my Honour and my Reſt ſhe dies.
[*Exeunt Queen and Women.*
But, oh! what Eaſe can I expect to get,
When I muſt purchaſe at ſo dear a Rate? [*Exeunt Omnes.*
[*The Scene ſhuts.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King, solus.

King. 'TIS Night; the Season when the Happy take Repose, and only Wretches are awake:
Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsome Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,
To frighten 'em with some sad Tale of Fate.
When I would rest, I can no Rest obtain:
The Ills I've born ev'n o'er my Slumbers reign,
And in sad Dreams torment me o'er again.
The fatal Bus'ness is ere this begun:
I'm shockt, and start to think what I have done,
But I forget how I that *Philip* am,
So much for Constancy renown'd by Fame:
Who through the Progress of my Life was ne'er
By Hopes transported, or depress'd by Fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And Stedfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli *in a Night-Gown.*

Who? *Eboli?*

Eboli. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Eboli. 'Tis, and the Queen to seek Repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?
No, *Eboli*; her Dreams must be as full
Of Horror, and as Hellish as her Soul.
Does she believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O'er all her Face young wandring Blushes were,
Such as speak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear:----
But when confirm'd, no Lover e'er so kind:
She clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me Friend.
Which Opportunity I took, to give
The Poison; and 'till Day she cannot live.'

King. Quickly then to her; say that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his Happiness with her.
Go; that my Vengeance I may finish quite:
'Twould be imperfect, should I lose the Sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And she may still mistake me for my Son,
Remove all Light but that which may suffice
To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in ruful Sables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light,
Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly Shade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.
Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
'Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return. [*Exit.*

King. Oh stedfast Sin! incorrigible Lust!
Not damn'd! it is impossible; she must.
How do I long to see her in her Pains,
The pois'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins?

Enter D. John *and Attendants.*

Who's there? my Brother?

D. *John.* Yes, Sir, and your Friend.
What can your Presence here so late intend?

King. Oh, *Austria*, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy Youthful Courage to a stand.
Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

D. *John.* You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r:
Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing:
You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a Man.
But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow:
I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

D. *John.* No, Sir, my Happiness you cannot have,
Whilst to your abject Passions thus a Slave.
To know my Ease you Thoughts like mine must bring,
Be something less a Man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so. 'Tis true, that long I strove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast;
But now the Date of the Enchantment's past.

Before

Before my Rage like Ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o'er 'em all.

D. *John*. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal Hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a ſure Succeſſion off,
At which your Friends muſt grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if ſince Age has from you took away
Increaſe, you'd grow malicious, and deſtroy?

King. Doubt it not, *Auſtria*; thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain haſt a part.
Only the Juſtice of my Vengeance own,
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. *John*. I muſt confeſs there in a Crown are Charms,
Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms:
But in my Nephew's Wrong I muſt decline,
Since he muſt be extinguiſh'd ere I ſhine.
To mount a Throne o'er Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death ſhould wait on me, not I on him.
Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of ſo brave a Son?

King. I gueſs'd I ſhould be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindneſs, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art eaſie grown,
And think'ſt all Hearts as honeſt as thy own.

D. *John*. Not, Sir, ſo eaſie, as I muſt be bold,
And ſpeak what you perhaps would have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th' vileſt that obey,
Such as Diſgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow, as they lead aſtray:
Voracious Varlets, ſordid Hangers on,
Beſt by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet ſhrink at Frowns, but when you ſmile they fawn.
Th'are theſe have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,
Poſſeſs'd your Mind with falſe miſ-grounded Fears.

King. Miſ-grounded Fears? Why, is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or diſobedient Youth?
I ſooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to Man was given.
But thou ſhalt ſee how my Revenge I'll treat.

The SCENE *draws, and discovers the Queen alone in Mourning on her Couch, with a Lamp by her.*

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, [*Ironically.*
As if she never had a Thought of Sin;
In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to shew:
Sh'as sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow she'll in Darkness dwell:
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell.
[*The Queen rises, and comes towards him.*
Queen. My Lord! Prince *Carlos*? may it be believ'd?
Are my Eyes bless'd? and am I not deceiv'd?
King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here—— [*Embraces her.*
Queen. My Lord the King?
This is surprizing Kindness which you bring.
Can you believe me innocent at last?
Methinks my Griefs are half already past.
King. O Tongue, in nothing practis'd but Deceit!
Too well she knew him, not to find the Cheat.
Yes, vile incestuous Woman, it is I,
The King; look on me well, despair, and die.
Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my Doom before,
Since to Affliction you could add no more?
Methinks Death is less welcome, when I find
You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.
King. No, now th'art fit for Death: Had I believ'd
Thou could'st have been more wicked, thou hadst liv'd.
Liv'd, and gone on in Lust and Riot still;
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
And that of the Reward thou might'st not miss;
This Night th'ast drank thy Bane, th'art Poison'd; yes,
Thou art———
Queen. —— Then welcome Everlasting Bliss.
But ere I die, let me here make a Vow,
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true.
King. Vows you had always ready when you spoke;
How many of'em have you made, and broke?
Yet there's a Power that does your Falshood hear,
A just one too, that lets thee live to swear.

How

How comes it that above such Mercy dwells,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's Good,
My Innocence had else been understood.
At first your Love was nothing but your Pride.
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately Fair,
Thought me a Prize too rich to be possess'd
By him, and forc'd your self into my Breast:
Where you maintain'd an unresisted Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more,
'Till, conscious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd Adultéress proclaim'd,
Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son.
What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said,
That in my Vengeance any Fault I made.
Love me? oh low Pretence! too feebly built!
But 'tis the constant Fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry th'are Innocent;
When their Despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your Malice to the Head,
You spightfully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With speedy Fury I'd have snatch'd her Life;
Torn a broad Passage open to her Heart,
And there have ransack'd each polluted Part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t'have seen the issuing Flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my Hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge you bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

King. I'm glad I know what Death you'd wish to have,
You wou'd go down in Silence to your Grave;
Remove from future Fame, as present Times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood,
Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.

Queen. About it then, the noble Work begin;
Be proud, and boast how cruel you have been.

Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it reach the Ears of *France*.
I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's Wrong;
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
And make thee quite forget thou e'er wert King.

King. I ne'er had Pleasure with her 'till this Night:
The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that Word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him 'till the Dastard Craven cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Sister's side.

Queen. Alas! I faint and sink; my Lord, your Hand:
My Spirits fail, and I want Strength to stand. [*To D. J.*

D. John. Oh Jealousie!
A Curse which none but he that bears it knows;
[*Leads her to a Chair.*
So rich a Treasure who would live to lose?

King. The Poison works, Heav'n grant there were e-
She is so foul, she may be Poison proof. [nough:
Now, my false Fair one ——

Queen. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away; I would not leave the Light
With such a hated Object in my sight.

King. No, I will stay, and ev'n thy Pray'rs prevent:
I would not give thee leisure to repent;
But let thy Sins all in one Throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

Queen. Glut then your Eyes; your Tyrant-Fury feed,
And Triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
May feel those Tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus, *Austria*, my lost Freedom I obtain,
And once more shall appear my self again.
Love held me fast, whilst like a foolish Boy,
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

Eboli

Eboli. Help, Murther, help—— [Eboli *within.*

King. ——See, *Auſtria*, whence that Cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh. [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Eboli *in her Night-dreſs, wounded and bleeding*; Rui-Gomez *purſuing her.*

Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murtherer.
But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched King, I've ſomething to unfold;
Nor can I die 'till the ſad Secret's told.

King. The Woman's mad; to ſome Apartment by
Remove her, where ſhe may grow tame and die.
Fate came abroad to Night, reſolv'd to range.
I love a kind Companion in Revenge. [*Hugs* R. Go.

Eboli. If in your Heart Truth any Favour wins,
If e'er you would repent of ſecret Sins,
Hear me a Word.

King. ——What wou'dſt thou ſay? Be brief.

Eboli. Do what you can to ſave that precious Life;
Try ev'ry Art that may her Death prevent:
You are abus'd, and ſhe is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my Hopes of you were vain,
Led by my Luſt I practis'd all my Charms
To gain the Prince, Don *Carlos*, to my Arms.
But there too croſs'd, I did the Purpoſe change,
And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge; [*To* R. Go.
Taught him to raiſe your growing Jealouſie.
Then my wild Paſſion at this Prince did fly, } [*To* D. J.
And that was done for which I now muſt die.

King. Ha, *Gomez!* ſpeak, and quickly; is it ſo?

R. Go. I'm ſorry you ſhould doubt if't be or no.
She, by whoſe Luſt my Honour was betray'd,
Cannot want Malice now to take my Head;
And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

Eboli. Oh *Auſtria*, take away that ugly Fiend:
He ſmiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls roll.

R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt.
But ſince you'll have my Blood, let it be ſpilt.

King. No more—— [*To* R. Go.

Speak on, I charge thee, by the Reſt [*To* Eboli.
Thou hop'ſt, the Truth, and as thou ſhalt be bleſs'd.
Eboli. As what I've ſaid is ſo,
There may I find, where I muſt anſwer all,
What moſt I need, Heav'n's Mercy on my Soul. [*Dies.*
King. Heav'n! She was ſenſible that ſhe ſhould die,
And durſt not in the Minute tell a Lie.
D. *John.* His Guilt's too plain; ſee his wild ſtaring Eye.
By Unconcern he would ſhow Innocence:
But harden'd Guilt ne'er wanted the Pretence
Of great Submiſſion, when't had no Defence.
Thus whilſt of Life you ſhew this little Care,
You ſeem not guiltleſs, but betray Deſpair.
King. His Life? what Satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in Doubt I muſt for ever live,
And loſe my Peace——Yet I the Truth will find:
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this Minute bind
Him to the Wheel——
R. Go. How have I this deſerv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and ſerv'd?
What would you have me do?
King. ——I'd have thee tell
The Truth: Do, *Gomez*, all ſhall then be well.
R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm loſt,
And can but tell you what I think at moſt.
You ſet me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I ſtill brought the beſt Intelligence
I could; 'till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer Meaſures took by her:
Which if I after a falſe Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as you.
King. And is this all thou haſt for Life to ſhow?
R. Go. Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.
King. Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n! where is now thy ſleeping Providence,
That took ſo little Care of Innocence?
Oh, *Auſtria*, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
Had I been half ſo good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame; ſecure the Traitor. Oh!
[*Guard ſeizes* R. Go.
Earth open, to thy Center let me go,

And

And there for ever hide my Impious Head.
Thou faireſt, pureſt Creature Heav'n e'er made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've underſtood:
Yet live, and be Immortal as th' art Good.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline
On her bare Word, and would not credit mine?
The Poiſon's very buſie at my Heart:
Methinks I ſee Death ſhake his threatning Dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Perſiſt, continue on the Injury:
Call me ſtill Vile, Inceſtuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my deſpairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raiſe my Phyſicians ſtrait;
Haſten 'em quickly ere it be too late.
Propoſe Rewards may ſet their Skill at ſtrife.
I'll give my Crown to him that ſaves her Life.
Curſs'd Dog!—— [*To* Gomez.

D. *John.* Vile Proſtitute!

King. ——Revengeful Fiend!
But I've forgotten half; to *Carlos* ſend;
Prevent what his Deſpair may make him do.

Enter Henrietta.

Hen. Oh Horror, Horror! everlaſting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Ha? ſpeak——

Hen. ——He dies, he dies,
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lyes,
Juſt taken from a Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the ſpringing Blood flows ſwiftly out.
He threatens Death on all that ſhall oppoſe
His Fate, to ſave that Life which he will loſe.

King. Dear *Auſtria*, haſten; all thy Int'reſt uſe.
Tell him it is to Friendſhip an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live.——

R. Go. Since you've decreed my Death, know 'twi[illegible]
The Bath by me was poiſon'd when prepar'd [illegible]
Iow'd him that for his late Pride an[illegible]

King. There never was ſo curs[illegible]
But by Revenge ſuch Pains he ſha[illegible]
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne'er knew.

Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Freſh Torments for him ev'ry Hour deviſe,
'Till he curſe Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithful *Henrietta*, art thou come
To wait th'unhappy Miſtreſs to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now muſt leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong.
But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodneſs, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unſpeakable, I lov'd ſo well.
A Proof of it the World ſhall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

Enter Don Carlos *ſupported between two, and bleeding.*

D. *John.* See, Sir, your Son.

King. My Son? But oh! how dare
I uſe that Name, when this ſad Object's near?
See, injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves,
No more thy Father, but the worſt of Slaves.
Behold the Tears that from theſe Fountains flow.

D. *Car.* I come to take my Farewel, ere I go
To that bright Dwelling where there is no room
For Blood; and where the Cruel never come.

King. I know there is not, therefore muſt deſpair.
Oh Heav'n! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Doſt thou not hear thy wretched Father ſue?

D. *Car.* My Father, ſpeak the Words once more; is't you?
And may I think the dear Converſion true?
Oh that I could.

King. By Heav'n thou muſt-----it is!
Let me embrace and kiſs thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my *Carlos*, live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

D. *Car.* Life was my Curſe, and given me ſure in ſpite.
Oh! had I periſh'd when I firſt ſaw Light,
I never then theſe Miſeries had brought
On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
Prop me: Apace I feel my Life decay.
The little Time on Earth I have to ſtay,

Grant

Grant I without Offence may here beſtow;
[*Pointing to the Queen.*
You cannot certainly be Jealous now.
King. Break, break, my Heart------
[*Leads Don* Carlos *to the Chair.*
D.*Car.* You've thus more Kindneſs ſhown,
Than if y'ad Crown'd, and plac'd me on your Throne.
Methinks ſo highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to ſee you there.
Take me away again: You are too good.
Queen. Carlos, is't you? O ſtop that Royal Flood;
Live, and poſſeſs your Father's Throne, when I
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lye.
D.*Car.* Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your Side,
How much a Life and Empire I diſdain?
No, we'll together mount, where both ſhall reign
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.
Queen. O matchleſs Youth! O Conſtancy Divine!
Sure there was never Love that equall'd thine;
Nor any ſo Unfortunate as mine.------
Henceforth forſaken Virgins ſhall in Songs,
When they would eaſe their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy ſake,
A ſolemn annual Proceſſion make;
In chaſte Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lillies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:
It is, to reconcile my Lord and you.
D.*Car.* H'as done no Wrong to me, I am poſſeſs'd
Of all, beyond my Expectation bleſs'd.
But yet methinks there's ſomething in my Heart
Tells me, I muſt not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raiſe me with your Hand;
Before I die, what is't you would command?
King. Why wert thou made ſo excellently good?
And why was it no ſooner underſtood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led aſtray.
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'ſt ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Deſpair.

D.*Car.*

D. *Car.* Thus then with the Remains of Life we kneel;
[*Don* Carlos *and the Queen sink out of the Chairs, and kneel.*
May you be ever free from all that's Ill.

Queen. And everlasting Peace upon you dwell.

King. No more: This Virtue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd Soul, too conversant with Night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light.
Here raise 'em up, gently: Ye Slaves, down, down!
Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,
For ever be forgotten; in your stead,
Only Eternal Darkness wrap my Head.

Queen. Where are you? Oh! farewel, I must be gone.

King. Bless'd happy Soul, take not thy Flight so soon:
Stay 'till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which else must sink below.

Queen. From all my Injuries, and all my Fears,
From Jealousie, Love's Bane, the worst of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that Stranger Rest.
Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breast:
Within this Minute how shall we be bless'd!

D. *Car.* Oh, far above
What-ever Wishes fram'd, or Hopes design'd;
Thus, where we go, we shall the Angels find
For ever pressing, and for ever kind.

Queen. Make haste, in the first Sphere I'll for you stay;
Thence we'll rise both to everlasting Day.
Farewel------ [*Dies.*

D. *Car.* I follow you; now close my Eyes;
[*Leans on her Bosom.*
Thus all o'er Bliss the happy *Carlos* dies.

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must ne'er aspire.
Run, sally out, and set the World on fire,
Alarum Nature, let loose all the Winds;
Set free those Spirits whom strong Magick binds;
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains;
'Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine.
Here I'll lye down, and never more arise;
Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

D. *John.*

D. *John*. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring Heart some Eaſe.

King. Oh! name it not: there's no ſuch thing as Peace.
From theſe warm Lips yet one ſoft Kiſs I'll take.
How my Heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?
My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, ſpeak.
Oh! he regards not now my Miſeries,
But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh, now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's juſt deſcending into Hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?
The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll ſpur him on.
Hey! how he flies! [*Stabs* R. Gomez.

R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart.
That I had Strength enough but to retort.
Dull Life, ſo tamely muſt I from thee part?
Curſes and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark Houſe below. [*Dies.*

King. He's gone, and now there's not ſo vile a thing
As I.

D. *John*. Remember, Sir, you are a King.

King. A King? it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an Emperor;
He kill'd his Mother, but I've that out-done,
Murther'd a Loyal Wife and Guiltleſs Son.
Yet, *Auſtria*, why ſhould I grow mad for that?
Is it my Fault I was unfortunate?

D. *John*. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't; ſtrange things I tell thee are deſign'd.
Thou, *Auſtria*, ſhalt grow old, and in thy Age
Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long grey Beard,
With Eyes diſtilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be ſuch Charms, thou canſt not want Succeſs.
But above all beware of Jealouſie:
It was the dreadful Curſe that ruin'd me.

D. *John*. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! But ſtay,
Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the Word
(Methought I ſaw't) the Azure Fabrick ſtirr'd.
Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare.
But I'll purſue and overtake 'em there.
Whirl, ſtop the Sun, arreſt his Charioteer;

I'll

I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down.
Oh, how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run!
Now, now I mount----- [*Runs off raving.*

D. *John.* Look to the King.
See of this Fair one too ſtrict Care he had.
[*Pointing to* Henrietta.
Deſpair, how vaſt a Triumph haſt thou made?
No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll lye;
Shaking off Softneſs, to the Camp I'll fly,
Where Thirſt of Fame the active Hero warms;
And what I've loſt in Peace, regain in Arms.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what d'ye think my Meſſage hither means?
Yonder's the Poet ſick behind the Scenes:
He told me there was Pity in my Face,
And therefore ſent me here to make his Peace.
Let me for once perſuade ye to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to ſtand my Friend.
And if this time I can your Kindneſs move,
He'll write for me, he ſwears by all above,
When I am big enough to be in Love.
Now won't you be good-natur'd, ye Fine Men?
Indeed I'll grow as faſt as e'er I can,
And try if to his Promiſe he'll be true.
Think on't; when that time comes, you do not know
But I may grow in Love with ſome of you.
Or, at the worſt I'm certain I ſhall ſee
Amongſt you thoſe who'll ſwear they're ſo with me.
But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,
You know what your Unkindneſs oft has done;
I'll e'en forſake the Play-Houſe, and turn Nun.

Titus and *Berenice.*

A

TRAGEDY.

With a FARCE call'd

The CHEATS of *Scapin.*

Grandis Oratio non est Turgida,
Sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.

Printed in the YEAR 1712.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN,

EARL of *Rochester*,

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber, &c.

My LORD,

DEDICATIONS are grown Things of so nice a Nature, that it is almost impossible for me to pay your Lordship those Acknowments I owe you, and not (from those who cannot judge of the Sentiments I have of your Lordship's Favours) incur the Censure either of a Fawner or a Flatterer.

terer. Both which ought to be as hateful to an Ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None of theſe would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the World know how Good and how Generous a Patron I have, (in ſpight of Malice) I am ſure I am honeſt.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under ſo great an Oppreſſion as now, as full of Phanaticiſms as Religion, where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, ſets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worſe than a Quaker does a Prieſt.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of thoſe dreadful Things that reſolve our Diſſolution. It is, for the moſt part, a very little *French* Breeding, much Aſſurance, with a great deal of Talk, and no Senſe.

Thus he comes to a New Play, enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his perſonal Misfortunes the Subject of his Malice to ſome of his Companions who have as little Wit, and as much Ill-Nature as himſelf; and ſo to be ſure (as far as he cau) the Play is damn'd.

At Night he never fails to appear in the Withdrawing-room, where he picks out ſome that have as little to do there, as himſelf; who muſtering

ſtring up all their puny Forces, damn as poſitively as if, like *Muggleton*, it were their Gift; when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey-man Taylor can have to Prophecy.

Wit, which was the Miſtreſs of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours: Either the Old Satyr, to let us underſtand what he has known, damns and decries all Poetry but the Old; or elſe the young affected Fool, that is Impudent beyond Correction, and Ignorant above Inſtruction, will be cenſuring the preſent, tho' he miſplace his Wit, as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes uſe of it on the wrong Occaſion.

How great a Hazard then does your Lordſhip run, in ſo ſtedfaſtly protecting a poor exil'd Thing that has ſo many Enemies! But that your Wit is more Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodneſs greater than any Malice or Ill-Nature can be. I am ſure (and I muſt own it with Gratitude) I have taſted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect: Though in doing this, I ſhall at beſt but appear an humble Debtor, who acknowledges honeſtly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he muſt be forc'd to borrow more: For my Genius always led me to ſeek an Intereſt in your Lordſhip; and I never ſee you, but

I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour. For all I have receiv'd, the higheſt Return I am able to make, is my Acknowledgment; in which I can hardly diſtinguiſh whether my Thankfulneſs or my Pride be the greater, when I ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged and

moſt Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Underhill.*

GAllants, our Author met me here to Day,
And begg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Waggs, that judge by Rote, and damn by Rule,
Taking your Measures from some Neighbour Fool,
Who has Impudence, a Coxcomb's useful Tool;
That always are severe, you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By;
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd sit,
And with your silly selves divert the Pit.
You Men of Sense, who heretofore allow'd
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud.
But for the Youths that newly' are come from France,
Whose Heads want Sense, though Heels abound with Dance:
Our Author to their Judgment won't submit,
But swears, that they, who so infest the Pit
With their own Follies, ne'er can judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he chiefly Favour would Implore;
[To the Boxes.
And, Fair Ones, pray oblige him on my Score:
Confine his Foes, the Fops, within their Rules;
For, Ladies, you know how to manage Fools.

§

Persons

Perſons Repreſented in the TRAGEDY.

MEN.

Titus Veſpatian, Emperor of *Rome*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Antiochus, King of *Comagene*.	Mr. *Smith*.
Paulinus, the Emperor's Confident.	Mr. *Medbourn*.
Arſaces, *Antiochus*, his Confident.	Mr. *Crosby*.
Rutilius, a Tribune.	Mr. *Gillow*.

WOMEN.

Berenice, Queen of *Paleſtine*.	Mrs. *Lee*.
Phœnice, her Confident.	Mrs. *Barry*.

The SCENE *ROME*.

Perſons Repreſented in the FARCE.

MEN.

Thrifty, *Gripe*, } Two old Merchants.	Mr. *Sandford*. Mr. *Noakes*.
Octavian, *Leander*, } Their Sons.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Percivall*.
Scapin, a Cheat.	Mr. *Anth. Leigh*.
Shift, *Sly*, } *Scapin*'s Inſtruments.	Mr. *Richards*. Mr. ——

WOMEN.

Lucia, *Thrifty*'s Daughter.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Clara, *Gripe*'s Daughter.	Mrs. *Gibbs*.

The SCENE *DOVER*.

Titus and *Berenice.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A PALACE.*

Enter Antiochus *and* Arſaces.

ANTIOCHUS.

THOU, my *Arſaces*, art a Stranger here;
This is th' Apartment of the charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* ſo adores;
The Univerſe is his, and he is hers:
Here from the Court himſelf he oft conceals;
And in her Ears his charming Story tells;
Whilſt I a Vaſſal for admittance wait,
And am at beſt but thought importunate.

Arſ. You want admittance! who with gen'rous Care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes ev'ry where,
Whoſe Fame throughout the World ſo loudly rings,
One of the greateſt of our Eaſtern Kings.
As once you ſeem'd the Monarch of her Breaſt,
Too firmly ſeated to be diſpoſſeſt;
Nor can the Pride ſhe doth in *Titus* take,
Already ſo ſevere a diſtance make.

Ant. Yes! ſtill that Wretch *Antiochus* I am.
But Love! Oh how I tremble at the Name;
And my diſtracted Soul at that doth ſtart,
Which once was all the Pleaſure of my Heart;
Since *Berenice* has all my Hopes deſtroy'd,
And an eternal Silence on me laid.

Arſ. That you reſent her Pride, I ſee with Joy;
'Tis that which does her Gratitude deſtroy:
But Friendſhip wrong'd ſhould into Hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to ſcorn.

Ant. Arſaces, how falſe Meaſures doſt thou take!
Remove the Poles, and bid the Sun go back;
Invert all Nature's Orders, Fate's Decrees;
Then bid me hate the charming *Berenice*.

Arſ. Well, love her ſtill; but let her know your Pain;
Reſolve it, you ſhall ſee, and ſpeak again;
Urge to her Face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as ſhe is proud.

Ant. Arſaces, no; ſhe's gentle as a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes ſo little for the Vows I've made,
That if ſhe pity me, I'm more than paid.

Enter Rutilius.

But ſee, the Man I ſent at laſt returns;
Oh how my Heart with Expectation burns!
Rutilius, have you *Berenice* ſeen?

Rut. I have.

Ant. Oh ſpeak! What ſays the charming Queen?

Rut. I preſs'd with difficulty through the Croud;
A Throng of Court-Attendants round her ſtood.
The time now paſt of his ſevere Retreat,
Titus laments no more his Father's Fate.
Love takes up all his Thoughts, and all his Cares,
Whilſt he to meet thoſe mighty Joys prepares,
Which may in *Berenice*'s Arms be found;
For ſhe this Day will be *Rome*'s Empreſs crown'd.

Ant. What do I hear? Confuſion on thy Tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy Speech ſo long?
Why didſt not Ruin with more ſpeed afford?
Thou might'ſt have ſpoke, and kill'd me in a Word.

But

But may I not one Moment with her ſpeak,
And my poor Heart diſcloſe before it break?
Rut. You ſhall: For when I told her what you deſign'd,
She ſweetly ſmil'd, and her fair Head inclin'd:
Titus ne'er from her had a Look more kind.

Enter Berenice *and* Phænicia.

She's here.
Ber. At laſt from the rude Joy I'm freed
Of thoſe new Friends, whom my new Fortunes breed;
The tedious Form of their Reſpect I ſhun,
To find out him whoſe Words and Hearts are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no Flattery uſe,
Since you neglect, I juſtly may accuſe.
How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *Eaſt*, and *Rome* it ſelf has ſeen.
In my worſt Fate I did your Friendſhip find,
But now I grow more great, you grow leſs kind.
Ant. Now durſt I hope, I would forget my Smart,
So well ſhe underſtands to ſooth my Heart.
But, Madam, it's a Truth by Rumour ſpread,
That *Titus* ſhall this Night poſſeſs your Bed.
Ber. Sir, all my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almoſt doubted Love would ne'er return:
He had not for me that aſſiduous Heat,
As when whole Days fix'd on my Eyes he ſate.
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell;
Oft came and look'd; ſaid nothing, but Farewell.
Ant. But now his Kindneſs he renews again.
Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence my Pain
For that: if any Faith may be allow'd
Two thouſand Oaths, two thouſand times renew'd;
Or any Juſtice in the Pow'rs Divine,
Antiochus, he'll be for ever mine.
Ant. How ſhe inſults and triumphs in my Ill!
Sh'as with long Practice learnt to ſmile and kill.
Oh, *Berenice*, eternally farewel.
Ber. Farewel! good Heav'n! What Language do I hear!
Stay! I conjure you, Sir——by all that's dear.

Antiochus, what is it I have done?
Why don't you ſpeak?
Ant. Madam, I muſt be gone.
Ber. How cruelly you uſe me! I implore
The Reaſon——
Ant. I muſt never ſee you more.
Ber. For Heavn's ſake tell; you wound me with delay.
Ant. At leaſt remember, I your Laws obey.
Why ſhould I here wretched and hopeleſs ſtay?
If the remembrance ben't extinguiſh'd quite
Of that bleſt place, where firſt you ſaw the Light;
'Twas there, oh there began my endleſs Smart,
When thoſe dear Eyes prevail'd upon my Heart;
Then *Berenice* too my Vows approv'd,
Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.
He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
And in his Hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
Firſt felt his weight, and found my ſelf undone.
Ber. Hah!
Ant. You too, then t' encreaſe the Pains I bore,
Commanded me to ſpeak of Love no more.
So on your Hand, I ſwore at laſt t' obey;
And for that taſte of Bliſs gave all away.
Ber. Why do you ſtudy ways t' afflict my Mind?
You believe, Sir, I am not unkind.
Alas, I'm ſenſible how well y'ave ſerv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deſerv'd.
Ant. Why in this Empire ſhould I longer ſtay,
My Paſſion, and its weakneſs to betray?
Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys
To crown that Happineſs, which mine deſtroys.
Ber. You triumph thus becauſe your Pow'r you know,
Or if you did not, you'd not uſe me ſo.
Though crown'd *Rome*'s Empreſs, I the Throne aſcend,
What Pleaſure in my Greatneſs can I find,
When I ſhall want my beſt and trueſt Friend?
Ant. I reach your purpoſe, you would have me there,
That you might ſee the worſt of my Deſpair;

I know it the Ambition of your Soul.
'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool:
Yet came this time but to new-freight my Heart,
And with more Love poſſeſt, than ever, part.
Ber. Though it could never enter in my Mind,
Since *Cæſar*'s Fortunes muſt with mine be join'd,
That any Mortal durſt ſo hardy prove
T' invade his Right, and talk to me of Love;
I bear th' unpleaſing Narrative of yours,
And Friendſhip, what my Honour ſhuns, endures.
Nay more; your parting I with trouble hear,
For you, next him, are to my Soul moſt dear.
Ant. In Juſtice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name.
A Name, which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilſt my poor Heart lies bleeding at your Feet.
Farewel. Oh, be not at my Ravings griev'd:
When of my Death the News ſhall be receiv'd,
Remember why I dy'd, and what I liv'd —— [*Ex.* Ant.
Phæn. I grieve for him; a Love ſo true as this,
Deſerv'd, methinks, more fortunate Succeſs.
Are you not troubled, Madam? ——
Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.
Phæn. You ſhould have ſtaid him.
Ber. Who, I ſtay him? no;
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Diſtraction rove,
Which thy raw Ignorance interprets Love.
Phæn. *Titus* his Thoughts, yet to unfold, denies;
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous Eyes.
Its rigorous Laws create my Fears for you;
Romans no Foreign Marriages allow;
To Kingly Power ſtill Enemies th'ave been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.
Ber. *Phœnicia*, no; my time of Fear is paſt;
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the reſt.
The Splendor of this Night thou haſt beheld;
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?

Theſe Eagles, Faſces, marching all in State,
And Crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait;
Triumphs below, and Bleſſings from above,
Seem all at ſtrife to grace this Man of Love.
Away, *Phœnicia*, let's go meet him ſtrait
I can no longer for his coming wait.
My eager Wiſhes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Titus, Paulinus, *and Attendants.*

Tit. To th' *Syrian* King did you my Meſſage bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?
Paul. Sir, in the Queen's Apartment, he alone
Was ſeen, but ere I there arriv'd, was gone.
Tit. 'Tis well, *Paulinus*: for theſe ten Days paſt
I have to *Berenice* a Stranger been:
But you can tell me all——how does the Queen?
Paul. She does, what ſpeaks how much ſhe values you;
When you mourn'd for your Father, ſhe mourn'd too.
So juſt a Sorrow in her Face was ſhown,
It ſeem'd as if the Loſs had been her own.
Tit. Oh lovely fair One, little doſt thou know [*Aſide.*
How hard a Tryal thou muſt undergo.
Heav'n! Oh my Heart!
Paul. What is't your Grief ſhould raiſe
For her, whom almoſt all the *Eaſt* obeys?
Tit. Command, *Paulinus*, that theſe retreat.
[Paul. *moves his Hand, and all the reſt exeunt.*
Rome of my Purpoſe is uncertain yet,
Expects to know the Fortune of the Queen;
Their Murm'rings I have heard, and Troubles ſeen.
The Buſineſs of our Love is the Diſcourſe
And Expectation of the Univerſe.
And by the Face of my Affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I reſolve and fix my Mind.
Tell me, *Paulinus*, juſtly, and be free,
What ſays the World of *Berenice* and me?
Paul. In ev'ry Heart you Admiration raiſe:
All, your high Virtues, and her Beauty praiſe.

Tit. Alas! thou anſwer'ſt wide of my deſire:
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher.
How do they of my Sighs and Vows approve?
Or what expect they from ſo true a Love?

Paul. Love, or not love, Sir, all is in your Power;
The Court will ſecond ſtill the Emperour.

Tit. Courtiers, *Paulinus*, ſeldom are ſincere;
To pleaſe their Maſter they have too much care.
The Court did *Nero*'s horrid Acts applaud,
To all his Luſts ſubſcrib'd, and call'd him God.
Th' Idolatrous Court ſhall never judge for me:
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee.
What then muſt *Berenice* expect? declare;
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or ſevere?
My Happineſs is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to th' Imperial Throne,
Where on my Head continual Cares muſt fall,
Will they deny me what may ſweeten all?

Paul. Her Virtues they acknowledge, and Deſert,
Proclaim indeed ſhe has a *Roman* Heart:
But ſhe's a Queen, and that alone withſtands
All which her Beauty and her Worth demands.
In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd ſtood,
Never to mix its Race with Strangers Blood.

Tit. It is a ſign they are capricious grown,
When they deſpiſe all Virtues but their own.

Paul. Julius, who firſt ſubdu'd her to his Arms,
And quite had ſilenc'd Laws with War's Alarms;
Burning for *Cleopatra*'s Love; to Fame
More juſt, fled from her Eyes, and hid his Flame.

Tit. But which way from my Heart ſhall I remove
So long eſtabliſh'd and deep-rooted Love?

Paul. The Conflict will be difficult, I gueſs;
But you your riſing Sorrows muſt ſuppreſs.

Tit. Who can a Heart that's not his own controul?
Her Preſence was the Comfort of my Soul.
After a thouſand Oaths confirm'd in Tears,
By which I vow'd my ſelf for ever hers,
I hop'd with all my Love, and all her Charms,
At laſt to have her in my longing Arms.

But now I can ſuch rare Perfections crown;
And that my Love's more great than ever grown,
When in one Hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five Years Vows the Tribute pay;
I go, *Paulinus*——how my Heart does riſe.

Paul. Whither?

Tit. To part for ever from her Eyes.
Tho' I requir'd th' aſſiſtance of thy Zeal,
To cruſh a Paſſion that's ſo hard to quell;
My Heart had of its Doom reſolv'd before:
Yet *Berenice* does ſtill diſpute the War.
The Conqueſt of ſo great a Flame muſt coſt
Conflicts, in which my Soul will oft be toſt.

Paul You in your Birth for Empire were deſign'd,
And to that purpoſe Heav'n did frame your Mind;
Fate in that Day wiſe Providence did ſhew,
Fixing the Deſtiny of *Rome* in you.

Tit. My Youth rejoyc'd in Love and glorious Wars,
But my Remains of Life muſt waſte in Cares.
Rome my new Conduct now obſerves; 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my Dawn of Power, to clear my way
To Happineſs, I ſhould her Laws deſtroy:
No, I've reſolv'd on't, Love and all ſhall go;
Alas! it muſt, ſince *Rome* will have it ſo.
But how ſhall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You muſt reſolve to go and viſit her;
Sooth her ſad Heart, and on her Patience win:
Then by degrees——

Tit. ——— But how ſhall I begin?
Oh, my *Paulinus*, I have oft deſign'd
To ſpeak my Thoughts, but ſtill they ſtay'd behind.
I hop'd as ſhe diſcern'd my troubled Breaſt,
She might a little at the Cauſe have gueſs'd:
But nought ſuſpecting, as I weeping lay,
With her fair Hand ſhe'd wipe the Tears away,
And in that Miſt never the Loſs perceiv'd
Of the ſad Heart, ſhe had too much believ'd;
But now a firmer Conſtancy I take,
Either my Heart ſhall vent its Grief, or break.

I

I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e'er lov'd ſurrender'd to his Care.
To morrow he conducts her to the Eaſt,
And now I go to ſigh, and look my laſt.

Paul. I ne'er expected leſs from that Renown,
Which all your Actions muſt with Glory crown.

Tit. How lovely's Glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were ſhe now,
If through eternal Dangers to be won!
So I might ſtill call *Berenice* my own.
In *Nero's* Court, where I was bred, my Mind
By that Example to all Ill's inclin'd:
The looſe wild Paths of Pleaſures I purſu'd,
'Till *Berenice* firſt taught me to be good.
She taught me Virtue; but, oh curſed *Rome!*
The Good I owe her, muſt her Wrong become.
For ſo much Virtue and Renown ſo great;
For all the Honour I did ever get,
Her for whoſe ſake alone I Fame purſu'd,
I muſt forego, to pleaſe the Multitude!

Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the Bounds of *Paleſtine* enlarg'd.
Even t' *Euphrates*, her wide Power extends;
So many Kingdoms *Berenice* commands.

Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Griefs muſt on her dwell.
I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well
To Greatneſs ſhe ſo little did incline,
Her Heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.

Paul. Why?

Tit. The thought of her but ſhakes my Conſtancy:
Yet in my Heart if Doubts already riſe,
What will it do when I behold her Eyes?

Enter Rutilius.

Rut. Sir, *Berenice* deſires admittance here ——

Tit. Paulinus —— Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?
So ſoon are all your Reſolutions ſhook?
Now, Sir's the time —— [*Ex.* Rut

Enter Berenice, Phœnicia *and Attendants.*

Tit. I have no power to look.

Ber. Sir, ben't diſpleas'd, that I thus far preſume;
It is to pay my Gratitude I come.
Whilſt all the Court aſſembled in my View,
Admire the Favour you on me beſtow,
It were unjuſt, ſhould I remain alone
Silent, as though I had a Senſe of none.
Your Mourning's done, and you from Griefs are free;
Are now your own, and yet not viſit me?
Your Preſent of new Diadems I wait.
Oh! give me more Content and leſs of State.
Give me a Word, a Sigh, a Look at leaſt,
In thoſe th' Ambition of my Soul is plac'd.
Was your Diſcourſe of me when I arriv'd?
Was I ſo happy, may it be believ'd?
Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* ſo bleſt?
Or was I preſent to your Thoughts at leaſt?

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam: By the Gods I ſwear't,
That *Berenice* is always in my Heart:
Nor Time, nor Abſence can you thence remove:
My Heart's all yours, and you alone I love.

Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and ſincere,
But 'tis with a ſtrange Coldneſs that you ſwear.
Why the juſt Gods to witneſs did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your Faith at all.
In you I truſt, would only from you live;
And what you ſay, I ever muſt believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed. Alas, whence this Surprize!
You ſeem confus'd, to turn away your Eyes,
Nothing but Trouble in your Face I find:
Does ſtill a Father's Death afflict your Mind?

Tit. Oh! did my Father, good *Veſpaſian,* live,
How happy ſhould I be!

Ber. Ah, ceaſe to grieve!
Your Tears have reverenc'd his Mem'ry now.
Cares are to *Rome* and your own Glory due.
A Father you lament, a feeble Grief,
Whilſt for your Abſence I find no Relief.

But

But in your Presence only take delight,
I, who shall die, if but debarr'd your Sight.
Tit. Madam, what is it that your Griefs declare?
What time d'you chuse? For Pity's sake forbear.
Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim.
Ber. You can do nothing that deserves that Name;
No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.
Tit. No, Madam, no; my Heart (since I must speak)
Was ne'er more full of Love, or half so like to break.
But——
Ber. What?
Tit. Alas!
Ber. Proceed.
Tit. The Empire *Rome*——
Ber. Well.
Tit. Oh, the dismal Secret will not come——
Away *Paulinus*, ere I'm quite undone.
My Speech forsakes me, and my Heart's all Stone.
[*Ex.* Tit. *and* Paul.
Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus, how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phœnicia?* tell me, speak.
Phœn. Does nothing to your Memory appear
That might provoke him?——
Ber. By all that's to me dear,
Since the first Hour I saw his Face, 'till now,
Too much of Love is all the Guilt I know.
This Silence is too rude, and racks my Breast,
In the uncertainty I cannot rest;
He knows, *Phœnicia*, all my Moments past.
Perhaps he's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the Root whence all this change must spring.
Titus, this Victory I shall not boast.
I wish the Gods would try me to the most,
With a more potent Rival tempt my Heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art:
Then, my dear *Titus*, shouldst thou soon discern,
How much for thee I all Mankind would scorn.

Let's go, *Phœnicia*; with one gentle Word
He will be satisfy'd, and I restor'd.
" My injur'd Truth by my Compliance find,
" And if he has a Heart he must be kind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus *and* Arsaces.

Tit. ANtiochus! you've done your Friendship wrong,
In that you've kept this Secret hid so long.
What is't that your Departure does incite,
Which, not unjustly, I may call a Flight?
Tho' on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly seem with Fortune's Favour grac'd;
As if she nothing further had to grant:
I more than ever do your Friendship want.

Ant. Sir, your great Kindness I so well did know,
I durst not stay where I so much did owe.
When first *Judæa* heard your loud Alarms,
You made me your Companion in your Arms.
Nay, nearer to you did with Friendship join,
And lodg'd the Secrets of your Breast in mine.
Yet all this Goodness but augments my Sin,
For I have false and most ungrateful been.

Tit. I can't forget, that to your Arms alone
I owe the half of all I ever won.
Witness those precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the *Jews* when on my Side you fought.
To all those Purchases I lay no claim;
Your Heart and Friendship are my only aim.

Ant. My Heart! my Friendship! Heav'n, how you mistake!
On my Deceit how weak a Gloss you make!
When first you thought your self of me possest,
You took a very Serpent to your Breast.

Tit. Antiochus, I find where thou art stung:
Tell me th'officious Slave that does me wrong.

Some

Some baſe Detractor has my Honour ſtain'd,
And in your eaſie Heart a Credit gain'd;
Abus'd, and told you *Titus* is unjuſt:
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I muſt.
Tho' you unkindly from your Friend would run,
And own th'Unjuſtice which you think I've done.

Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durſt but ſpeak my Heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part.
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Diſeaſe in't I muſt ſhun or die.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When moſt your Friend, I ſhall appear your Foe.

Tit. I either to your Heart a Stranger am,
Or ſure *Antiochus* is not the ſame:
What elſe ſhould make you not your Mind declare?
What is't that you dare ſay, I dare not hear?

Ant. If then, whate'er I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your Heart with Temper: Well, 'tis this.

Tit. Go on.

Ant. I love the charm *Berenice*.

Tit. Hah!

Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
'Till you came on and robb'd me of the Prize.
When at your Army's Head you did appear,
You ſackt *Jeruſalem* and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wiſh to find,
Than him that dares be juſt, and tell his Mind:
So far's Reſentment from my Heart remov'd,
That *Berenice* is by my Friend belov'd,
That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For ſhe was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that ſhall poſſeſs her.

Ant. True;
But 'tis fit none ſhould be ſo bleſs'd but you:
And *Berenice* for none could be deſign'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
'Tis for this Cauſe to *Syria* I repair;
For when you're bleſt, no Envy ſhould be near.

Tit.

Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou ſhalt ſee
How ſmall's the Happineſs in ſtore for me,
Thou needſt not fear thy Envy; let me have
Thy Pity and thy Aid, 'tis that I crave.
My beſt and trueſt Friend, you muſt be ſo,
For there's none fit for't in the World but you.
None but a King, my Rival, and my Friend,
Is fit to ſpeak the Torments of my Mind.
In my behalf you *Berenice* muſt ſee.

Ant. Is that an Office, *Titus*, fit for me?
Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear,
But you muſt too ſollicite my Deſpair?
I ſwore for ever from her to depart,
Alas! and dare not truſt again my Heart.
Your Paſſion by another may be ſhown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.

Tit. He that ſo well his own Misfortunes bears,
Can beſt inſtruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my *Antiochus*, you muſt not ſtart;
I know, by mine, your News will ſhake her Heart,
For I muſt too for ever from her part.

Ant. You part?

Tit. Yes! curſt Neceſſity! 'tis true.
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
In whom alone I ſumm'd up all Delight,
Muſt be for ever baniſh'd from my Sight.

Ant. It cannot be: No Slave that wears her Chains
Upon ſo eaſie Terms his Freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depoſe 'em too:
The ſtubborn'ſt Hearts muſt to my Pow'r bow down,
And yet I am not Maſter of my own.
Rome, that to Kings ſo long a Foe has been,
Will not admit my Marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outragious Tongues, ſhe'll hear
The News I dread to tell, and you to bear.

Ant. Now if my Heart was to Revenge ally'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!

To ſee her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with 'em all her tortur'd Soul upbraid.
But, *Titus*, I'm more juſt; and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I the Imperial Power did firſt aſſume,
I firmly ſwore t'uphold the Rights of *Rome*;
Should I to follow Love from Glory fly,
Forſake my Throne, in ev'ry Vaſſal's Eye
How mean and deſpicable muſt I prove!
An Emperor led about the World by Love!
No, Prince, the fatal Story you muſt tell,
And bid from me poor *Berenice* farewel.
But if the Hopes of reigning in my Heart
May any eaſe to her ſad Mind impart,
Swear, Friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
Entire I will preſerve her ever there.
Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than ſhe,
My Reign but a long Baniſhment ſhall be
From all thoſe Joys that wait on Pomp and Power.
To morrow ſhe her Journey hence muſt take,
And ſo I all, that e'er I lov'd, forſake.
Her to your Care and Conduct I commend;
For tho' my Rival, as a King and Friend
The deareſt Treaſure I dare with you truſt.

Ant. Sir, do not tempt me, leſt I prove unjuſt:
Her Charms that made me my own Fame forego,
Will be too apt to make me falſe to you.

Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
Firm ſtill in Dangers found thee by my ſide.
Thou knew'ſt my Love, whilſt thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy Hopes by my Succeſs were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didſt no Falſhood ſhow,
And wilt not wrong me on advantage now. [*Exit* Titus.

Ant. No, I'll not ſee her, neither dare I go;
Too ſoon from others her hard Lot ſhe'll know.
Doſt thou not think her Fate's enough ſevere,
Unleſs that I th' unwelcome Meſſage bear?
I, who her Hate enough have felt before,
And need not ſeek new ways to purchaſe more.

Anſ.

Arſ. See, ſhe approaches; now the Coward play,
And, when you might have conquer'd, run away.

Enter Berenice *and* Phænicia.

Ant. Oh Heav'n!

Ber. My Lord, I ſee you are not gone;
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would ſhun.

Ant. You came not here *Antiochus* to find,
The Viſit to another was deſign'd;
Cæſar: and 'tis on him the Blame muſt light,
If now my Preſence here offend your Sight.
They're his Commands are guilty of the Sin:
It may be elſe I had at *Oſtia* been.

Ber. His Friends are always with his Preſence grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be ſo bleſt.

Ant. Too much his Prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your ſake alone I was detain'd.

Ber. For mine? away.

Ant. Tyrannick Fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.

Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly Art,
You're brave, and ſhould not mock an eaſie Heart.
In my diſtreſs what Pleaſure could you ſee?
Alas! or what could *Titus* ſay of me?

Ant. Better a thouſand-times than I can tell.
So firm a Paſſion in his Heart does dwell,
When you are nam'd he's from himſelf transform'd,
And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his Face does like a Tyrant riſe,
And Majeſty's no longer in his Eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not ſpeak:
For at the News your tender Heart would break.

Ber. How, Sir?

Ant. Ere Night the truth of what I've ſaid you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, juſtifie me too.
Farewel.

Ber. Oh Heav'n! what can this Language mean!
You ſee before your Eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my Quiet if you have ſuch care,
Or if my ſelf your Eyes held ever dear,
Diſpel this miſt of Trouble from my Soul.

Ant. Madam, your ſelf excuſe,
For your own ſake it is that I refuſe.
'Twill not be long before the Doubt's remov'd.
Ber. You told me once, *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But ſure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or elſe you more would fear to diſobey.
Ant. I diſobey you! ask my Life, and try
How glorioufly I for your ſake can die.
It would by far be the more welcome Fate,
Than now to ſpeak, and ever gain your Hate.
Ber. No, Sir, you never ſhall my Hatred find.
'Tis my deſire, and you muſt be ſo kind.
Will you?
Ant. Heav'n! this Conſtraint is worſe than Death,
You drive, and will not give me time to breath.
Oh, Madam! put me to no further Pain.
Ber. Muſt I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence forward Prince, either the Truth relate,
Forbear or be aſſur'd for ever of my Hate.
Ant. My Heart was always yours, and is ſo ſtill,
For ever muſt depend upon your Will.
I wiſh another way your Pow'r you'd try'd:
But you're reſolv'd, and muſt be ſatisfy'd;
Yet flatter not your ſelf, I ſhall declare
Thoſe Horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe; I know your Heart;
Look then to feel me ſtrike its tender'ſt part.
Titus has told me ——
Ber. What? fear no Surprize.
Ant. That he muſt part for ever from your Eyes.
Ber. We part! can things another Nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forſake?
Ant. Perhaps 'tis ſtrange that I ſhould tell you ſo,
But you ſhall find I'll do him Juſtice too.
Whatever in a Heart, both kind and great,
Love with Deſpair moſt dreadful could create,
I ſaw in his: He weeps, laments, and more
Than ever does fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it, that ſuch Love he ſhows?
A Queen ſuſpected to *Rome*'s Empire grows,

And *Titus* cannot with her Laws dispense;
For therefore 'tis you must be banish'd hence.
Ber. What do I hear, alas, *Phœnicia!*
Ant. Nay, to morrow is your last and utmost Day:
In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty Soul, which scorn'd my Love.
Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who so many Oaths, so oft hath sworn?
I'll not believ't; his Love and Faith's more strong,
I'm sure he's guiltless, and you do him wrong.
This is a Snare to disunite us laid;
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
No, strait I'll see him, and secure all Fear.
Let's go.
Ant. Too well you may behold him here.
Ber. Too well you wish it, to perswade it. No,
In this your base degenerate Soul you show;
When you no other Stratagem could find
T'abuse my Heart, you would betray your Friend.
Howe'er he prove, know I your sight abhor,
And from this Minute never see me more.
Ant. Oh *Berenice!* remorseless cruel Fair!
Born only for my Torment and Despair.
Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?
Is this the Recompence I have deserv'd?
I, who for you did all Ambition wave,
And left a Kingdom to become your Slave!
Curse on my Fate!
Ber. If e'er my Heart you priz'd,
You never had this Cruelty devis'd.
Never to work my Torment been thus bold;
And so triumphantly the Story told.
Away, *Phœnicia*; no more I'll hear him speak.
[*Ex.* Ber. *ana* Phœ.
Ant. Now, my *Arsaces*, would my Heart but break:
But yet I hope in part I've freedom won,
And what Love would not, by her Hate sh'as done.
The Pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld;
I left her all enamour'd, jealous, wild:

But

But now performing this ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'll ever baniſh her my Heart.
She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My Honour and Repoſe command it too
For ever to my Eyes a Stranger be,
Till I have learnt to ſcorn as well as ſhe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Berenice *in diſorder.*

Ber. I Of my Wrong too well am ſatisfy'd!
To ſee the perjur'd *Titus* twice I try'd;
Twice for Admittance to him begg'd in vain;
Nor is *Phœnicia* yet return'd again.
Phœnicia has no Anſwer to bring back.
Ingrateful *Titus* will not hear her ſpeak:
But hides himſelf, and from my Fury flies:
Nor will have Senſe, though *Berenice* dies.

Enter Phœnicia.

Phœnicia, well. my *Titus* haſt thou ſeen?
What? will he come and make me live again?

Phœn. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find,
And ſaw in his the Trouble of your Mind;
I ſaw the Tears he would have hid, run down.

Ber. But was he not aſham'd they ſhould be ſhown?
Lookt he not as he thought his Love Diſgrace?
And was not all the Emperor in his Face?

Phœn. Doubt it not, Madam, he will ſoon be here:
But wherefore will you this Diſorder wear?
Your rifl'd Dreſs let me in order place,
And theſe diſhevel'd Locks that hide your Face.

Ber. Forbear, *Phœnicia*, let it all alone:
No, he ſhall ſee the Triumph he has won;
How vain thoſe fooliſh Ornaments muſt prove,
If neither Faith, nor Tears, nor Means, can move!

Enter Antiochus *and* Arſaces.

Oh, my unruly Sorrows! Oh, my Fears!
Who's here?

Ant. Arſaces, Berenice in Tears.

Ber.

Ber. Antiochus! Phœnicia, let's away;
To let him see my Torments I'll not stay. [*Ex.*
Ant. Now whither's all my Resolution gone?
Arsaces, who could see't and be his own!
I said I'd never see her Face again:
But come and find my Boastings all were vain;
Seeing her Sufferings all her Scorn forget,
And lose at once my Vengeance and my Hate.
Wretched *Antiochus*! with how much Care
And Labours my own Mischiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my Injuries have born!
Hopeless, undone, and to my self a Scorn;
Leave me alone unhappy as I am:
I would not have a Witness of my Shame.
Enter Titus *attended.*
Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her: Oh my Heart:
And now I go to see her, but to part.
Rutilius fly, and sooth the Queen's Despair,
And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.
Ant. What have you done, Sir? *Berenice* will die;
I saw her hence with Hair dishevel'd fly.
'Tis only you her Fury can surcease.
Whene'er you're nam'd she's instantly at peace.
Her Eyes still bent to your Apartment were,
And ev'ry Moment seem'd to wish you near.
Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do;
I'm not prepar'd for the sad Inverview.
I have not yet consulted well my Heart,
And doubt it is not strong enough to part.
Since first I took possession of the Throne,
What is it for my Honour I have done?
My Love and Folly only I've disclos'd,
And nothing but my Weaknesses expos'd.
The Golden Days, where are they to be found,
So much expected when this Head was Crown'd?
Whose Tears have I dry'd up? or in what Face
Can I the Fruits of any good Act trace?
Know I what Years Heav'n has for me decreed?
And of these few, how few are to succeed?

And

And yet how many have I ſpent in waſte!
But now to Honour I'll make greater haſte:
Alas! 'tis but one Blow, and all is paſt.

Enter Berenice, *preſſing from* Rut. *and* Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your Counſels all are weak;
See him I muſt, he's here, and I will ſpeak.
Has *Titus* then forſook me? is it true?
Muſt we too part, does he command it too?

Tit. O! ſtop the Deluge, which ſo fiercely flows;
This is no time t'allay each others Woes.
Enough I feel my own Afflictions ſmart;
And need not thoſe dear Tears to damp my Heart.
But if we neither can our Griefs command,
Yet with ſuch Honour let 'em be ſuſtain'd,
As the whole World to hear it told ſhall ſmart;
For, deareſt *Berenice*, we muſt part.
And now I would not a Diſpute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I muſt reign.

Ber. Reign (Cruel) then, and ſatisfie your Pride,
And for your Cruelties be Deify'd.
I'll ne'er diſpute it farther. I but ſtay'd
'Till *Titus*, who ſo many Vows had made
Of ſuch a Love as nothing could impair,
Should come himſelf and tell how falſe they were;
Now I believ't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone —— eternally farewel,
Eternally —— Ah, Sir, conſider now
How harſh that Word is, and how dreadful too.
Conſider, oh! the Miſeries they bear,
That are for ever robb'd of all that's dear;
From this ſad Moment never more to meet:
Is it for Day to dawn and Day to ſet,
In which I muſt not find my Hopes ſtill young,
Nor yet once ſee my *Titus* all Day long?
Heav'ns! how I wildly rave —— to loſe my Pains
On him ungrateful, that my Tears diſdains!
Of all thoſe Days of Abſence I ſhall count
With him, the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not Madam, there will be no need
To count the Days that ſhall your Loſs ſucceed.

I hope ere long that you will hear from Fame,
How very wretched, and how juſt I am.
My Heart bleeds now, I feel the Drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, muſt we part, if this be true?
My Claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.
Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my Death?
Or why d'ye envy me the Air you breath?

Tit. Madam, you are too powerful ev'ry way,
Shall I withſtand it? no, for ever ſtay.
Then I from Bliſs muſt always be debarr'd,
And on my Heart for ever keep a Guard.
With Fears through all my courſe of Glory move,
Leſt ere aware I loſe my ſelf and Love.
Ev'n now my Heart is from my Boſom ſtray'd,
And all its Swellings on a ſudden laid,
Bent thus to you by all Loves ſofteſt Pow'rs,
And only this remembers, that 'tis yours.

Ber. O, *Titus*, whilſt this charming Tale you tell,
D'ye ſee the *Romans* ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the Affront, who knows,
If once they murmur and then fall to Blows?
Muſt I in Battel juſtifie my Cauſe?
Or if they ſhould ſubmit and ſet their Laws,
How muſt I be expos'd another Day!
And for their Patience too, how largely pay!
With Grievances and wild Demand ſtill curſt,
Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em firſt?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unſteady anxious Mind.
You weigh your Peoples Rights to your own Fears,
But never value *Berenice*'s Tears?

Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you ſo unjuſt?
Now, by the Honour of my Father's Duſt,
By Heav'n and all the Gods that govern there,
If any thing to me be half ſo dear;
May I be as a Slave, depos'd and ſerve,
Or elſe forlorn in ſome wild Deſart ſtarve,
'Till I'm as wretched as my Ills deſerve.

Ber.

Ber. Laws you may change; why will you for their ſake
Into your Breaſt eternal Sorrows take?
Rome has her Privileges; have not you
Your Int'reſts, your Rights as ſacred too?
Say, ſpeak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my Breaſt!
I know indeed I never can have Reſt;
And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change.
Do, break my Heart, and take your full Revenge.

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honour keep!
You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

Tit. I grant it, I am ſenſible I do,
I weep, alas! I ſigh and tremble too.
For when to Empire firſt I did attain,
Rome made me ſwear I would her Rights maintain.
I did, and muſt perform what I then vow'd;
Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:
And 'tis their Honour: yet in leaving you,
All their auſtereſt Laws I ſhall out-do:
And an Example leave ſo brave and great,
As none ſhall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard:
Go on, and Infamy be your Reward.
Long ſince my Fears your Falſhood had diſplay'd;
Nor would I at your Suit have longer ſtay'd.
Would I the baſe Indignities had born
Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?
No, to this Breach I would have ſpurr'd you on,
And I am pleas'd it is already done.
No longer ſhall the fear of me prevail;
Alas! you muſt not think to hear me rail,
Or Heav'n invoke, its Vengeance to prepare;
No, for if Heav'n vouchſafe to hear my Pray'r,
I beg no Memory may there remain,
Of either your Injuſtice, or my Pain. [*Kneels.*
But the ſad *Berenice*, before ſhe dies,
Is ſure to have Revenge, if you have Eyes.
Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
No further than that Heart, I have it there.
§ [*Points to his Breaſt.*

Within

Within your self shall rise your dreadfull'ſt Foe;
My paſt Integrities, my Torments now,
Which you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred,
My Blood which in your Palace I ſhall ſhed,
Sufficient Terrors to your Soul ſhall give,
And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave. [*Ex. furiouſly.*

Paul. Thus, Sir, at leaſt the Conqueſt you have won,
The Queen you ſee's contented be gone.

Tit. Curſe on thy *Roman* Rudeneſs, that canſt ſee
Such Tears, unmov'd, and mock ſuch Miſery!
Oh! I am loſt, and 'tis in vain to ſtrive;
If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.
Fly and prevent that Fate to which ſhe's gone.
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [*Exit* Rut.

Paul. Sir, if I might adviſe, you ſhould not ſend,
Rather command her Women to attend;
They better can her Melancholy chear;
The worſt is paſt, and now 'tis mean to fear.
I ſaw your melting Pity when ſhe wept,
And my rough Heart but very hardly ſcap'd.
Yet look a little farther, and you'll find
That, ſpite of all, your Fortune yet is kind.
What Triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll ſee,
And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. Who for Barbarity would be ador'd!
I hate my ſelf. *Nero*, ſo much abhor'd,
That bloody Tyrant, whom I bluſh to name,
Was never half ſo cruel as I am.
No, I'll purſue the Queen, ſhe loves me ſtill,
Will pardon me when at her Feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* ſay what it will.

Paul. How, Sir?

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I ſay:
Exceſs of Sorrow drives my Mind aſtray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead.
Your laſt Adieus Report abroad has ſpread.
Rome that did mourn, does now new Triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your Name:
The People wild in the Applauſe you've won,
With Laurel-Wreaths to crown your Statues run.

Tit.

Tit. By that their Salvage Natures they betray;
For ſo wild Beaſts roar o'er their murder'd Prey.
Who would have Senſe the ſweets of Pow'r to prize!
Since moſt in danger, when we higheſt riſe:
For who by Greatneſs e'er did happy grow?
None but the heavy Slave is truly ſo,
Who travels all his Life in one dull Road,
And, drudging on, in quiet loves his Load;
Seeking no farther than the Needs of Life,
Knows what's his own, and ſo exempt from Strife,
And cheriſhes his homely careful Wife,
Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, becauſe he cannot much deſire.
Had I been born ſo low, I had been bleſt,
Of what I love, without controul, poſſeſt:
Never had Honour or Ambition known,
Nor ever to be Great had been undone. [*Shouts within.*

Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their State,
I'th' Name of all the Empire for you wait;
They're follow'd too by an impatient Throng,
Who ſeem to murmur you delay ſo long.

Tit. Toil me no more, diſperſe that clamorous Rout;
Tell 'em, they ſhall no more have cauſe to doubt:
The Queen's departure they'll to morrow ſee,
And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
Take this, *Paulinus*; bear it to the Queen;
[*Writes on a Tablet.*
For ſhould we meet, I muſt relapſe again;
I've bid her here eternally adieu:
Stay while ſhe reads it, and her Troubles view,
And bring me faithful Word, as thou art true.
Hold! Oh my Heart! yet go, it muſt be done,
For what's neceſſity we cannot ſhun.
Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new Being to my ſelf could give;
Some monſtrous and unheard of Shape now find,
As Salvage, and as Barbarous as my Mind.
Antio.how!

Enter

Enter Antiochus, *Attendants, and* Arſaces.

Ant. My laſt Adieu to pay
I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer ſtay.
My Griefs, and my Afflictions grow ſo high,
If not by Abſence ſlacken'd, I muſt die.

Tit. What reaſon have the Happy to repine?
Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
With all her Charms receive her to thy Breaſt,
And be of all I ever lov'd poſſeſt.

Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my Pain:
I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
No, ſhould I ſtay to ſee you when you part,
Tho' I am ſure the Sight would break my Heart,
Yet ſhe, as ſtill my Prayers have been deny'd,
Tho' I but begg'd one Bleſſing ere I dy'd,
Even then with Scorn would throw me from her ſide.

Tit. Oh Heav'n! ſhe's entring, from her Charms let's fly,
Meet, and prevent her—— [*Ex.* Titus.

Enter Berenice, *&c.*

Ber. How he haſtes away!
Ingrateful! Deareſt perjur'd *Titus*, ſtay. [*Kneels.*
Afflictions catch him, great as thoſe I bear.
My Lord, at laſt I have receiv'd my Doom:
'Tis ſeal'd: But ere I part from you and *Rome*,
I ask, and I your Pardon would receive:
Can you the Wrongs which I have done forgive?

Ant. I never any Injuries did find:
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.
With one ſoft Word, how ſuddenly I'm loſt,
And have no ſenſe of my Diſgraces paſt!
But muſt I then for ever loſe you ſo?
I am no *Roman*, nor was e'er your Foe.
No, rather here continue, and be Great,
Whilſt I lie ever hopeleſs at your Feet.

Ber. Should I ſtay here, and my Wrongs tamely bear
From him that ſhuns, and flies me ev'ry where?
I have a nobler Mind, and you ſhall ſee
I can diſdain and ſcorn as much as he:

For

For tho' 'tis true, I never can be yours;
Both *Rome* and him my Heart this Hour abjures.
Ant. To baniſh him your Heart whilſt you prepare,
What will you do with all the Love that's there?
There's no one Mortal can deſerve it all,
And ſure a little to my ſhare might fall.
Ber. Oh of that killing Subject talk no more;
I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.
Love for another ſtruck me with his Dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my Heart.
Ant. When firſt my Paſſion was diſdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your Eſteem.
But now at laſt his Breach of Faith you ſee,
And bear it nobly too: How can you be
T' your ſelf ſo juſt, and yet ſo hard to me?
Ber. What cruel Storms and fierce Aſſaults you make,
To batter down a Heart you cannot take,
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'er?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.
Ant. O ſtay, ſince of the Victʼry you're ſecure;
Pity the Pains and Anguiſh I endure,
In Wounds, which you and none but you can cure.
[*Kneels.*
Look back, whilſt at your Feet my ſelf I caſt,
And think the Sigh that's coming is my laſt.
My Heart its ſad eternal Farewel takes:
Be but ſo kind to ſee me when it breaks.
Ber. Riſe, riſe, my Lord. The Emperor's return'd.
Conduct me hence, let me not more be ſcorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. How am I loſt! reſolve on what I will,
Spite of my ſelf I wander this way ſtill.
Why would you, *Berenice*, my Preſence ſhun?
Ber. No! I'll hear nothing, I've reſolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my ſight?
Why come you thus t'exaſperate my Deſpair?
Are you yet not content? I know you are.
Tit. If ever yet my Heart was dear to yours,
By all our plighted Vows, thoſe ſoft'ſt Hours,

In which for ever to be true I ſwore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.
Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to ſtay;
But my Reſolves are to be gone to Day.
And I depart.
Tit. No Journey muſt you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his Griefs forſake?
No! Stay——
Ber. I ſtay! Ungrateful as you are;
For what! a Peoples rude Affronts to bear;
That with the ſound of my Misfortunes rend
The Clouds, and Shouts to Heav'n in Volleys ſend?
Does not their cruel Joy yet reach your Ears,
Whilſt I alone torment my ſelf in Tears?
By what Offence or Crime are they thus mov'd?
Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?
Tit. D'you mind the Voice of an outrageous Throng?
I ever thought your Conſtancy more ſtrong:
Never believ'd your Heart ſo weak could be,
Whoſe powerful Charms had captivated me.
Ber. All that I ſee Diſtraction does create:
Theſe rich Apartments, and this pompuous State,
Theſe Places where I ſpent my happieſt Hours,
And plighted all my Vows, falſe Man, to yours;
All, as moſt vile Impoſtors, I deteſt.
How ſtrangely, *Titus*, might we have been bleſt!
Tit. This Art to torture Souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your Nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice!* how you deſtroy me!
Attendants, bring your Chair nearer.
Ber. No,
Return, and to your famous Senate go,
That for your Cruelties applaud you ſo.
Have you not Honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in Expiation can you do?
Have you not ever ſworn to hate me too?
Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?

This

This hard Suſpicion was unjuſtly urg'd
'Gainſt a poor Heart, too much before ſurcharg'd.
Oh, Madam! know me better, and recal
The Wrong, ſince firſt I at your Feet did fall.
Count all the ſingle Days and Minutes paſt,
Wherein my Vows and my Deſires I preſt.
And at this time your greateſt Conqueſt know,
For you were never ſo belov'd as now;
Nor ever——

Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
Yet you your ſelf command me to be gone.
Is my Deſpair ſo charming to your View?
D'you think the Tears I ſhed are all too few?
Of ſuch a Heart a vain Return you make;
No, never call thoſe dear Idea's back;
But ſuffer me in this Belief to reſt;
That ſecretly, long ſince exil'd your Breaſt,
I only from a faithleſs Wretch depart,
And one that never lays the Loſs to Heart.
If you had lov'd me, this had ne'er been ſent:
Here you've commanded me to Baniſhment.
[*Opens the Tablets.*
What wond'rous Love you bear me this doth ſhow:
Read, read, Ungrateful, read, and let me go.
[*Gives him the Tablets.*

Tit. You ſhall not go, I have not given Conſent,
Nor will I ever, to your Baniſhment.
Your cruel Reſolution I deſcry:
To be reveng'd of me you ſeek to die.
And then of all I love, except the Pain,
Nought but the ſad Remembrance will remain.
Antiochus! be thou a Witneſs here
[Ber. *ſinks down in a Chair.*
Of all my Miſery and my Deſpair.

Ant. Deſpair's a Theme I only underſtand:
You, if you will, your Wiſhes may command.
Such Beauty ready for Poſſeſſion ſee,
And leave that ugly Hag, Deſpair, to me.

Tit. Behold thoſe Eyes, how dull and dark they grow!
Madam, when at your Feet I fall thus low, [*Kneels.*

Vouchsafe my sad Afflictions to believe,
Alas! 'tis all the Ease I'm like to have.
When first the dreadful Minute I beheld;
That by my Duty and the Laws compell'd,
I found it forc'd that you must hence depart,
Though nothing e'er can banish you my Heart;
'Twas then my Soul had first a Sense of Fears,
Foreseeing your Reproaches and your Tears.
I then expected, Madam, all the weight
Of Woes that can on worse Misfortunes light.
But whatsoever Fears oppress'd my Heart,
I find I but foresaw the lesser part.
I thought my Virtue not so apt to bow;
And am asham'd 'tis thus intangled now.

Ber. Let me alone, and vex my Soul no more,
You of your Virtue talkt enough before.
Urge it not still to aggravate my Shame.
When crown'd with Conquest from the Wars you came,
I know you brought me but to fill your State;
For else the Triumph had not been compleat.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd, it shall be so;
And judge by this if you're belov'd or no.
No longer Torments on my Soul shall prey,
Since you to Freedom see so brave a Way:
A Way by more than one great *Roman* shown,
Who when their Miseries had prest 'em down,
Prept from within, shook off with Life the Weight,
[*Offers to stab himself.*
And thus fell nobly grapling with their Fate.

Ber. Oh stay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take?
Would *Titus* die for *Berenice*'s sake?
I see the Blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that Breast, where I, you say, have share.
To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done;
No, rather strike this Heart that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy Sex! and dearest! now I see
How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee.
Hence, ye perplexing Cares, that clog a Brain,
Whilst struck with Extasie, I here fall down. [*Kneels.*

Thus at your Feet a happy Proſtrate laid,
I'm much more bleſt than if the World I ſway'd.
Ber. Now the bleſt *Berenice* enough has ſeen: [*Kneels.*
I thought your Love had quite extinguiſht been:
But 'twas my Error; for you ſtill are true,
Your Heart is troubled, and your Tears I view.
Ev'n my worſt Sufferings much o'er-paid I ſee,
Nor ſhall th' unhappy World be curſt for me.
Nothing, ſince firſt 'twas yours, my Love would ſhake,
So abſolute a Conqueſt did you make:
But now I'll bring it to the utmoſt Teſt,
And with one fuincal Act crown all the reſt.
Tit. Hah! tell me, *Berenice*, what will you do?
Ber. Far from your Sight and *Rome* for ever go:
I have reſolv'd on't, and it ſhall be ſo.
Tit. Antiochus! I'm born to be undone,
When I the greateſt Conqueſt thought t'have wen,
Ev'n in my nobleſt Race I am out-run.
But thou wert always gen'rous, always kind:
Your inlarg'd Kingdom ſhall to hers be join'd.
And now how much you are my faithful Friend,
In being ſo to her, you'll beſt expreſs.
[*Falling on his Neck.*
Never forſake her in ſad Diſtreſs.
Where-e'er ſhe goes, for ever with her be;
And ſometimes in my Abſence ſigh for me.
Ant. Arſaces! on thy Boſom let me lie,
Whilſt I but take one laſt dear Look, and die.
Ber. No live, and by a generous Strife out-do
Us both, and of your ſelf be Conqu'ror too.
Farewel.
Let us all three a rare Example prove,
Of a moſt tender, though unhappy, Love.
Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I reſtore.
Farewel, and reign, I'll never ſee you more. [*Ex.* Ber.
Ant. Oh Heav'n!
Tit. She's gone, and all I valu'd loſt:
Now, Friend, let *Rome* of her great Emp'ror boaſt.

Since they themſelves firſt taught me Cruelty,
I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all thoughts of Pity I'll diſown,
And with my Arms the Univerſe o'er-run.
Robb'd of my Love, through Ruins purchaſe Fame,
And make the World as wretched as I am.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

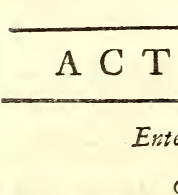
THE

CHEATS of *Scapin.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Octavian *and* Shift.

OCTAVIAN.



HIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Shift. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a Resolution to marry me?

Shift. Yes, Sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really could'st do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Shift. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first Prudent, and then Good-natur'd.

Oct. How will my Father rage and ſtorm, when he underſtands what things have happen'd in his Abſence? I dread his Anger and Reproaches.

Shift. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him ſo eaſily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Oct. Diſinheriting is the leaſt I can expect.

Shift. You ſhould have thought of this before, and not have fall'n in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover*-Coach: She is indeed a good ſmug Laſs, but God knows what ſhe is beſides; perhaps ſome ——

Oct. Villain.

Shift. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Oct. I have no Friend that can appeaſe my Father's Anger, and now I ſhall be betray'd to Want and Miſery.

Shift. For my Part I know but one Remedy in our Misfortunes.

Oct. Prithee, what is it?

Shift. You know that Rogue and Arch-Cheat, *Scapin.*

Oct. Well; what of him?

Shift. There is not a more ſubtle Fellow breathing; ſo cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis ſuch a wheadling Rogue, I'd undertake in two Hours he ſhall make your Father forgive you all; nay, allow you Mony for your neceſſary Debauches: I ſaw him in three Days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymiſt and Projector.

Oct. He is the fitteſt Perſon in the World for my Buſineſs; the impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peeviſh old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll ſet him a-work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes —— Monſieur *Scapin!*

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Shift. I have been giving my Maſter a brief Account of thy moſt Noble Qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden Cuckold, ſincere as Whores, honeſt as Pimps in want.

Scap

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you ſcorn the Gibbets, Halters and Priſons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Oct. Oh *Scapin!* I am utterly ruin'd without thy Aſſiſtance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter, good Mr. *Octavian?*

Oct. My Father is this Day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe,* with a Reſolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knoweſt I am already married: How will my Father reſent my Diſobedience? I am for ever loſt, unleſs thou canſt find ſome means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Maariage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all ſhall be well; I am publick-ſpirited; I love to help diſtreſſed young Gentlemen: and thank Heav'n I have had good Succeſs enough.

Oct. Beſides, my preſent want muſt be conſidered; I am in Rebellion without any Mony.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can Cheat upon Occaſion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin ſuch little Under-traders as I am.

Oct. Well, get thee ſtraight about thy Bus'neſs: Canſt thou make no uſe of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I ſhall want his Aſſiſtance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be uſeful.

Shift. Ay Sir; but like other wiſe Men, I am not overvaliant: Pray leave me out of this Buſineſs: My Fears will betray you; you ſhall execute, I'll ſit at home and adviſe.

Scap. I ſtand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou haſt enough of that: Come, come, thou ſhalt along: What Man, ſtand out for a Beating? that's the worſt can happen.

Shift. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Oct. Here comes my deareſt *Clara*.

Cla. Ah me, *Octavian!* I hear ſad News: They ſay, your Father is return'd.

Oct. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon in the World; but 'tis not my own Miſery that I conſider, but yours: How can you bear thoſe Wants to which we muſt be both reduc'd?

Cla. Love ſhall teach me, that can make all things eaſie to us; which is a Sign it is the chiefeſt Good: But I have other Cares: Will you be ever conſtant? Shall not your Father's Severity conſtrain you to be falſe?

Oct. Never, my deareſt, never.

Cla. They that love much may be allow'd ſome Fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you ſpeak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cla. I tremble at the Thoughts of it.

Scap. You muſt appear reſolute at firſt: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Soldier; or, what will frighten him worſe, ſay, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Compoſition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practiſe a little what you are to do. Suppoſe me your Father, very grave, and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very careleſly, like a ſmall Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more ſurlily:—— Very well:—— Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority——

Octavian, Thou makeſt me weep to ſee thee; but alas they are not Tears of Joy, but Tears of Sorrow. Did ever ſo good a Father beget ſo lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Virtuous, I ſhould pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate*-Bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick haſt thou play'd me in my Abſence? Marry'd? Yes: But to whom? Nay that thou knoweſt not. I'll warrant you ſome Waiting-Woman corrupted ina civil Family,

Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-houſes, remov'd from thence by ſome Keeping Coxcomb, or ——

Cla. Hold, *Scapin*, hold——

Scap. No Offence, Lady, I ſpeak but another's Words. Thou abominable Raſcal, thou ſhalt not have a Groat, not a Groat. Beſides, I will break all thy Bones ten times over; get thee out of my Houſe——Why, Sir, you reply not a Word, but ſtand as baſhfully as a Girl that is examin'd by a Bawdy Judge about a Rape.

Oct. Look, yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay, *Shift*, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old Fellow. [*Ex.* Oct. *and* Clara.

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Was there ever ſuch a raſh Action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Buſineſs, and is now ſo full of it, that he vents it to himſelf.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can ſay for themſelves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a Diſtance.*

Thrif. Will they be ſo impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuſe it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Thrif. But all ſhall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son faſt.

Scap. That we muſt prevent.

Thrif. And for that Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'll thraſh him to death; I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Shift. I wonder'd he had forgot me ſo long.

Thrif. Oh, Oh! Yonder the Raſcal is, that brave Governor! he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your ſafe Return.

Thrif. Good morrow, *Scapin*----Indeed you have follow'd my Inſtructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himſelf very prudently in my Abſence, has he not Raſcal, has he not? [*To* Shift.

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well—— how ſay'ſt not a Word Varlet, thou ſay'ſt not a Word.

Scap.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage, Mr. *Thrifty?*

Thrif. Lord Sir! a very good Voyage; pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler, Sir?

Thrif. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what Reaſon?

Thrif. Upon what Reaſon? Haſt thou not heard what hath happened in my Abſence?

Scap. I heard a little idle Story.

Thrif. A little idle Story, quoth a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would adviſe you to make no more of it.

Thrif. I am not of your Opiuion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord, Sir, I have ſtormed about this Buſineſs as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, Indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well to wrong ſo good a Father: I preached him three or four times aſleep, but all would not do; 'till at laſt, when I had well examined the Buſineſs, I found you had not ſo much wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not wrong done me, to have my Son married, without my Conſent, to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordained to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we ſhall Steal, Cheat, Murder, and ſo be hang'd, then ſay we were ordain'd to it.

Scap. Truly, I did not think you ſo ſubtile a Philoſopher; I mean, he was fatally engaged in this Affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himſelf?

Scaf. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wiſe as your ſelf? young Men will have their Follies, witneſs my Charge *Leander*; who has gone and thrown away himſelf at a ſtranger ate than your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your ſelf; yes I warrant you, and had your Frailties.

Thrif.

Thrif. Yes, but they never coſt me any thing; a Man may be as frail and as wicked as he pleaſe, if it coſt him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was ſo in love with the young Wench, that if he had not had her, he muſt have certainly hang'd himſelf;

Shift. Muſt! why, he had already done it, but that I came very ſeaſonably and cut the Rope.

Thrift. Didſt thou cut the Rope, Dog? I'll murther thee for that; thou ſhouldſt have let him hang.

Scap. Beſide, her Kindred ſurprized him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

Thrif. Then ſhould he have preſently gone, and proteſted againſt the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord, Sir, he ſcorn'd that.

Thrif. Then might I eaſily have diſanull'd the Marriage.

Scap. Diſanul the Marriage?

Thrif. Yes.

Scap. You ſhall not break the Marriage.

Thrif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, ſhall not I claim the Privilege of a Father, and have Satisfaction for the Violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never conſent to.

Thrif. He will not conſent to!

Scap. No: Would you have him confeſs he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himſelf a Coward: Oh fie, Sir, one that has the Honour of being your Son, can never do ſuch a thing.

Thrif. Piſh, talk not to me of Honour; he ſhall do it or be diſinherited.

Scap. Who ſhall diſinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, Sir.

Scap. You diſinherit him! very good.

Thrif. How very good?

Scap. You ſhalt not diſinherit him.

Thrif. Shall not I diſinherit him?

Scap. No.

Thrif. No!

Scap.

Scap. No.

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my Son?

Scap. No, I tell you.

Thrif. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, Sir. your own self, Sir; your own self.

Thrif. I my self?

Scap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Thrif. You shall find I can, Sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive your self; Fatherly Affection must show it self, it must, it must; do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. Y'are mistaken, Sir; Y'are mistaken: —— Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle Fellow? —— Hang-Dog, go find out my Rake-Hell —— [*to Shift.*] whilst I go to my Brother *Gripe*, and inform him of my Misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any service----

Thrift O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you---- [*Ex.* Thrift.

Shift. I must confess, thou art a brave Fellow, and our Affairs begin to be in a better posture ——but the Mony, the Mony —— we are abominable poor, and my Master has the lean vigilant Duns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she sollicits a Maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your Mony shall be my next care ——let me see, I want a Fellow to —— Can'st thou not counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alsatia?* —— Stalk —— look big —— very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy Voice and Countenance.

Shift. Pray take a little care, and lay your Plot so that I may not act the Bully all ways; I would not be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'll share the Danger, we'll share the Danger.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Thrifty *and* Gripe.

Gripe. SIR, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath ſtrangely fruſtrated our Deſigns.

Thrif. Sir, trouble not your ſelf about my Son; I have undertaken to remove all Obſtacles, which is the buſineſs I am ſo vigorouſly in purſuit of.

Gripe. In troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I ſay to you: The Education of Children, after the getting of 'em, ought to be the neareſt Concern of a Father. And had you tutor'd your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could ſo ſlightly have forfeited his.

Thrif. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence: Thoſe that are ſo quick to cenſure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought firſt to take care that all be well at Home.

Gripe. Why, Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thrif. It may be I have; and it may be worſe than of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thrif. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or ſome Body elſe: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Meſſenger of ill News to one that I think ſo to me: Your Servant: I muſt haſten to my Council, and adviſe what's to be done in this Caſe. God-bu'y 'till I ſee you again.

Exit Thrifty.

Gripe. Worſe than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; for a Son to marry impudently without the Conſent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Oh my dear Father, how joyful am I to ſee you ſafely return'd. Welcome, as the Bleſſing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe.

Gripe. Not ſo faſt, Friend a'mine; ſoft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Gripe. Stand ſtill, and let me look ye in the Face.

Leand. How muſt I ſtand, Sir?

Gripe. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well, Sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gripe. Yes, Report Sir, I ſpeak *Engliſh*, as I take it: What is't that you have done in my Abſence?

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had me done?

Gripe. I do not ask you, what I would have had you done; but what have you done.

Leand. Who I, Sir? why I have done nothing at all, not I, Sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all!

Leand. No, Sir.

Gripe. You have no Impudence to ſpeak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gripe. Very well; but *Scapin*, d'ye mark me, young-man, *Scapin* has told me ſome Tales of your Behaviour.

Leand. Scapin!

Gripe. Oh have I caught you? That Name makes ye bluſh, does it? 'Tis well you have ſome Grace left.

Leand. Has he ſaid any thing concerning me?

Gripe. That ſhall be examin'd anon: In the mean while get you Home d'ye hear, and ſtay 'till my Return; but look to't, if thou haſt done any thing to diſhonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or ſee my Face more; but expect to be as miſerable as thy Folly and Poverty can make thee. [*Exit* Gripe.

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition: This Raſcal has betray'd my Marriage, and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by Rapine: and to ſet my Hand in; the firſt thing ſhall be to cut the Throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

Enter

Enter Octavian *and* Scapin.

Oct. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to see you, good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant, you honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill Fool's Part; but I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir!

Oct. Hold, *Leander*.

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the Trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps no Body would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the Heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury, Sir?

Leand. Yes, Rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tann'd thick Hide. [*Beats him.*

Scap. The Devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay, good Mr. *Leander*, pray, Mr. *Leander*; 'Squire *Leander* —— As I hope to be sav'd ——

Oct. Prithee be quiet; for shame; enough:--- [*Interposeth.*

Scap. Well, Sir, I confess indeed that ——

Leand. What! speak, Rogue.

Scap. About two Months ago you may remember, a Maid-servant dy'd in the House. ——

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay, Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dy'd for love of me, Sir: But let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a Week after her Death, I dress up my self like her Ghost, and went into Madam *Lucia*, your Mistress's Chamber, where she lay half in, half out of Bed, with her Woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-Book.

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap.

Scap. They both believe it was a Ghoſt to this Hour. But it was my ſelf play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the ſcurvy Cuſtom of lying awake at thoſe unſeaſonable Hours, hearing filthy Plays, when ſhe had never ſaid her Prayers.

Leand. I ſhall remember you for all in time and place: But come to the Point, and tell me what thou haſt ſaid to my Father.

Scap. To your Father? I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his Return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you ſo himſelf.

Leand. Yes, he told me himſelf, and told me all that thou haſt ſaid to him.

Scap. With your good Leave, Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your Pardon, I mean he was miſtaken.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the moſt unhappy News.

Leand. What's the Matter?

Sly. Your Miſtreſs, Sir, is yonder arreſted in an Action of 200 *l.* They ſay 'tis a Debt ſhe left unpaid at *London*, in the haſte of her Eſcape hither to *Dover*; and if you don't raiſe Mony within theſe two Hours to diſcharge her, ſhe'll be hurry'd to Priſon.

Leand. Within theſe two Hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within theſe two Hours.

Leand. Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy Aſſiſtance.

[Scapin *walks about ſurlily.*

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin!* Now I'm your poor *Scapin*, now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou haſt done, and worſe if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your Sword in my Guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For Heav'ns ſake, think no more upon that, but ſtudy now to aſſiſt me.

Oct. You muſt do ſomething for him.

Scap. Yes, to have my Bones broken for my Pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, *Scapin*, in this ſevere Extremity!

Scap. To put ſuch an Affront upon me as you did.

Leand.

Leand. I wrong'd thee, I confeſs.

Scap. To uſe me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Raſcal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy with all my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw my ſelf at thy Feet, I'll do't.

Oct. Faith, *Scapin*, you muſt, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then: But d'ye mark me, Sir, another time better Words, and gentler Blows.

Leand. Will you promiſe to mind my Buſineſs?

Scap. As I ſee convenient, care ſhall be taken,

Leand. But the time you know is ſhort.

Scap. Pray, Sir, don't be ſo troubleſome: How much Mony is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred Pounds.

Scap. And you?

Oct. As much.

Scap. to Leander.] No more to be ſaid; it ſhall be done: For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father, though he be covetous to the laſt degree, yet, thanks be to Heav'n, he's but a ſhallow Perſon, his Parts are not extraordinary: Do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no reſemblance of him, but that y'are very like him. Be gone; I ſee *Octavian*'s Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt* Oct. *and* Leand.

Enter Thrifty.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himſelf a clean Beaſt.

Thrif. Oh, audacious Boy, to commit ſo inſolent a Crime, and plunge himſelf in ſuch a Miſchief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant,

Thrif. How do you, *Scapin*?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Son's raſh Actions?

Thrif. Have I not reaſon to be troubled?

Scap. The Life of Man is full of Troubles, that's the truth on't: But your Philoſopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Caſe.

Thrif. What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thrif.

Thrif. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his Home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and Philosophically, to revolve within his Mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may, during the Interval, conspire to the Conjunction of those Misfortunes and troublesome Accidents that may intervene upon the said Absence, and the Interruption of his Oeconomical Inspection, into the Remissness, Negligences, Frailties, and huge and perilous Errors, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defil'd and impure: These things premis'd, and fore-consider'd, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater Familias*, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murder'd, his Daughters deflower'd, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est,

and to thank Heav'n 'tis no worse too: D'ye mark, Sir?

Thrif. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap. Ay, and the best Proverb, and the wisest in the World: Good Sir, get it by Heart: 'Twill do ye the greatest Good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrif. No, I thank, you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say—— When the Master of a——

Thrif. Hold, hold, I have better Thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self among Lawyers? Do ye not see every day how the Spunges suck poor Clients, and with a company of foolish, nonsensical Terms, and knavish Tricks, undo the Nation? No, you shall take another way.

Thrif. You have Reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have

a

a great Compaſſion for your Grief; I cannot, when I ſee tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons Miſcarriages, but have Bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrif. Truly my Caſe is ſad, very ſad.

Scap. So it is; Tears will burſt out; I have a great reſpect for your Perſon. [*Counterfeits weeping.*

Thrif. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we ſhould have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, ſo we ſhould; I aſſure you there is not a Perſon in the World whom I reſpect more than the noble Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thrif. Thou art honeſt, *Scapin*. Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Thrif. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has married.

Thrif. What is he?

Scap. A moſt outragious roaring Fellow, with a down, hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a ſwell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curſes enough in a Day to ſerve a Garriſon a Week; bred up in Blood and Rapine, uſed to Slaughter from his Youth upwards; one that makes no more Conſcience of killing a Man than cracking of a Louſe; he has killed ſixteen, four for taking the Wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he ſhot piſſing againſt the Wall: In ſhort, he is the moſt dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thrif. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Deſcription? But what's this to my Buſineſs?

Scap. Why, he (as moſt Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courſes of Law, all the Aſſiſtance of your Friends, and your great Purſe, (in which I ventur'd my Life ten times, for ſo often he drew and run at me) yet, I ſay, at laſt I have made him hearken to a Compoſition, and to null the Marriage for a Sum of Mony.

Thrif. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what Sum?

Scap.

Scap. Faith he was damnably unreaſonable at firſt, and 'gad I told him ſo very roundly.

Thrif. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 *l.*

Thrif. 'Ouns and Heart, 500 *l.* Five hundred Devils take him——and fry and frigaſſee the Dog; does he take me for a Mad-man?

Scap. Why ſo I ſaid; and after much Argument I brought him to this: Dammee, ſays he, I am going to the Army, and I muſt have two good Horſes for my ſelf, for fear one ſhould die; and thoſe will coſt at leaſt three-ſcore Guineas.

Thrif. Hang him Rogue! why ſhould he have two Horſes? But I care not if I give threeſcore Guineas to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, ſays he, my Piſtols, Saddle, Hoſe, Cloth and all, will coſt twenty more.

Thrif. Why that's fourſcore.

Scap. Well reckon'd: 'Faith this Arithmetick is a fine Art: Then I muſt have one for my Boy will coſt twenty more.

Thrif. Oh the Devil! confounded Dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thrif. Not a Sous, damn'd Raſcal, let him turn Foot-Soldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man beſides; would you have him go a-foot?

Thrif. Ay, and his Maſter too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are reſolv'd to ſpend twice as much at *Doctors-Commons*, you are; you will ſtand out for ſuch a Sum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damn'd unconſcionable Raſcal! well, if it muſt be ſo, let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it, Oh, a covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not aſham'd to be ſo covetous.

Scap.

Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at *Doctors-Commons*; and though her Brother has no Mony, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thrif. O eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Devil's in him, I think!

Scap. Then, says he, I must carry into *France* Mony to buy a Mule, to carry——

Thrif. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thrif. No, not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thrif. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law, you do not consider the Appeals, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate Proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest Right in the World for a Bribe. On the other side, the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, and sell your Cause for ready Mony: Your Advocate shall be gain'd the same way, and shall not be found when your Cause is to be heard. Law is a Torment of all Torments.

Thrif. That's true: Why, what does the damn'd Rogue ——reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why, for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred Pounds.

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to Law.

[Thrif. *walks up and down in a great Heat.*

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Thrif. I'll go to Law.

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thrif. To Law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for Procuration, Presentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Con-

Conſultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Regiſter, Subſtitute, Judgments, Signings——Expedition-Fees; beſides the vaſt Preſents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the Mony, give him it I ſay.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pound!

Scap. Ay, ay, why, you'll gain 150 *l.* by it, I have ſumm'd it up; I ſay, give it him, I'faith do.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pounds!

Scap. Ay; beſides you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Baſtardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

Thrif. I defie 'em; let 'em tell of my Whoring, 'tis the Faſhion.

Scap. Peace; here's the Brother.

Thrif. O Heav'n! what ſhall I do?

Enter Shift *diſguis'd like a Bully.*

Shift. Damme, where's this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian*? Null the Marriage! By all the Honour of my Anceſtors I'll chine the Villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh! [*Hides himſelf behind* Scapin.

Scap. He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the 200 *l.*

Shift. By Heav'n he ſhall be Worms-meat within theſe two Hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Shift. He! he! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Diſhonour my Siſter! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Shift. Nor none of his Friends?

Thrif. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Shift. Art thou the Enemy of that Raſcal?

Thrif. Oh! ay, hang him----- Oh damn'd Bully! [*Aſide.*

Shift. Give me thy Hand old Boy, the next Sun ſhall not ſee the impudent Raſcal alive.

Scap. He'll muſter up all his Relations againſt you.

Thrif. Do not provoke him, *Scapin.*

Shift.

Shift. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah! [*He foyns every way with his Sword.* Here I had one through the Lungs; there another into the Heart: Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah, Rogues! there I was with you: Hah——hah!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will deſtroy the whole Family. Ha, ha, ——hah! [*Exit* Shift.

Thrif. Here, *Scapin*, I have 200 Guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be ſaid. Let me never ſee his Face again; take 'em, I ſay: This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him your ſelf?

Thrif. No, no! I will never ſee him more: I ſhall not recover this theſe three Months. See the Buſineſs done. I truſt in thee, honeſt *Scapin*: I muſt repoſe ſomewhere: I am mightily out of Order——A plague on all Bullies, I ſay. [*Exit* Thrifty.

Scap. So, there's one diſpatch'd; I muſt now find out *Gripe*: He's here; how Heav'n brings 'em into my Net, one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heav'n! unlook'd for Misfortune; poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do? [*Walks about diſtractedly.*

Gripe. What's that he ſays of me?

Scap. Is there no Body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe?*

Gripe. Who's there? *Scapin!*

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpoſe! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe?*

Gripe. Art thou blind; I have been juſt under thy Noſe this Hour.

Scap. Sir,——

Gripe. What's the Matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir, your Son——

Gripe. Ha, my Son——

Scap. Is fallen into the ſtrangeſt Misfortune in the World.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a-while ago, diſorder'd for ſomething you had ſaid to him, wherein you very idly made uſe of

my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier: Amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new Caper in her full Trim: The Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the Disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating, he put to Sea; and when we were a good distance from the Shoar, he discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service, and sent me off in his Long-boat to tell you, That if you don't forthwith send him two hundred Pounds, he'll carry away your Son Prisoner: Nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a Slave to *Algiers*.

Gripe. How, in the Devil's Name? 200 *l.*

Scap. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allow'd me but an Hour's time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only Son.

Gripe. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard?—— Run quickly, *Scapin*, and tell the Villain, I'll send my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his Warrant in the open Sea: d'ye think Pirates are Fools?

Gripe. I'th' Devil's Name, what Business had he a Shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to mischief, Sir.

Gripe. Scapin, thou must now act the Part of a faithful Servant.

Scap. As how, Sir?

Gripe. Thou must go bid the Pirate send me my Son, and stay as a Pledge in his room, 'till I can raise the Mony.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the Captain has so little Wit as to accept of such a poor rascally Fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two Hours time?

Gripe. Thou say'st he demands——

Scap. 200 *l.*

Gripe.

Gripe. 200 *l.* Has the Fellow no Conſcience?

Scap. O law! the Conſcience of a Pirate! why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gripe. Has he no Reaſon neither? Does he know what the Sum of 200 *l.* is?

Scap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawlins are a ſort of People that underſtand Mony, tho' they have no great Acquaintance with Senſe. But for Heav'ns ſake diſpatch.

Gripe. Here take the Key of my Compting-Houſe.

Scap. So.

Gripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. In the Left-hand Window lies the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Cheſt, and ſell 'em to the Brokers to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, y'are mad; I ſhan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am ſtreightned for time.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. Let Shipboard alone, and conſider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n is my witneſs, I ha' done for him as much as was poſſible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his Father's kindneſs.

Gripe. Well, Sir, I'll go ſee if I can raiſe the Mony. Was it not nineſcore Pounds you ſpoke of?

Scap. No, 200 *l.*

Gripe. What, 200 *l. Dutch,* ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *Engliſh* Mony, 200 *l.* Sterling.

Gripe. I'th' Devil's Name, what Buſineſs had he a Shipboard? Confounded Shipboard.

Scap. This Shipboard ſticks in his Stomach.

Gripe. Hold, *Scapin,* I remember I receiv'd the very Sum juſt now in Gold, but did not think I ſhould have parted with it ſo ſoon.

[*He preſents* Scapin *his Purſe, but will not let it go; and in his Tranſportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilſt* Scapin *reaches at it.*

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gripe. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gripe. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I ſhall, Sir.

Gripe. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 *l.* contrary to all Law or Equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

[*He puts up his Purſe, and is going away.*

Scap. Right, Sir.

Gripe. Now make haſte, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Mony?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gripe. Ha——my Griefs and Fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I ſee it does indeed.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?——Damn'd Pirate, damn'd Renegate, all the Devils in Hell purſue thee. [*Exit.*

Scap. How eaſily a Miſer ſwallows a Load, and how difficultly he diſgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him ſo; he's like to pay in other Coin, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Octavian *and* Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have ſucceeded in your Buſineſs, there's 200 *l.* which I have ſqueez'd out of your Father. [*To* Octavian.

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.*

Scap. But for you I can do nothing—— [*To* Leander.

Leand. Then may I go hang my ſelf. Friends both adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear; the Devil has no ſuch neceſſity for you yet, that you need ride Poſt. With much ado I've got your Buſineſs done too?

Leand. Is't poſſible.

Scap. But on Condition that you permit me to revange my ſelf on your Father, for the Trick he has ſerv'd me.

Leand.

Leand. With all my Heart, at thy own Diſcretion, good honeſt *Scapin*.

Scap. Hold your Hand, there's 200 *l*.

Leand. My Thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel, dear Son of *Mercury*, and be proſperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil. Hence we gather,
Give Son the Mony, hang up Father.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lucia *and* Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever ſuch a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governeſſes, where our careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only becauſe they ſaid they lov'd us; I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize! I am afraid the good Fortune we ſhall get by it, will very hardly recompence the Reputation we have loſt by it.

Cla. Our greateſt Satisfaction is, that they are Men of Faſhion and Credit, and for my part I long ago reſolv'd not to marry any other, nor ſuch a one neither, 'till I had a perfect Confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an Aſſurance of *Octavian*'s that brought me hither.

Luc. I muſt confeſs, I had no leſs a Senſe of the Faith and Honour of *Leander*.

Cla. But ſeems it not wonderful, that the Circumſtances of our Fortune ſhould be ſo near ally'd, and our ſelves ſo much Strangers. Beſides, if I miſtake not, I ſee ſomething in *Leander*, ſo much reſembling a Brother of mine, of the ſame Name, that did not the time ſince I ſaw him make me fearful, I ſhould be often apt to call him ſo.

Luc. I have a Brother too, whoſe Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and juſt as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the Reaſon I have not ſeen him yet. But if I deceive not my ſelf, there is ſomething in your *Octavian* that extreamly refreſhes my Memory of him.

Cla. I wiſh we might be ſo happy as we are inclin'd to hope: But there's a ſtrange blind ſide in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we moſt earneſtly deſire.

Luc. The worſt at laſt, is but to be forſaken by our Fathers: And for my part, I had rather loſe an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with Reputation keep him, and ſecure my ſelf againſt the Impoſition of Fatherly Authority.

Cla. How unſufferable it is to be ſacrific'd to the Arms of a nauſeous Blockhead, that has no other Senſe than to eat and drink when it is provided for him, riſe in the Morning, and go to Bed at Night, and with much ado be perſwaded to keep himſelf clean.

Luc. A thing of meer Fleſh and Blood, and that of the worſt ſort too, with a ſquinting meagre hang-dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Phyſick for the Worms.

Cla. Yet ſuch their ſilly Parents are generally moſt indulgent to, like Apes, never ſo well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Iſſue.

Luc. Twenty to one, but to ſome ſuch charming Creatures our careful Fathers had deſign'd us.

Cla. Parents think they do their Daughters the greateſt Kindneſs in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right uſe of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to ſpend my Days in Marriage to a Fool, becauſe I might rule him, than I would always ride an Aſs, becauſe the Creature was gentle.

Cla. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Deſigns and Affairs, as a Callow Stateſman at a Treaty of Peace.

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Ladies!

Cla. Oh, Monſieur *Scapin!* What's the Reaſon you have been ſuch a Stranger of late?

Scap. Faith, Ladies, Buſineſs, Buſineſs has taken up my time; and truly I love an active Life, love my Buſineſs extreamly.

Luc. Methinks tho' this ſhould be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find Imployment in.

Scap.

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never ſhy to my Friends: My Buſineſs is, in ſhort, like that of all other Men of Buſineſs, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and cheat, to get an honeſt Livelihood.

Cla. Certainly Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courſes?

Scap. Oh, Madam! Wit and Honeſty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Reliſh to a good Fortune, and paſs well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themſelves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac'd Knave; hang his Wit, ſo he be but Rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*; I hope yours has done you no prejudice of late.

Scap. No, Madam, your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, reſtive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, puſhing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Cla. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like moſt others of the Female Sex, (I ſpeak all this with reſpect to your Ladiſhip) is generally moſt indulgent to the nimble mettled Blockheads; Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they ſhould be active: Why, who believes any Man of Wit to have ſo much as Courage. No, Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raiſe themſelves, adviſe them to be as much Fools as they can, and they'll ne'er want Patrons: And for Honeſty, if your Ladiſhips think fit to retire a little further, you ſhall ſee me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Cla. Prithee, *Lucia*, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of ſome Divertiſement; which hath been very ſcarce here hitherto.

Enter Shift *with a Sack.*

Scap. Oh, *Shift!*

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Maſter's coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I ſhall teach him to betray the Secrets of his Friend. If any Man puts a Trick upon me without return, may I loſe this Noſe with the Pox, without the Pleaſure of getting it.

Shift. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that Body of thine, to the Indignity of Bruiſes and indecent Baſtinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures make them pleaſant when accompliſh'd.

Shift. But your Adventures, how Comical ſoever in the beginning, are ſure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter. I hate your puſillanimous Spirit: Revenge and Leachery are never ſo pleaſant as when you venture hard for them; begone: Here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh, Sir, Sir, ſhift for your ſelf, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heav'n's ſake.

Gripe. What's the matter, Man?

Scap. Heav'n! is this a time to ask Queſtions? Will you be murder'd inſtantly? I am afraid you'll be kill'd within theſe two Minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! kill'd! for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd; he's a Captain of a Privateer, who has all ſorts of Rogues, *Engliſh, Scotch, Welſh, Iriſh, French,* under his command, and all lying in wait now, or ſearching for you to kill you, becauſe you would null the Marriage: They run up and down, crying, where is the Rogue *Gripe?* Where is the Dog? where is the Slave *Gripe?* they watch for you ſo narrowly that there's no getting home to your Houſe.

Gripe. Oh, *Scapin!* What ſhall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay, Heav'n knows; but if you come within their reach they'll *De Wit* you, they'll tear you in pieces; heark.

Gripe. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum, 'tis none of them.

Gripe. Canſt thou find no way for my eſcape, dear *Scapin?*

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good *Scapin,* ſhow thy ſelf a Man now.

Scap. I ſhall venture being moſt immoderately beaten.

Gripe.

Gripe. Dear *Scapin*, do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this Suit when I have worn it eight or nine Months longer.

Scap. Liſten! who are theſe?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'll ſave your Life go into this Sack preſently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. No body: Get into the Sack, and ſtir not, whatever happens; I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Major's Houſe of the Caſtle.

Gripe. An admirable Invention, Oh Lord! quick.

[*Gets into the Sack.*

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent Invention, if you knew all, keep in your Head. Oh, here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin *counterfeits a* Welſhman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's *Fathers, look you.*

In his own Voice.

How ſhould I know? what would you have with him-----

[*Lie cloſe.*

Have with him, look you! hur has no creat pus'neſs, but hur wou'd have ſatisfactions and reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy *he ſhall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir.*

He affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and hur will give you Beatings and Chaſtiſements, for your Contradictions when hur Welſe Blood's up, look you, and hur will cudgel your Packs and your Nottles for it; take you that, pray you now. [*Beats the Sack.*

Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach ſawcy Jacks how they profook hur Welſe Bloods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue, hur will have his Guts and his Blood, look you, Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Taffy's *Day more, look you.*

Oh! He has mawl'd me, a damn'd *Welſh* Raſcal.

Gripe. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main ſubſtantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not ſtand further off?

Scap. Peace——Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancaſhire *Dialect.*

Yaw Fellee, wi'th Sack theere, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Raſcatt Graip *is?*

Not I; but here is no Raſcal.

Yaw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw knawn weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a foo Raſcatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Meſs, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th' Bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to ſome tune.

Me, Sir? I don't underſtand you.

Why, Th'awart his Man, thaw Hobble, I'll ſnite th' Naſe o' thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the firſt bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap, by th' Meſs, ond after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and ay wot, he'll be a pratty ſwatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, ſayn ye? Ays find him, by'r Lady, an he be'a-bove grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd *Lancaſhire* Raſcal.

Gripe. Oh good *Scapin!* go on quickly.

Scap. Hold, here's another. [Gripe *pops in his Head.*

In an Iriſh *Tone.*

Doſt thou hear, Sack-man? I pridee fare is de damn'd Dog Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

Fat's dat to me, Joy? by my Soul, Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee

know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou doſt know, by my Salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I ſwear by him that made me, if thou doſt not tell fare is Gripe, *but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.*

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my ſoul, if I do ſee him, I will make murther upon him, for my Captain's ſake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowles, de Devil take me indeed. Fat haſt dow in dat Sack, Joy? by my Salvation I will look into it.

But you ſhall not. What have you to do with it?

By my Soul, Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh! Oh!

Scap. *Fatt, it does grunt, by my Salvation; de Devil take me, I will ſee it indeed*

You ſhall not ſee my Sack; I will defend it with my Life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my Soul, and ſo I do take my leave, Joy.

[Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almoſt kill'd me.

Gripe. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders!

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gripe. Yours? Oh, my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming.

In a hoarſe Seaman's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, ſwinge him with a Cat-o'-nine-tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

In broken French-Engliſh

If dere be no more Men in England, *I vill kille him, I vill put my Rapire in his Body, I vill give him two tree puſhe in de Gutte.*

Here

Here Scapin *acts a number of 'em together.*

We mun go this way —— o' th' Right hand, no to th' Left hand—— lie close*——search ev'ry where——by my Salvation, I will kill the damn'd Dog——and we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do heer he went thick way——no, streight forward. Hold, here is his Man; where's your Master—— Dam me, where? in Hell? speak——* Hold, not so furiously*——and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder th e——*

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay hem on thick, thwack him soundly,

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne'er betray my Master.

Knock 'en down, beat 'en soundly, to 'en, at 'en, at 'en, at---

[*As he is going to strike,* Gripe *peeps out, and* Scapin *takes to his Heels.*

Gripe. Oh, Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence!

Enter Thrifty.

Oh, Brother *Thrifty!* You come to see me loaden with disgrace; the Villain *Scapin* has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200*l.* This beating brings all into my Memory. [*Aside.*

Thrif. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same Sum?

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my Mony, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am asham'd to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, Brother; one Misfortune is the Forerunner of another: Just now I receiv'd Letters from *London*, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauch'd young Fellows, that they fell in Love with.

Enter Lucia *and* Clara.

Luc. Was ever so malicious Impudence seen —— Hah--- Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Cla. And the other mine, whom *Scapin* has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

Cla. What will they say to find us here?

Lucia,

Luc. My dearest Father, welcome to *England*.

Thrif. My Daughter *Luce*?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gripe. My *Clara* here too?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Thrif. What strange Destiny has directed this Happiness to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gripe. Hey day!

Thrif. Oh, Son! I have a Wife for you.

Oct. Good Father, all your Propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Thrif. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter here ——

Oct. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter, Sir, as long as I live: No, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes, *Octavian*, I have at last met with my Father, and all our Fears and Troubles are at an end.

Thrif. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father that begot you, would you? Did not I always say you should marry Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter? But you do not know your Sister *Luce*.

Oct. Unlook'd for Blessing! why she's my Friend *Leander*'s Wife!

Thrif. How, *Leander*'s Wife!

Gripe. What, my Son *Leander*?

Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gripe. Indeed! Well, Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good-natur'd Boy. Well, now I am so overjoy'd, that I could laugh 'till I shook my Shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my Marriage is discover'd; nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it; this is my Wife, and I must own her.

Gripe. Brother *Thrifty*, did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

Thrif. Own her, quoth a! why kiſs her, kiſs her, Man; odsbodikins, when I was a young Fellow, and was firſt marry'd, I did nothing elſe for three Months. O my Conſcience I got my Boy *Octi* there, the firſt Night, before the Curtains were quite drawn!

Gripe. Well, 'tis his Father's nown Child. Juſt ſo, Brother, was it with me upon my Wedding-day, I could not look upon my Dear without bluſhing; but when we were a-Bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us——but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my Father reconcil'd to me.

Gripe. Reconcil'd to thee, why I love thee at my Heart Man, at my Heart; why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty*'s Daughter, Mrs. *Luce*, whom I always deſign'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Siſter *Clara* marry'd to Mr. *Octa* there.

Leand. Octavian, are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wiſh'd after the compleating of my Happineſs with my charming *Lucia*.

Thrif. Come, Sir, hang up your Complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of Faſhion. *Shift*, go to the Inn, and beſpeak a Supper may coſt more Mony than I have ready to pay for't, for I am reſolv'd to run in Debt to Night.

Shift. I ſhall obey your Commands, Sir.

Thrif. Then, d'you hear, ſend out and muſter up all the Fidlers (blind or not blind, drunk or ſober) in the Town; let not ſo much as the Roaſter of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Caſe, eſcape ye.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the Fellow that ſings the Song at my Lord-Mayor's Feaſt: I my ſelf would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he ſhoul ſet a Tune to it; 'twas the pretty'ſt he had laſt time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the ſtrangeſt Accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gripe. Ha! Rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him my ſelf.

Sly.

Sly. Oh, Sir, that trouble you may ſpare; for paſſing by a Place where they were building, a great Stone fell upon his Head and broke his Scull ſo, you may ſee his Brains.

Thrif. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter Scapin *between two, his Head wrapp'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded.*

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen, you ſee me, you ſee me in a ſad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the Prime of my Years: But yet I could not die without the Pardon of thoſe I have wrong'd; yes, Gentlemen, I beſeech you to forgive me all the Injuries that I have done; but more eſpecially, I beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Maſter, Mr. *Gripe*.

Thrif. For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have moſt offended, by the inhuman Baſtinadoes which ——

Gripe. Prithee ſpeak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a moſt wicked Inſolence in me, that I ſhould with vile Crab-tree Cudgel ——

Gripe. Piſh, no more, I ſay I am ſatisfied.

Scap. And now ſo near my Death, 'tis an unſpeakable Grief that I ſhould dare to lift my Hand againſt ——

Gripe. Hold thy Peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all. ——

Scap. Alas! how good a Man you are! But, Sir, d'you pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your Heart, thoſe mercileſs Drubs that ——

Gripe. Prithee ſpeak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my Hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodneſs revives me! [*Pulls of his Cap.*

Gripe. How's that! Friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are ſure to die!

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge imploy your Thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gripe.

Gripe. A dewce on't, Brother, as I hope to be ſav'd, he beat me baſely and ſcurvily, never ſtir he did: But ſince you will have it ſo, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now then let's to Supper, and in our Mirth drown and forget all Troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the lower End of the Table:

Where in my Chair of State, I'll ſit at eaſe,
And eat and drink, that I may die in Peace. [*A Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee*, when she was out of Humour.

HOW little do you guess what I'm to say!
I'm not to ask how you like Farce or Play:
For you must know, I've other Business now;
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we, when in humble Guise
You came with honest Hearts and harmless Eyes;
Sate, without Noise and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a precious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho' now 'tis grown so common, let me die,
Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.
Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now you're proud,
Did not in curst Cabals of Criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to see the Follies you would shun:
Tho' now so fondly Antick here you're grown;
T'invert the Stage's purpose, and its Rules;
Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.
Equally witty, as some valiant are;
The sad Defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll censure, who disdain to write,
As some make Quarrels here that scorn to fight.

The

EPILOGUE.

The rugged Soldier that from War returns,
And ſtill wi'th' heat of former Action burns;
Let him but hither come to ſee a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a Day.
Shall ſteal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent Chat with tawdry Maux:
'Till e'er aware the Bluſt'rer falls in love;
And Hero grows as harmleſs as a Dove.
With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes.
Tho' now, alas, we muſt your Abſence mourn,
Whilſt nought but Quality will ſerve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uſes poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis ſaid) comes maſk'd to prey on Hearts.
The proper uſe of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by ſuch as own'd the Trade:
Tho' now all mingle with 'em ſo together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter; on, purſue your Game,
'Till wearied you return at laſt, and tame:
Know then 'twill be our turn to be ſevere;
For when you've left your Stings behind you there,
You lazie Drones, ye ſhan't have harbour here.

FRIENDSHIP IN *FASHION.*

A COMEDY.

Archilochum Rabies armavit Iambo.

Printed in the YEAR, 1712.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber, *&c.*

My LORD,

OUR Lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my self for giving you a Trouble so Impertinent as this is: Considering how remiss I have been in my Respects to your Lordship, in that I have not waited on you so frequently as the Duty I owe your Lordship, and my own Inclinations required; But the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily Business must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that Happiness: Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high measure owes his Well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for Succour unsuccessfully: I am sure I have Reason to acknowledge

ledge it. As for the unlucky Cenſures ſome have paſt on me for this Play, I hope your Lordſhip will believe I hardly deſerve 'em. For to my beſt Remembrance, when firſt I was accuſed of the thing by ſome People of the World, who had perhaps as little Reaſon to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themſelves deſerved it, I made it my Buſineſs to clear my ſelf to your Lordſhip, whoſe good Opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worſt Enemies can wrong me of elſe: I hope I convinc'd your Lordſhip of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavour'd had it not been Juſt. For I thank my Stars I know my ſelf better than (for all the Threats ſome have been pleaſed to beſtow upon me) to tell a Lie to ſave my Throat. Forgive me, my Lord, this Trouble, continue me in your Lordſhip's Favour and good Opinion, and accept of the Prayers and Well-wiſhes of

Your moſt Humble, and

moſt Obliged Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

HOW hard a Task hath that poor Drudge of Stage,
That ſtrives to pleaſe in this fantaſtick Age?
It is a thing ſo difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bad me plainly ſay,
You muſt not look for any in his Play.
I'th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No not ſo much as one well-meaning Hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every Word, he ſays,
On ſtricteſt Vigils and on Faſting Days,
When he his Fleſh to Penance did enjoin,
Nay took ſuch Care to work it chaſt and fine,
He diſciplin'd himſelf at ev'ry Line.
Then, Gentlemen, no Libel he intends,
Tho' ſome have ſtrove to wrong him with his Friends;
And Poets have ſo very few of thoſe,
They'd need take care whoſe Favour 'tis they loſe:
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cheriſh and Educate your Sons with Care;
Breed 'em to wholſome Law, or give 'em Trades,
Let 'em not follow th' Muſes, they are Jades:
How many very hopeful riſing Citts
Have we of late known ſpoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critiques are worſe treated here,
Than on the Bank-ſide Butchers do a Bear.
Faith Sirs be kind, ſince now his time is come,
When he muſt ſtand or fall as you ſhall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair play for't,
And he's content for one, to make you Sport.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Goodvile.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Truman.	Mr. *Smith.*
Valentine.	Mr. *Harris.*
Sir *Noble Clumſey.*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malagene.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Caper.	Mr. *Jevon.*
Saunter.	Mr. *Bowman.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Goodvile.*	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Victoria.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Camilla.	Mrs. *Price.*
Lady *Squeamiſh.*	Mrs. *Guin.*
Lettice.	Mrs. *Seymour.*
Bridget.	Mrs. ———

Friend-

Friendſhip in *Faſhion.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Mall.*

Truman *Reading a Billet, and Servant.*

TRUMAN.

N a Vizor, ſay you?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and as ſoon as ſhe had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away ſhe hurry'd.

Trum. The Meaning of a Billet of this nature without a Name is a Riddle to me.—— [*Reads.*

You know me and ſee me often, I wiſh I may never ſee you more, except you knew better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this ſo ſoon as it comes to your Hands.—— Adieu.

Well, this can be no other than ſome Stanch Virtue of Thirty five, that is juſt now fallen under the Temptation; or what is as bad, one of thoſe cautious Dealers that never venture but in Maſquerade, where they are ſure to

be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover than he has just occasion to make use of.

Enter Goodvile *and* Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good-morrow; just out of your Lodging? but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance, for the Sins of the last.

Good. I beg your Pardon! Some Lady has taken up your time. Thou canst no more rise in a Morning without a Wench, than thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman*, wilt thou never leave whoring?

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, peace——speak more reverently of your dearly beloved whoring. *Valentine*, he is the meer Spirit of Hypocrisie——h'ad hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilst he debauch'd me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Val. Truly *Goodvile*, that was very Civil, and may come to something——But, Gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Where shall we Dine?

Trum. Where you will; I am indifferent.

Good. And I.

Val. I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but——

Trum. With whom?

Val. Why, your Cousin *Malagene Goodville.*

Good. Valentine, thou art too much with that Fellow. 'Tis true indeed, he is some Relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no enduring of him.

Val. But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty, 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

Trum. Besides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never spoke well of any Man behind his Back, nor ill before his Face: He is a general Disperser of nauseous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister; prithee let's avoid him, if we can, to day.

Good. 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome; as there is no Company so ill but he'll keep, so there is none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, he'll be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to

be

be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was laſt Night, roaring drunk: ſwore Dam him, he had been with my Lord ſuch a one, and had ſwallow'd three Quarts of Champaigne for his ſhare, ſaid he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc'd to promiſe him I would meet him to day, to get rid of him.

Good. Faith Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my Houſe: I have ſnubb'd him of late, and he'll hardly venture that way ſo ſoon again: At Night I'll promiſe you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own ſake what Freedom ſhe pleaſes) has ſent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. Goodvile, if there be any ſuch thing as Eaſe in Matrimony, thou haſt it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon marry'd Men, that makes 'em as diſtinguiſhable from one of us, as your Jews are from the reſt of Mankind.

Good. Oh there are Pleaſures you dream not of: he is only confin'd by it that will be ſo: A Man may make his Condition as eaſie as he pleaſes.——Mine is ſuch a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but ſhe entertains me with freſh Kindneſs: and *Jack,* when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miſs'd of an Opportunity, ſtops a Gap well enough.

Trum. There's no Condition ſo wretched but has its Reſerve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Beggar, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his old warm Buſh; and your marry'd Whore-maſter that miſſes of his Wench, goes honeſtly home, and there's Madam Wife.——But *Goodvile,* who are to be the Company at Night?

Good. In the firſt place, my Couſin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then Mr. *Valentine,* there will be the charming *Camilla,* and another that never fails upon ſuch an Occaſion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamiſh.*

Trum. That indeed is a worthy Perſon, a great Critick forſooth; one that cenſures Plays, and takes it very ill ſhe has none dedicated to her yet; a conſtant Frequenter

of all Masquerades and publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

Val. Discourses readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and good Breeding, as she calls it; a restless Dancer; one that by her good Will would never be out of Motion.

Trum. How *Valentine!* you were once a great Admirer there, have a care how you speak too harshly of your Mistress, though the Business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a Man of Principles.

Good. That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harrass'd Stager has always some such resty Whore-master or another, whom she makes the best of her Despair withal; and after being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts her self in her Man of Principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen you'll be sure to follow?

Trum. Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you.

[*Exit* Goodvile.

Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddest Adventure this Morning —— ha —— *Malagene!*

Enter Malagene.

How came he hither?

Mal. Jack Truman, Monsieur *Valentine, bon jour* —— was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in —— hah?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Mal. Faith I'll tell ye what Gentlemen, *Goodvile's* a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas none of my seeking.

Trum. No, I'll be sworn for thee, thou lov'st thy self better.

Val. Pray, what was the Matter, *Malagene?*

Mal. Why I was advising him to look after things better at Home. The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him and told him of it to the purpose: for faith I should be sorry to see any ill come on't, very sorry.

Trum. But hark ye *Malagene, Goodvile's* a sort of a surly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself,

himſelf, that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice: He might have been very ſevere with you upon this Occaſion.

Mal. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my Heart; that had been the way to have made a fine piece of Work on't indeed! Hark ye, (under the Roſe) he's ſweetly fitted with my Couſin though.

Val. Pray, Sir, ſpeak with more Reſpect: We are his Friends, and not prepar'd to reliſh any of your Satyr at preſent.

Mal. O Lord, Sir! I beg your Pardon; you are a new Acquaintance there, I remember, and may deſign an Intereſt. Faith, *Ned*, if thou doſt, I'll ne'er be thy hindrance, for all ſhe's my Kinſwoman.

Trum. The Raſcal, if he had an Opportunity, would pimp for his Siſter, tho' but for the bare Pleaſure of telling it himſelf.

Mal. Now when he comes home, will ſhe be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you ſhould go abroad ſo ſoon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debauch'd Companion young *Valentine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I ſhould be apt to be jealous of you, that I ſhould, ha, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

Mal. I, ſhaw! your Servant! Sure we that know one another may be free: You may ſay as much of me, if you pleaſe. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Buſineſs laſt Night? —— hah?

Trum. Not a word I aſſure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Prithee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

Mal. Why, coming out of *Chatolins* laſt Night, (where it had coſt me a Guinea-Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which ſhall be nameleſs) juſt as I was getting into a Coach, who ſhould come by but a bluſtering Fellow with a Woman in his Hand, and ſwore, Dam him, the Coach was for him: We had ſome Words, and he drew; with that I put by his Paſs, clos'd with

him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him two or three good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon *Damozel*, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off.——Faith, amongst Friends she was a Person of Quality, I'll tell you that.

Trum. What! a Person of Quality at that time o'th' Night, and on Foot too?

Mal. Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no Notice on't,

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this nature.---- Lying Rakehel! the highest he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and she too banish'd him at last, because he boasted of her Favours.

Mal. Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more than any one wou'd have done upon the same Occasion——ha.——

Trum. Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the right. But, *Valentine*, we stay too long; 'tis time we were going.

Mal. What, to Dinner? I'll make a third Man—— where shall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am sorry, we must beg your Excuse this time, for we are both engag'd.

Mal. Whoo! prithee, that's all one, I am sure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

Val. No, but *Malagene*, to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasie if you be there.

Mal. What's that to the purpose?——I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks, of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company sometimes that ever I knew!

Trum. But, Sir, we are resolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto desire you would leave us to our selves to Day.

Mal. No——but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine——I'll assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of——What say you, *Jack?*

Jack? I am but for one Bottle or two; for faith I have reſolv'd to live ſober for a Week.

Trum. Prithee, Tormentor, leave us! Do not I know the Wine thou drink'ſt is as baſe as the Company thou keep'ſt? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor muſt you go with us.

Mal. Why, if one ſhould ask the queſtion now, whither are you going? Hah?

Val. How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter?*——you may be ſure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the World with you.

Mal. How canſt thou think that I would keep ſuch loathſome Company? a Brace of ſilly, talking, dancing, ſinging Raſcals: 'Tis true, I contracted an Acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuſe 'em for an Hour or two——but come what will on't, I am reſolv'd go along with you to Day.

Trum. Upon my word, Sir, you cannot—— Why ſhould you make ſo many Difficulties with your Friends?

Mal. Whoo! prithee leave fooling.—— You would ſhake me off now, would you? But I know better things. ——The Sham won't paſs upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

Trum. Death, we muſt uſe him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not paſs, Sir?

Mal. No, Sir!

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us.

Mal. I ſhan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you muſt, Sir.

Mal. May be not, Sir.

Trum. I am going this way. [*Walking off.*

Mal. So am I.

Trum. But, Sir, I muſt ſtay here a little longer.

Mal. With all my Heart! 'tis the ſame thing, I am not in haſte.

Val. Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*——you'll run the hazard of a ſcurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

Mal. Beating! I am ſorry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am us'd to ſerve him ſo, Man; let me alone, you ſhall ſee how I'll teaze him. Hark you, *Jack.*

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troubleſom Coxcomb.

Mal. No matter for that, I ſhan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I ſhall pull you by the Noſe then.

Mal. 'Tis all one to me, do your worſt.

Trum. Take that then, Sir.——Now d'ye hear—— [*Tweaks him by the Noſe.*

Go about your Buſineſs.

Mal. Nay, Faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jeſt too far: What a Pox I know you are not in earneſt; prithee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lie; not in earneſt!—— let this convince you—— [*Kicks him.*

How like you the Jeſt now, Sir?

Mal. Hark you *Truman*, we ſhan't Dine together then, ſhall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter; *Truman* had a Quarrel laſt Night, and we are juſt now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him ſo ſurly. Nevertheleſs, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you ſhall; perhaps we may have Occaſion for a third Man.

Mal. No, no, if that be the Buſineſs I'll ſay no more; puh—— I hate to preſs into any Man's Company againſt his Inclination. *Truman*! Upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porter's laſt Night and loſt my Mony—— Prithee lend me two Guineas 'till next time I ſee thee, Child.

Trum. With all my Heart, Sir. I was ſure 'twould come to this at laſt: 'Tis here, you may command what you pleaſe from your Servant. *Malagene*, good Morrow.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Mal. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble-- [*Exit* Truman.

Val. Won't you go along with us then, *Malagene?*

Mal. No, here are two ſilly Fellows coming; I'll go and divert my ſelf a little with them at preſent.

Val. Why, thoſe are the very People you rail'd at ſo but now: You will not leave us for them? At a time when you may be ſo ſerviceable? *Mal.*

Mal. Hang't, you'll have no occasion for me, Man: Say no more on't, but take my Advice; be sure you stand fast, don't give ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your Business.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your Counsel, and am sorry we can't have your Company; but you are ingag'd?

Mal. Are you sure though it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your Company, methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight: I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

Mal. A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these People here, and can't avoid 'em now; I'd go with you else with all my Heart Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

Val. No, Sir, —— there's no danger —— Nothing but the Rogues Cowardise could have rid us of him. [*Exit* Val.

Mal. How now Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a Humour of Drinking, and to speak the Truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the Discourse to themselves: And a Man can never be free with them neither.

Caper. Oh Lord, *Malagene!* we met the delicat'st Creature, but now as we came round; I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the World: I shan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

Saun. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfield*'s Daughter, that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marry'd. He in love with her, poor Soul! —— I shall beg his Pardon there, as I take it —— [*Sings.*

Mal. That's *Truman*'s blowing: She's always lingring after him here, and at the Play-house: She heats her self here every Morning against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squeamish* her self.

Saun. I vow that's a fine Person too: don't you think she has abundance of Wit, *Malagene?* She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other Day.

Caper. Ay, it may be ſo.

Saun. But did you never hear her ſing? She made me ſit with her 'till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song.

I have, and I vow ſhe ſings it wonderfully.

Mal. Dam her, ſhe's the moſt affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chickens: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can eſcape her, we ſhall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Caper. Malagene, thou art the moſt Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didſt but love Dancing, that I might have thee on my ſide ſometimes.

Saun. Well *Malagene,* I hope to ſee thee ſo in love one Day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and ſet up for a Shape and a Face: Or what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in love for all the World, I vow and ſwear. [*Walks up and down with an affected Motion.*

Caper. Nor I.

——*Ah* Phillis, *if you would not love*
The Shepherd, &c. [Sings.

But d'ye hear, *Malagene,* they ſay *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is it true?

Mal. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

Caper. I am glad of it with all my Heart—— *Saunter* ——There's my Lady, to be ſure, ſhe'll not fail.

Saun. But will you go, *Malagene? Goodvile* and you are at a Diſtance.

Mal. Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'll go for all that: But faith, I ſhould meet my Lord——at Court to Night. Beſides, I han't been in the Drawing-Room theſe three Days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

She here! nay then——

Caper. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant. [*Congees affectedly.*

L. Squeam.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Caper!* your moſt Devoted. —— Oh dear Mr. *Saunter!* a thouſand Thanks to you for my Song.

Saun. Your Ladyſhip does your Servant too much Honour. [*Sings, As* Cloe *full of*, &c.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Caper*, you are a Stranger indeed, I have not ſeen you theſe two Days: Lord, where d'ye live?

Caper. I ſhould have waited on your Ladyſhip, but was ſo tired at the Maſquerade at my Lord *Flutter*'s t'other Night. [*Dances and Capers.*

Saun. Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night: Will your Ladyſhip be there?

L. *Squeam.* Yes; I heard of it this Morning; *Victoria* ſent me word.

Caper. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I ſhall have the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Company.

L. *Squeam.* Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us.

Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour I did not ſee you, I was ſo engaged in the Civilities of theſe Gentlemen.

Mal. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, muſt command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladyſhip ſee Mr. *Valentine?*

L. *Squeam.* Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*; he's the unworthy'ſt baſeſt Fellow--------beſides he has no Principles nor Breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him Company. I'll ſwear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Mal. The truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, becauſe the Fellow has ſome Wit, but it is when better Company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Lord, 'tis impoſſible. Wit! why he was abroad but two Years, and all that time too in an Academy; he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worſt Mien in the World: He has a ſort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they ſay makes bold with me ſometimes, but I'll aſſure you I ſcorn him.

Mal.

Mal. Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd: Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Squeam.* They say, he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who passes for a Wit forsooth. 'Tis true, she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

Mal. Indeed he would not let me alone, 'till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happiness to me. But methinks your Ladyship speaks with something of Heat------By Heav'n she's Jealous!

L. *Squeam.* No, I assure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the least.

But did you ever hear 'em discourse any thing of me?

Mal. Never any ill, Madam; only a little idle Raillery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my Company.------'Twill work.

L. *Squeam.* Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably of me behind my back, because he fail'd in his filthy Designs. Madam *Camilla* may deserve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his Falshoood [*Aside*]------ Mr. *Caper*.

Caper. } Madam.
Saun. }

L. *Squeam.* Where do you go to Day?

Caper. Will your Ladyship be at the new Play?

L. *Squeam.* No, I saw it the first Day, and don't like it.

Mal. Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving.

I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saun. Does your Ladyship know who writ it?

L. *Squeam.* Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings: He is but a young Man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long: Besides, he has had little or no Conversation with the Court, which has been the reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the Conduct of it.

Saun.

Saun. I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, ha?

Caper. No, nor ſo much as a Dance.

Mal. Oh, it's impoſſible it ſhould take, if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. *Squeam.* And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthieſt Things, full of Bawdy and nauſeous Doings, which they miſtake for Railery and Intrigue; beſides they have no Wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and Men of Wit, as they ſtile 'em, are either ſilly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or elſe rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows —— fogh —— I am aſham'd any one ſhould pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that paſs, I vow.

Mal. Who would improve in thoſe things, muſt conſult with your Ladyſhip.

L. *Squeam.* I ſwear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging Perſon: I wonder the World ſhould be ſo malicious to give you ſo undeſerving a Character as they do: I always found you extreamly generous, and a Perſon of worth.

Mal. In troth, Madam, your Ladyſhip and my ſelf are the Subjects of abundance of Envy: for I love to be malicious now and then, and faith, am the very ſcourge of the Court, they all ſtand in awe of me; for I muſt ſpeak what I know, tho' ſometimes I am uſed a little ſcurvily for it; but Faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha, really I love Scandal extreamly too ſometimes, ſo it be decently manag'd —— But as I was ſaying, there is not a Perſon in the World underſtands the Intrigues of the Court better than my ſelf: I am the general Confident of the Drawing-Room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

Caper. Dear Madam, how ſtands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofty?*

L. *Squeam.* Worſe then ever: 'Tis very provoking to ſee how ſhe uſes the poor Creature: But the truth is, ſhe can never be at reſt for him; he's more troubleſome than an old Husband, continually whiſpering his Softneſſes and making

making his Vows, 'till at laſt ſhe is forc'd to fly to me for ſhelter, and then we do ſo laugh——which the good-natur'd Creature takes ſo patiently—— I ſwear, I pity him.

Saun. But my Lady *Colt*, they ſay, is kinder to the Sparkiſh Mr. *Pruneit*.

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you ſhould underſtand no better; to my Knowledge it is all falſe: I know all that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been off this Month-----beſides he keeps a Player again---- Oh, Mr. *Saunter!* whatever you do, never concern your ſelf with thoſe Players.

Saun. Madam, I have left the Folly long ſince: When firſt I came to Town, I muſt confeſs I had a Gallantry there: But ſince I have been acquainted with your Ladyſhip's Wit and Beauty, I have learn'd to lay out my Heart to better advantage——I think that was finely ſaid!

L. *Squeam.* I'll ſwear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the moſt Court-like way of expreſſing your ſelf——

Saun. Oh Lord, Madam! [*Bows and cringes.*

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Malagene*, theſe are both my intimate Acquaintance, and I'll ſwear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* ſings the *French* manner better than ever I heard any *Engliſh* Gentleman in my Life: Beſides he pronounces his *Engliſh* in ſinging with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a ſtrange beauty——Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the laſt new Song.

Saun. Let me die! your Ladyſhip obliges me beyond Expreſſion—— *Malagene*, thou ſhalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a* French *Tone.*

Mal. What a Devil was this! I underſtand not a Word on't.

Saun. Ha, *Malagene*, ha?

L. *Squeam.* Did you ever hear any thing ſo fine?

Mal. Never, Madam, never: I ſwear, your Ladyſhip is a great Judge.

L. *Squeam.* But how plain and diſtinctly too every Word was pronounc'd?

Mal.

Mal. Oh, to Admiration, to Admiration.

[*Makes Mouths aside.*

L. *Squeam.* Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature——O ſad, Mr. *Caper*, I long 'till Night comes: I'll dance with no Body but you to Night, for I ſwear I believe I ſhall be out of Humour.

Mal. That's more than ſhe ever was in her Life, ſo long as ſhe had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Company.

L. *Squeam.* Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately—But now you talk of Intrigues, I am miſtaken if you don't ſee ſomething where we are going to Night.

Mal. What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not ſo?

L. *Squeam.* Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk ſo ſtrangely:——but let me die, I can't but laugh——ha, ha, ha.——Well, Gentlemen, you ſhall Dine with me to Day——What ſay you, Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

Mal. Your Ladyſhip may be ſure of me, I hate to break good Company.

L. *Squeam.* And pray now let us be very ſevere, and talk maliciouſly of all the Town. Mr. *Caper*, your Hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how ſhall I divide my ſelf——I'll ſwear, I am ſtrangely at a loſs——Mr. *Malagene*, you muſt be Mr. *Saunter*'s Miſtreſs I think at preſent.

Mal. With all my Heart, Madam,——Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your Hand: I ſwear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtſhip is as extraordinary as your Voice.——Let me die, and I vow I muſt have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humerſom and very whimſical I think: ha, ha, ha,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Ordinary*

Enter Mrs. Goodvile *and* Lettice.

Mrs. *Good.* DID you deliver the Billet?

Let. Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. *Good.* But are you ſure you did?

Let. Can your Ladyſhip think I would be guilty of the leaſt neglect in a Concern of ſuch moment?

Mrs. *Good.* And are you ſure he Dines here to day?

Let. Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr. *Valentine*'s there too. Oh, I'll ſwear he's a fine Man, the moſt courteous Perſon!

Mrs. *Good.* What, becauſe he hunts and kiſſes you when he's Drunk? No, *Lettice*; *Truman, Truman*, Oh that *Truman!*

Let. I wonder your Ladyſhip ſhould be ſo taken with him: Were I to chuſe, I ſhould think my Maſter the more agreeable Man.

Mrs. *Good.* And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wiſh: I have not ſeen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he ſneaks to his ſeparate Bed, where he lies 'till Afternoon, then riſes and out again upon his Parole: Fleſh and Blood can't endure it.

Let. But he always viſits your Ladyſhip firſt.

Mrs. *Good.* That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very reſpectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can deſire, but God knows that's all.

Let. And where's the Pleaſure of going abroad and getting a Stomach, to return and ſtarve at home?

Mrs. *Good.* I laugh though to think what an eaſie Fool he believes me; he thinks me the moſt contented, innocent, harmleſs Turtle breathing, the very Pattern of Patience.

Let. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. *Good.*

Mrs. *Good.* And as blind with Love as his own good Opinion of himſelf has made him.

Let. And can you find in your Heart to wrong ſo good a natur'd compleat well-meaning harmleſs Husband, that has ſo good an Opinion of you?

Mrs. *Good.* Ha, wrong him! what ſay you, *Lettice?* I wrong my Husband! ſuch another word forfeits my good Opinion of thee for ever.

Let. What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?

Mrs. *Good.* To make him my Friend perhaps, and diſcover if I can who it is that wrongs me in my Husband's Affection: For I am ſure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deſerves no better than ordinary of me, if the truth were known.

Let. Why, ſhe is his near Kinſwoman, and lives here in the Houſe with you; beſides, he would never diſhonour his own Family ſurely.

Mrs. *Good.* You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the Nearneſs of Blood is the leaſt thing conſidered. Beſides, as I have heard, 'tis almoſt the only way Relations care to be kind to one another now-a-days.

Let. Yet, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the Joys of Love about you. Lord! How can you diſſemble with him ſo? Beſides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mrs. *Good.* Oh, if I would ever conſent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice!*) it ſhould be, to chuſe, with his Friend. For ſuch a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll ſwear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking ſo much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill Thoughts into ones Head, which I am the moſt averſe to of all things in the World.

Let. But, Madam, Thoughts are free; and it is as hard not to think a little idly ſometimes, as it is to be always in good Humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* ſhould be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be real which your Ladyſhip ſuſpects.

Mrs. *Good.* Ay, and with a deſign of Marriage too:

But

But a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt his Security in a Wife, as Succeſs in a Miſtreſs.

Let. Beſides, after a little time, he is ſo very induſtrious in Cuckolding others, that he never dreams how ſwimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter Victoria.

Mrs. *Good.* But huſh——ſhe's here.

Vict. A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. *Good.* Dear Couſin, your humble Servant: Have you heard who are below?

Vict. Yes, young *Truman* and his inſeparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. *Good.* Well, what will you do Couſin? *Truman* comes reſolv'd on Conqueſt; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impoſſible you ſhould be able to hold out againſt him.

Vict. Yes, powerful Champaign as they call it may do much; a Spark can no more refrain running into love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid diſputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows ſtronger than his Reaſon.

Mrs. *Good.* Come, come, diſſemble your Inclinations as artfully as you pleaſe, I am ſure they are not ſo indifferent, but they may be eaſily diſcerned.

Vict. Truly, Madam, you may be miſtaken in your gueſs.

Mrs. *Good.* How! I doubt it is ſome other Man then has cauſed this Alteration in you.——Lord, *Lettice*, is ſhe not extreamly alter'd?

Vict. Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. *Good.* Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glaſs and let her ſee her ſelf; Lord, you are paler than you uſe to be.

Let. Ay, and then that Blueneſs under the Eyes.

Mrs. *Good.* Beſides, you are not ſo lively as I have known you: Pardon me, Couſin.

Let. Well, if there be a fault, Marriage will cure all.

Vict. I'll aſſure you, I have none that I know of ſtands in need of ſo deſperate a Remedy. Marriage! fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter

Enter Page.

Mrs. *Good.* Well, what now?

Page. Madam *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Good.* Ha, *Camilla!* Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me, *Victoria?*

Vict. I'll but ſtep into my Chamber, and follow you inſtantly. [*Ex. Mrs.* Good. *and* Page.

Whither can all this drive? Surely ſhe has diſcovered ſomething of *Goodvile*'s Love and mine: If ſhe has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. Victoria! your Couſin is not here, is ſhe? What, in Clouds? I ſtole this Minute from my Friends on purpoſe to ſee thee, and muſt not I have a Look? Not a Word?

Vict. Oh, I am ruin'd and loſt for ever. I fear your Wife has had ſome knowledge of our Loves: And if it be ſo, what will then become of me?

Good. Prithee no more: My Wife! ſhe has too good an Opinion of her ſelf, to have an ill one of me; and would as ſoon believe her Glaſs could flatter her, as I be falſe to her: My Wife!——ha, ha.

Vict. Yes, I am ſure it muſt he ſo; it can be no otherwiſe: But you are ſatisfy'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miſerable.

Good. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd ſooner renounce my Family, and own my ſelf the Baſtard of a Raſcal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; *Truman* is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he ſhall be thine to Night.

Vict. I have great Reaſon to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Intereſt in ſo good a Friend for the Reparation of my Honour, that ſo little concerns you, and which you have already made your beſt of.

Good. No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deſerve it, by doing thee that Juſtice which I am incapable of.

Vict. You can promiſe eaſily.

Good. Ay, and as reſolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, ſhe here!

Mrs. *Good.* So, ſo, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I ſhould catch you.

Good. Faith, my Dear, I have been ſpeaking a good Word for *Jack Truman*; my Couſin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

Mrs. *Good.* Oh, fie, *Victoria!* Can you be ſo hard-hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

Vict. I muſt confeſs it is with ſome difficulty; but ſhould I too eaſily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s Interceſſion, who knows but your Ladyſhip might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may preſume there's hopes for himſelf.

Mrs. *Good.* Ay, but Couſin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me ſuch injury: Beſides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare truſt him. Don't you, Love?

Good. Truſt me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one —— Credulous Innocence! [*Aſide.*

Alas, my Dear, were I as falſe as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would ſhame me into Honeſty.

Enter Camilla *running and ſqueaking.* Truman *and* Valentine *after her.*

Cam. For Heav'n's ſake, Madam, ſave me! —— Mr. *Goodvile*, 'tis ſafer travelling through the Deſarts of *Arabia*, than ent'ring your Houſe: Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? It will be to little purpoſe; I am ſtanch, and never change my Game.

Cam. But when you have loſt it, if freſh ſtart up, you can be as fully ſatisfied, who hunt more for the love of the Sport, than for the ſake of the Prey.

Val. But, Madam, ſhould you chance to be taken, look to't; for I ſhall touſe and worry you moſt unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my ſelf ſeverely, for the pains you coſt me catching.

Cam. Therefore I am reſolv'd to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of ſuch a poor little Creaure as I am, in the Paws of ſo ravenous an Animal?

Trum.

Trum. But are you too, Lady, so wild as Mrs. *Camilla*?

Vict. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not so unmerciful as Mr. *Valentine*.

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and pliant as your Pillow; you may mould me to your own ease and pleasure, which way you will.

Vict. 'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should so well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wish to meet withall.

Val. Yes, Madam, at the Play-house in a Vizor, when you come dress't and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously Modish and Impertinent as the perfect Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we lose our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Cam. But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. *Good.* Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at ease as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-sick Lovers, as sigh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sung about the Town by Fools and Bullies in Taverns.

Good. Till some *Smithfield* Doggerel taking the hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a Kitchin-Wench.

Vict. 'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our Perfections.

Cam. As if the only way to raise a good Opinion of your selves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

Trum. Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard world, and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

Vict. You had best have a care though, lest you overreach you selves, and repent of your Purchase when 'tis too late.

Cam.

Cam. Besides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine, for the Love it raises is generally like the Courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short-liv'd.

Good. How, Madam! have a care what you say; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it, forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc'd.

Boy, bring some Wine, you shall prove its good effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink——

Cam. Till your Brains are afloat, and all the rest sink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like Opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

Cam. Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Trum. But if your Ladyship should be in the wrong.—— Tho' Love, like Wine, be a good Refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busie withal. And though now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my Heart with loving.

Mrs. *Good.* But, Sir, if all Men were of your cruel Temper, what would become of those tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, though it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfy'd as they poor Creatures are themselves?

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well, poor *Jack Truman* look to thy self, Snares are laid for thee;—— but the Virtuous must suffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all Flesh is frail.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Good. Now Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven Years hence: But at Night——

Val. A very fair Proposal.

Mrs. *Good.* Agreed, Sir, if you will have it so.

Good. The Wine——now each Man to his post.

[*They separate,* Good. *to* Cam. Val. *to* Vict. Trum. *to Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum.

The Word. [*All take Glaſſes.*

Trum. Love and Wine.

Good. Paſs —— [*They drink.*

Enter Lettice.

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice* you muſt ſing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Muſick is as great an Encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

Lettice ſings.

How bleſs'd he appears,
That revels and loves out his happy Years.
That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his Race:
And knowing Life's ſhort, chuſes living apace.
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it,
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

II.

Each day we grow older;
But as Fate approaches, the Brave ſtill are bolder.
The joys of Love with our Youth ſlide away,
But yet there are Pleaſures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are old.

Good. So, now ſhew me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Squeamiſh* is below, juſt alighted out of her Coach.

Good. Nay then drinking will have the major Vote againſt it: She is the moſt exact Obſerver of Decorums and Decency alive. But ſhe is not alone, I hope?

Boy. No, Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumſey*, a full portly Gentleman.

Trum. That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Eſtate, and her Kinſman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladyſhip has undertaken to poliſh and make a fine Gentleman.

Val. 'Tis ſuch a fulſom over-grown Rogue! yet hopes to be a fine Spark, and a very Courtly Youth; he has been this half Year endeavouring at a Shape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other,

I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

Good. She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels; and we may know as well when she is near by the noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new-fangled gingle of his Coach. She comes——and wo be to the Wretch whom she first lights upon.

Enter L. Squeamish, *Sir* Noble Clumsey, Malag. Caper, *and* Saunter.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thousand Happinesses wait on you! Fair Madam *Victoria*, sweet charming *Camilla*, which way shall I express my Service to you.---- Cousin your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

Clum. Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I salute you all: And Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant.—— That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

Good. Sir *Noble Clumsey* is too great a Courtier.

Clum. Yes, Sir, I can compliment upon an occasion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. *Squeam.* Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here; he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

Mal. But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I respect and honour: 'Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you *Malagene*, how durst you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care so little for your Company?

Mal. O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I should not have left you else, faith *Ned*, I should not.

Good. But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinsman drink? What think you, Sir *Noble*, of the Ladies Healths?

Clum. In a Glass of small Beer, if you please.

L. *Squeam.* Oh sweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself

himſelf with drinking. Lord, how I ſhould loath a Fellow with a red Noſe!

Val. See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Miſtreſſes.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em: a Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb ſometimes as naturally, as with a Lap-dog; and I could no more be jealous of one than of the other.

Val. I am not of your Opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em ſport: And the familiarity of Fools proceeds oftentimes from a Privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I ſhall make bold to divert.——Mr. *Saunter*, a word: Have you any Pretences with that Lady? hah?

Saun. Some ſmall Encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my boaſt of thoſe Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your beſt courſe.

Saun. Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that.——Sings.—— *Would Phyllis be mine, and for*, &c.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, the Fiddles are below; ſhall I call 'em up?

Mrs. *Good.* No, let 'em ſtay a little, we'll dance below.

Caper. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [Cap. *capers.*

Boy. Here, Sir.

Caper. Have you brought my Dancing-ſhoes?

Boy. No, Sir, you gave me no order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Caper. Raſcal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-ſhoes? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have 'em faſten'd to the Heels of thoſe I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable fault, Sir, that your Boy ſhould forget your Dancing-ſhoes.

Caper. Ay, hang him, Block-head, he has no ſenſe; I muſt get rid of him as ſoon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of ſhoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a Race in a pair of Gambado's.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Miſtreſs for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a Love between you and Madam *Camilla?* Thou Monſter of Perjury. [*To* Val.

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of love on my ſide, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladyſhip would but ſtand my Friend upon this occaſion.—— I think this is civil.

L. *Squeam.* I'll ſwear, Sir, you are a moſt obliging Perſon—— Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has deſired me to be his Advocate: Who could withſtand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein; beſides a thouſand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll ſwear, if it were my own caſe, I doubt I ſhould not—— ha, ha, ha!

Val. Madam? What means all this?

Good. Poor *Ned Valentine!*

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he muſt look for: but ſtay, there is more yet coming.

L. *Squeam.* Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worſe than thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expoſe thy Folly and Falſhood every where, 'till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

Val. But has your Ladyſhip no Mercy? Will nothing but my Ruin appeaſe you? Why ſhould you chuſe by your Malice to expoſe your decay of Years, and lay open your poor Lovers Follies to all, becauſe you could improve 'em to your own uſe no longer? [*Approaches.*

L. *Squeam.* Come not near me, Traytor,—— Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be ſo cruel? See, ſee, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n ſake have a care of him; I fear he is diſtemper'd in his Mind: What pity 'tis ſo hopeful a Gentleman ſhould run mad for Love,—— ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. *Good.* Dear Madam, how can you uſe Mr. *Valentine* ſo? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour, and ſpoil him for being good Company all the day after it.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greateſt pleaſure

to

to me in the World; Let me die, but I love to railly a baſhful young Lover, and put him out of Count'nance, at my Heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha! and I'll ſwear the Devil and all's in her Wit, when ſhe ſets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine!* Lord, how ſilily he looks!

Caper. Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

Clum. No, but Sir, don't be in a Paſſion: my Lady will have her humour; but ſhe's a very good Woman at the bottom.

Val. Very likely, Sir.

Mrs. *Good.* Now, Madam, if your Ladyſhip thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themſelves a little; only Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* muſt do us the honour of their Company.

Saun. Say you ſo, Madam? I'faith and you ſhall have it. Come *Caper*, we are the Men for the Ladies, I ſee that, —— Hey Boys!

L. *Squeam.* Oh dear! and ſweet Mr. *Saunter* ſhall oblige us with a Song.

Saun. O Madam, ten thouſand, ten thouſand if you pleaſe: I'll ſwear, I believe I could ſing all Day and all Night, and never be weary. [*Sings.*

When Phyllis *watcht her harmleſs Sheep,*
Not one poor Lamb, &c.

[*Ex.* Saunter, Caper *and Ladies.*

Good. A happy riddance this: Now Gentlemen, for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaintance, Sir *Noble Clumſey.*

Clum. Really Gallants, I muſt beg your Pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, ſurely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and ſmall Beer.

Clum. I muſt confeſs, Sir, I am ſomething plump; but a little fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

Mal. No, by no means my Dear, thou haſt an heroick Face, which well becomes the noble Port and fulneſs of thy Body.

Val. Goodvile, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been ſome time in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

Mal. Faith, *Goodvile* do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart —— Faith and Troth —— give me thy Hand.

Good. But Sir ſhould I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

Mal. Drunk, Sir, I ſcorn your Words, I'd have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very ſober: This noble Knight ſhall be ſecurity for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

Clum. Sir, you are a Perſon altogether a Stranger to me; and I have ſworn never to be bound for any Man.

Trum. Oh but Sir *Noble*, you are oblig'd in Honour to ſerve a Gentleman and your Friend.

Clum. Say you ſo, Sir? oblig'd in honour? I am ſatisfy'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatſoever he ſays I'll ſtand to.

Mal. Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

Good. Boy, the Wine, give Sir *Noble* his Glaſs, —— Gentlemen, Sir *Noble*'s Lady's Health.

Clum. Od's my Life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you ſhall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glaſs of good Wine!

Val. Say you ſo? Take the other Glaſs then, Sir *Noble*.

Clum. 'Fore *George*, and ſo I will. Pox on't, let it be a Brimmer: Gentlemen, God ſave the King.

Mal. Well ſaid my lovely Man of Might: His Worſhip grows good Company.

Trum. Sir *Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*; they are Men of pretty Parts.

Clum. Oh Sir, the fineſt Perſons —— the moſt obliging well-bred complaiſant modiſh Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Eſtates.

Trum.

Trum. This Rogue is one of thoſe Earthly Mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good Eſtate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, though his Grandfather were a Blackſmith.

Clum. How ſay you Sir, a good Eſtate? od's heart, give me the other Glaſs, I have two thouſand Pounds a Year.

Mal. Say'ſt thou ſo? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou ſee'ſt I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Good. Malagene, it ſhall be your Task; drink him up luſtily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to my Lady his Couſin, it may make ſome ſport.

Val. A very good Propoſal.

Mal. Say no more; thy word's a Law, and it ſhall be done: Come, bear up my luſty Limb of Honour, and hang Sobriety.

Clum. Ay, ſo ſay I, hang Sobriety——drink, whore, rant, roar, ſwear, make a noiſe, and all that: But be honeſt, do'ſt hear, be honeſt.

Trum. I would very fain be ſo if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any miſchief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not ſtrike firſt, and there's an end on't. [*Muſick within.*

Enter Lettice.

Let. Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies deſire your Company.——Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

Trum. Say'ſt thou ſo? I thank thee for thy news with all my Heart. The Devil I ſee will get the better on't, and there is no reſiſting.

Let. Sir *Noble*, my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſent me to tell you, ſhe wants your Company to dance.

Clum. Tell her, I am buſie about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come.——Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but theſe Women will be always putting us on more than we can do.——Boy, give me more Wine.

Good. Malagene, remember, and uſe expedition.

[*Ex.* Good. Trum. Val. Lettice.

Clum. Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight: And here's a Health to all the Whores in Chriſtendom.

Mal. Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [*Drinks.*

Clum. So, there's for you, do you ſee? [*Breaks a Glaſs.* Sirrah, don't you look ſcurvily; I have Mony in my Pocket, you muſt know that.——Bring us more Wine.——*Malagene*, thou art a pretty Fellow; doſt thou love me? Give me thy Hand: I will ſalute thy under Lip. [*Staggers.*

Mal. Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I ſhall almoſt be drunk as ſoon as the Knight. Sir *Noble*, canſt thou whore?

Clum. How, whore! what a queſtion's there? Thou ſhalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

Mal. What a Raſcal this Knight is? I have known as worthy a Perſon as himſelf a Pimp, and one that thought it no blemiſh to his Honour neither.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh *at the Door.*

Clum. Hah, my Lady Couſin?——Faith, Madam, you ſee I am at it.

Mal. The Devil's in't, I think; we could no ſooner talk of Whores, but ſhe muſt come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

L. *Squeam.* Oh, odious! inſufferable! Who would have thought, Couſin, you would have ſerv'd me ſo——fough, how he ſtinks of Wine, I can ſmell him hither.——How have you the patience to hear the noiſe of Fiddles, and ſpend your time in naſty drinking?

Clum. Hum! 'tis a good Creature: Lovely Lady, thou ſhalt take thy Glaſs.

L. *Squeam.* Uh gud; murther! I had rather you had offered me a Toad.

Clum. Then *Valentine*, here's a Health to my Lady Couſin's *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. [*Drinks and breaks the Glaſs.*

L. *Squeam.* Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

Mal. A certain place Madam in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Ancients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

L. *Squeam.* Nay he is an ingenious Perſon I'll aſſure you.

Clum. Now Lady bright I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy hand, I'll go ſtrait and begin my Grandmother's kiſſing

kiſſing Dance; but firſt deſign me the private honour of thy Lip.

L. *Squeam.* Nay, fie Sir *Noble*! how I hate you now! for ſhame be not ſo rude: I'll ſwear you are quite ſpoiled. Get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile *a little heated.*

Good. WHAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's reſolv'd on; and ſo one Care is over. But then *Camilla*! how I ſhall get Poſſeſſion of her.-----Well, my Mind miſgives me, I ſhall do ſomething may call my Diſcretion in queſtion; and yet I can't avoid it. *Camilla* I do love and muſt have her, come what will on't: And no time ſo fit to begin the Enterprize as this; ſhe may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter Truman *and* Valentine. *Muſick.*

Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to deſpair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

Trum. Goodvile thou haſt no Conſcience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no ſuch trifling Matter.

Good. Oh but I hate to be baulk'd, and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Miſtreſs that Jilts me when I thought I had made ſure of the Buſineſs. But Gallants, how ſtand the Affairs of Love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I queſtion not your Friendſhip in the Matter, but truſt the Honour of my Family in your Hands.

Val. He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a Stranger on what score he is so wondrous Civil. But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in Kindness long. [*Aside.*

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very thought on't goes a little against my Stomach: Like a young Thief, though I have some itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

Good. Well, I'll go in and better prepare *Victoria*; in the mean time believe it only my Ambition to be as well ally'd in Blood, as Friendship, to so good and generous a Person as *Truman*. [*Exit.*

Trum. What a damn'd Creature Man is! *Valentine*, didst thou believe this Fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I must confess, it something surprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Person to put his Mistress upon, than his Friend: But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

Trum. Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it----his Wife, even his very Wife told me all.

Val. I begin to suspect that Mrs. *Goodville* has no ill Opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you: Besides, when a Woman begins to betray her Husband's Secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a Mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. Valentine, no more of that; though it would be a rare Revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling Rogue.

Val. 'Tis fifty times better than cutting his Throat: that were to do him more Honour than he deserves.

Enter Malagene.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Sport------*Jack Truman*, *Ned Valentine*.

Trum. Why, what's the Matter? Where?

Mal. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

Val. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Mal. Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beer-glass in his Hand, I set him full drive at my Lady *Squeamish*;

miſh; for nothing elſe but to make miſchief, *Ned* —— nothing elſe in the World; for every Body knows I am the worſt-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of Wit.

Val. Do you love no Body then?

Mal. No not I: Yes, a pox on't I love you well enough, becauſe ye are a Rogue I have known a good while. Though ſhould I take the leaſt Prejudice againſt you, I could not afford you a good Word behind your Back for my Heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much oblig'd to you: 'Tis a ſign the Rogue is drunk that he ſpeaks Truth.

Mal. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jeſt as ever you heard.

Val. Pray, Sir, do.

Mal. Why walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me, and ask'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty Propoſition to me:) Being in one of my Witty merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow ſhook his Head, and told me he was born ſo.——But how d'ye think I ſerv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Mal. I ſhow'd my Parts, I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Buſineſs.

Trum. And this you ſay is your way of Wit?

Mal. Ay altogether, this and Mimickry: I am a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Mal. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, ſo I ſay---- Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sauſages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roaſting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed muſt be the Effect of very curious Obſervation.

Mal. No, hang it, I never make it my Buſineſs to obſerve any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, you ſhall ſee me if you will: But here comes her Ladyſhip and Sir *Noble*.

Enter Lady Squeamish *and Sir* Noble Clumsey.

L. *Squeam.* Oh, dear Mr. *Truman* rescue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'ns sake.

Clum. I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely Body. Sir, do you know me! I am Sir *Noble Clumsey:* I am a Rogue of an Estate, and I live——Do you want any Mony? I have fifty Pounds.

Val. Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your Generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir *Noble*.

Clum. Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.——Hang Mony, my Father was an Alderman.

Mal. 'Tis pity good Guineas should be spoil'd: Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [*Picks 'em up.*

Clum. But, Sir, you will not keep my Mony?

Mal. Oh, hang Mony, Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

Clum. Well, get thee gone for an Arch-wag——I do but sham all this while:——But by Dad he's pure Company.

Trum. Was there ever such a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheless a mighty Opinion of himself, and thinks all this Wit and pretty Discourse.

Clum. Lady, once more I say be civil, and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

Val. Well done Sir *Noble*, to her, never spare.

L. *Squeam.* I may be even with you though for all this, Mr. *Valentine:* Nay, dear Sir *Noble*: Mr. *Truman*, I'll swear he'll put me into Fits.

Clum. No, but let me salute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [*Kneels.*

Mal. Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. *Squeam.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a strange Man, and I'll swear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Mal. Write? I thank your Ladyship for that with all my Heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon or so sometimes, that's all.

Trum. But he can act,

L. *Squeam.*

L. *Squeam.* I'll swear and so he does better than any one upon our Theatres; I have seen him. Oh the *English* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian:* Besides we want Poets.

Clum. Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counsel: Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it that may be moving, and make your Lady's Characters virtuous what e'er you do.

Clum. Moving? Why, I can never read it my self but it makes me laugh: well, 'tis the pretty'st Plot and so full of Waggery.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ridiculous!

Mal. But, Knight, the Title; Knight, the Title.

Clum. Why let me see; 'tis to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or, The Life and Death of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog *Bobadillo.*

Mal. Ha, ha, ha!

Val. But Sir *Noble,* this sounds more like a Comedy.

Clum. Oh, but I have resolved it shall be a Tragedy, because *Bobadillo*'s to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can squirt Comedy.—— I'll tell you more of this when I am sober.

L. *Sqeam.* But dear Mr. *Malagene,* won't you let us see you act a little something of *Harlequin?* I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [Mal. *acts*] Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

Trum. Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life surely is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman with all the exquisite Sillinesses and Vanity of her Sex; yet none of the Charms. [Malagene *speaks in* Punchinello's *Voice.*

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene,* how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actress? *Mal.*

Mal. Ever since your Ladyship has been off from the Hooks with Mr. *Valentine*. [*In his own Voice aloud.*

L. *Squeam.* Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my Face, whatever he might say of me behind my Back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the World, that I am satisfy'd of.

Val. Can your Ladyship take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene?* A Woman should bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill Manners of her Monkey sometimes: The Fools and Rascals your Sex delights in, ought to have the Privilege of saying, as well as they have of doing, any thing.

L. *Squeam.* Which you Men of Wit (as you think your selves!) are very angry you should be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts should be your Misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the Curse of it; I who had just Sense enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily possest of.

L. *Squeam.* This Malice and Ill-nature shall not serve your turn; I shall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your Love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Caper. Oh dear Madam, w'are utterly undone for want of your Ladyship's Company I'll vow. Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

[*Cuts backward.*

Clum. Sir, are you a Dancing-Master? you are very nimble methinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But Sir *Noble*, I thought you had known me, I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

Clum. Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or so, 'tis good for my bodily Health. But do you never drink?

Caper.

Caper. No, Sir *Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind dancing altogether.

Clum. Nor you? can't you drink, hah?

Saun. No, I make love and ſing to Ladies.

Clum. Whores to my knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A Pox on your Woman of Quality that you carry'd me to in the *Mall*.

Trum. Why, what was the matter, Sir *Noble*?

Clum. By yea and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd inſtead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to eat.

L. *Squeam.* O dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleaſant.

Trum. I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right; for I never came near theſe giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney ſtripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Caper. Ned Valentine, I have a Kindneſs to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

Caper. Why, you muſt know I am in love with *Camilla*.

Val. Very good.

Caper. Now I would have you ſpeak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catch'd him at it but now: Faith it made my Heart ake, never ſtir if it did not.

Val. Introth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil: *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as faſt as he can. *Camilla*'s his Quarrey now I underſtand, and by that time he has plaid as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Miſtreſs *Victoria*, I may ſtand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. Valentine, thou art upon too ſure grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much Wit and Virtue, and each with as little Affectation as the other.

Val. Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you; I know there is ſome love hatching between you and his Wife: Both our Revenge lies in thy Hands, and

if

if thou doſt not thy ſelf and me Juſtice, I'll diſown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes, with a Heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but Honeſty in it.

Enter Goodvile *ſinging.*

When Beauty can't move, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are old.

Good.——*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee 'till we were weary. She ſwears thou art ſo very modeſt, ſhe would not for all the world marry thee for fear of ſpoiling that Virtue.

Trum. Nay, then I doubt I have loſt her for ever; for if ſhe complains of my Modeſty, ſhe has found a Fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

Good. But that is a quality which though they hate never ſo much in a Gallant, they are apt for many Reaſons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Diſſimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more deſpair of a Woman, tho' ſhe ſwore ſhe hated me, than I would believe her tho' ſhe ſwore ſhe lov'd me.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh, *and the reſt of the Company, with the Fiddles.*

L. *Squeam.* Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. *Caper*, where are you? you ſhall dance with Madam *Camilla*. Mr. *Saunter* wait on *Victoria*, Mr. *Goodvile* your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Truman* won't you oblige me? Madam *Goodvile*——ha, ha, ha: I'll ſwear I had utterly forgotten Mr. *Valentine*.

Val. Your Ladyſhip knows me to be a civil Perſon, if you pleaſe, I'll keep good Orders. [*All take out the Women.*

Mal. Faith *Ned* do, and I'll keep the Muſick in tune: Away with it; [*Muſick plays.*] Hold, hold-----what inſufferable Raſcals are theſe? why ye ſcurvy thraſhing ſcraping Mongrels, ye make a worſe noiſe then crampt Hedghogs. An old gouty Dancing-Maſter that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Muſick on his crack'd Kit------'Sdeath ye Dogs can't you play now as a Gentleman ſings? hah------

Good.

Good. Sir, will you never leave this nauſeous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I muſt be forc'd to uſe you ill, or indure the perpetual torment of your Impertinence.

Mal. Well Sir, I ha' done Sir, I ha' done: But 'tis very hard a Man can't be permitted to ſhew his Parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, do'ſt thou think thou underſtand'ſt Muſick?

Good. Sir, I underſtand it ſo well, that I won't have it interrupted in my Company by you.

Mal. I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had underſtood any thing before.----I think there I was pretty even with you.

Good. Saucineſs and Ill-manners are ſo much your Province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

Mal. Sir, you may uſe your Pleaſure; but I care no more for being kickt, than you do for kicking. But prithee *Frank* why ſhould you be out of humour ſo? The Devil take me, if I ſhall not give thee ſuch a Jerk preſently will make thee angry indeed.

L. *Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be ſo Ill-natur'd? I'll ſwear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. Theſe People have no Manners in the leaſt, play not at all to dancing: But I vow he himſelf ſings a Tune extream prettily.

Good. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd? I ſhall have no opportunity to purſue my Buſineſs with *Camilla*: I muſt remove this troubleſom Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put ſtop at leaſt to her Impertinence.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beſeech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* ſing a *Scotch* Song: I'll ſwear I am a ſtrange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretty'ſt ſoft melting gentle harmleſs Things------

Saun. By Dad, and ſo they are.------*In January laſt*------ [Sings.

Val. Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worſe than a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Muſick. I wiſh I could ſee her Ladyſhip dance a *Scotch* Jigg to one of 'em.

Mal.

Mal. I muſt needs beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, I have forgotten the laſt new *Scotch* Song: But if you pleaſe, I'll entertain you with one of another nature, which I am apt to blieve will be as pleaſant.

L. *Squeam.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

Malagene *ſings an Iriſh Cronon.*

Mal. Well, Madam, how like you it Madam, hah?

L. *Squeam.* Really it is very pretty now——the pretty'ſt odd out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it ſtrangely?

Mal. I'll aſſure your Ladyſhip I learnt it of an *Iriſh* Muſician that's lately come over, and intend to preſent it to an Author of my Acquaintance to put it in his next Play.

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha; Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Miſtreſs,——ha, ha, ha.

Val. My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he ſhall learn it if you pleaſe; and if your Ladyſhip has any further Service for him——

L. *Squeam.* Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

Trum. Valentine, thou art ſomething too rough; I am afraid her Ladyſhip will be reveng'd; I ſee Miſchief in her Eyes; 'tis ſafer provoking a *Lancaſhire* Witch, than an old Miſtreſs; and ſhe as violent in her Malice too.

Good. Malagene, a word with you——hark ye, come hither. [*Goes to the Door.*

Mal. Well *Frank*, what's the buſineſs now? I am clearly for Miſchief: ſhall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Raſcals out of doors?

Good. No, Sir; but I'll be ſo civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no ſtruggling, I have Footmen within.

Mal. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a ſilly affected fantaſtical Gipſy: I did all this but o' purpoſe to ſhew her——Let me alone, I'll abuſe her worſe.

Good. No, Sir; but I'll take more care of your Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Reſiſtance as you tender your Ears; but be gone. [*Exit* Mal.

So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have ſome little

little time to my self.—— Fiddles strike up. [*Dance.*

Trum. Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleasures of a single Life, and ease your self of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. *Good.* Who would not hate to be one of those simpring Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for a while, but at last turn as errant Sinners as e'er they were.

Trum. Marriages indeed should be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handsome Retreats and Conveniencies, not for Prisons, where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. *Good.* But never Sir without a Lady Abbess or a Confessor at least.

Trum. Might I, Madam, have the honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. *Good.* See, Mr. *Goodvile* and Madam *Camilla* I believe are at Shrift already.

Trum. And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as pensively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. *Good.* See Mr. *Caper*, your Mistress.

Caper. Ha *Camilla!* Sir your Servant, may I have the honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Good. No Sir. Death! surely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my House, and they are a worse Plague than Buggs and Mothes: Shall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir *Noble*, Sir *Noble*, have a care of your Mistress! do you see there?

Clum. Hum---ha---where? oh—— [*Wakes and rises.*

Saun. Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper*'s as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiest Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. *Harry*, I shall marry her.

Clum. Marry Sir! whom will you marry, Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee my self presently.

Vict. You, Sir *Noble!* ——what d'ye mean? [*She squeaks.*

Clum. Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably.

bly. Theſe are Rogues my Dear, arrant Rogues. Come along—— [*Ex. Sir* Nob. *and* Vict.

Cap. Ha, *Saunter.*——

Saun. Ay *Caper*, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I faith, and ſo I will——I don't value him this! [*Cutts.* [*Ex.* Cap. *and* Saunt.

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll ſwear my Couſin Sir *Noble* is a ſtrange pleaſant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and ſee the ſport. Mr. *Truman*, will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot. [*Exeunt.*

Val. I'll withdraw too, and at ſome diſtance obſerve how matters are carried between *Goodvile* and *Camilla*. [*Exit.*

Good. Are you then, Madam, reſolv'd to ruin me? Why ſhould all that ſtock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deſerve the Gleanings of it? I love you——

Cam. And all the Sex beſides. That ever any Man ſhould take ſuch pains to forſwear himſelf to no purpoſe!

Good. Nay, then there's hopes yet: if you pretend to doubt the truth of my Love, 'tis a ſign you have ſome Inclinations at leaſt that are my Friends.

Cam. This *Goodvile* I ſee is one of thoſe ſpruce poliſht Fools, who have ſo good an Opinion of themſelves, that they think no Woman can reſiſt 'em, nor Man of better Senſe deſpiſe 'em. I'll ſeem at preſent to comply, and try how far 'twill paſs upon him.

Good. Well Madam, have you conſider'd on't? Will the Stone in your Heart give way?

Cam. No, Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Good. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my ſelf? Hah?

Cam. At your own diſcretion Sir, though I ſhould be loth to ſee ſo proper a handſom Gentleman come to an ill end.

Good. Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my Revenge ſhall be to love you ſtill; gloat on and loll after you where-e'er I ſee you; in all publick meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and ſo plain, that every Fop that ſings 'em ſhall know 'tis you I mean.

Cam. So Sir, this is something: Cou'd not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of love and noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

Good. Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a Watch and Guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-dress'd Fool in private, but I'll know it; then in a lewd Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the hour you ever saw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel Man!

Good. Hah, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand Pardons; curst damn'd Sot that I was! I have ruin'd my self now for ever.

Cam. Well Sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been married a full Year: How must I then suspect your Love to me, that can so soon forget your Faith to her?

Good. Oh Madam, what do you do? The name of a Wife to a Man in love is worse than cold Water in a Fever: 'Tis enough to strike the Distemper to my Heart and kill me quite: my Lady quoth a!

Cam. Besides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

Good. I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withall: Nay more, I would on a good occasion lose my Life for my Friend; but not my Pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Good. You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

Cam. I won't promise you; can't you trust my good nature?

Good. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my hopes are compleated.

Cam. Haste! haste! away Sir, I see *Valentine* coming.---- [*Ex.* Good.

Enter

Enter Valentine

Val. Madam, you are extreamly merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvile* has left you in so good a humour.

Cam. Ay Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

[*Enter Lady* Squeamish, Bridget *at the Door.*

L. *Squeam. Valentine* and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love Malice!

Val. Ungratefull'st of Women!

Cam. Foolish'est of Men! Can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since first your knowledge of me that might perswade you I should ever grow fond of a Man, as notoriously false to all Women, as you are unworthy of me?

L. *Squeam.* Has *Valentine* been false to her too? nay, then there is some pleasure left yet, to think I am not the only Woman that has suffer'd by his Baseness. [*Aside.*

Val. What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an hour only for a little harmless Raillery or so? an honour I could never obtain without hard suit and humble supplication.

Cam. Alas! how very Politick you are grown! you would pretend Displeasure to try your Power. No —— I shall henceforth think you never had a good Opinion of me, but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastical Jealousie is now.

Val. What specious Pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easie and good-natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd: ---- What, not a Word?

Cam. Though I can hardly descend to satisfie your Distrust, for which I hardly value you, and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him, and of love too; nay more, granted him an Appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an opportunity as this to check your Pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a distance.

Val.

Val. Tho' I had some reason to be in doubt, yet this true Resentment and just Proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a Man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his Baseness made me run into so mean a Distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: But the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private I shall have you listning at the Door or eves-dropping under the Window. What, distrust your Friend, the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvile!*——fie, how can you be so ungenerous?

Val. There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his ends:——Even his own Kinswoman and Charge, *Victoria*, he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think, how easily he swallow'd the Cheat: He could not be more transported at Possession, than he was with Expectation, and he went away in a greater Triumph than if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

Val. Where did you promise him?

Cam. In the left hand Walk in the lower Garden.

L. *Squeam.* So, in the left hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that, [*Aside.*
But Mr. *Valentine* you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

L. *Squeam.* Enough, I know the Time and Place; and Madam *Camilla*, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to Night. Alas poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her!

Cam. Now would this News be more welcome to her Ladyship Madam *Squeamish*, than a new Fashion, a new Dance, or a new Song: How many Visits would she make on the occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest for her, till she had made it a Jest. From the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holborn*.

Val. But for some private Reasons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are Affairs

fairs to be carry'd on to Night, which the leaſt Accident may interrupt.——Beſides, I have thought upon't, and will ſo contrive the matter, that *Goodvile* ſhall keep his Aſſignation, and her Ladyſhip her ſelf ſupply the place of the much-expected charming *Camilla*.

Cam. But would you Sir do me ſuch an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. *Goodvile?* that were inhumane.

Val. Good Conſcionable Creature have Patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too faſt; there's an Account yet between you and I which muſt be made even; and I think I had beſt ſecure it, now I have you in my cuſtody.

Cam. Ay but Sir, if I part with any thing, I ſhall expect to have ſomething to ſhew for't.

Val. Nay, if I don't offer as luſty ſecurity and conditions as any Man, let me loſe all I lay claim to, that's fair. [*Exeunt.*

L. *Squeam.* So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extreamly ſurprizing. *Bridget* go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had laſt made in imitation of *Camilla*'s, for perhaps I ſhall go a Maſquerading to Night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheleſs

Brid. Madam, won't the other ſerve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove*'s t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. *Squeam.* Impertinent Creature! and would'ſt thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I ſay; and d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to Night.

Brid. I never knew her without fantaſtical ones I am ſure, for they coſt me many a weary Errand. [*Ex.*

Enter Victoria.

L. *Squeam.* Oh my dear *Victoria!* the moſt unlookt for Happineſs! the pleaſant'ſt Accident! the ſtrangeſt Diſcovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

Vict. Dear Madam, what is it ſo tranſports you?

L. *Squeam.* Nay 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I ſhall die with laughter——ha, ha, ha,

ha, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla*—— ha ha ha.—— O dear, my Heart's broke.

Vict. Good Madam refrain your Mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a ſhare in it.

L. *Squeam.* An Aſſignation! an Aſſignation to Night in the lower Garden.——By ſtrong good Fortune I overheard it all juſt now——but to think on the pleaſant Conſequence that will happen, drives me into an exceſs of Joy beyond all ſufferance.

Vict. Madam, in all probability the pleaſant'ſt Conſequence is like to be theirs if any Bodies, and I cannot gueſs how it ſhould touch your Ladyſhip in the leaſt.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Lord, how can you be ſo dull? Why, at the very hour and place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s ſtead, before ſhe can be there her ſelf; then when ſhe comes expoſe her Infamy to all the World, till I have thoroughly reveng'd my ſelf for all the baſe Injuries her Lover has done to me.

Vict. But Madam, can you indure to be ſo malicious?

L. *Squeam.* That, that's the dear Pleaſure of the thing; for I vow I'd ſooner die ten thouſand Deaths, if I thought I ſhould hazard the leaſt Temptation to the prejudice of my Honour.

Vict. But why ſhould your Ladyſhip run into the mouth of Danger? Who knows what ſcurvy lurking Devil may ſtand in readineſs and ſeize your Virtue, before you are aware of him?

L. *Squeam.* Temptation? No I'd have you know I ſcorn Temptation: I durſt truſt my ſelf in a Convent amongſt a Kennel of Cramm'd Friers: Beſides that ungrateful ill-bred Fellow *Valentine* is my mortal Averſion: More odious to me than foul Weather on a *May*-Day, or ill ſmell in a Morning.

Vict. Nay, now Madam you are too violent.

L. *Squeam.* Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that ſhould commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria* urge nothing in his behalf, for if you do, you loſe my Friendſhip for ever: Tho' I ſwear he was a fine Perſon once, before he was ſpoil'd.

Vict. I am ſure your Ladyſhip had the beſt ſhare in his ſpoiling then.

L. *Squeam.* No, were I inclin'd to entertain Addreſſes, I aſſure I need not want for Servants: For I ſwear I am ſo perplext with *Billet Deux* every Day, I know not which way to turn my ſelf: Beſides there is no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind: Oh dear *Victoria!* whatever you do, never let Love come near your Heart: Tho' really I think true Love is the greateſt pleaſure in the World.

Vict. Would I had never known Love: My Honour had not then lain at the mercy of ſo ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodvile,* who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

L. *Squeam.* Well, certainly I am the moſt unſteady reſtleſs humourſom Woman breathing: Now am I ſo tranſported at the thoughts of what I have deſign'd, that I long till the hour comes, with more Impatience than — I'll ſwear I know not what to ſay-----Dear *Victoria* ten thouſand Adieus----Wiſh me good Succeſs-----Yet now I think on't I'll ſtay a little longer----I'll ſwear I muſt not neither---Well! I'll go-----No, I'll ſtay----Well, I am reſolv'd neither to ſtand ſtill-----ſit ſtill----nor lie ſtill-----nor have one thought at reſt-----till the buſineſs be over.----- I'll ſwear I am a ſtrange Creature. [*Ex. L.* Squeam.

Vict. Farewel Whirligig.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. Victoria here! To meet with an old Miſtreſs when a Man is in purſuit of a freſh one, is a worſe Omen than a Hare in a Journey.------I'll ſtep aſide this way 'till ſhe's paſt me; ſo, farewel Fubb. [*Makes mouths.* [*Exit* Vict. Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla!* How I long for the happy hour! Swelling burning Breaſts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, millions of Kiſſes and unſpeakable Joys wait for me.

Enter Truman *and* Valentine.

Well Gentlemen! Now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear *Goodvile* thou art too pow'rful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a ſwift Glaſs or two now were ſeaſonable and refreſhing, to waſh away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

Val.

Val. After a Man has been disturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompence himself with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

Good. Spoken like Men that deserve the Life you enjoy: I'll in before and put all things in readiness.

[*Ex.* Goodvile.

Val. This worthy Person, for his Honesty and Sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaster: But he is as damnable an *English* Friend and Gentleman as one would wish to meet withal.

Trum. Valentine, thou art too much concerned at him: Methinks *Camilla*'s Justice and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him as I do.

Val. Truman, thou indeed hast reason: And when I shall know the happy Success of the Revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do my self and him that Justice as scorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum. Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very Night I also have an Assignation with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper End of the Garden, the opposite Walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla.*

Val. Then I am at rest: let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no Interruption: At least he will be so full of his Expectation of *Camilla,* that he'll never dream in what posture his own Affairs stand in another place.

Trum. Away then: And may good Luck attend us: E'er yet two Hours are past, his Wife's my own. Methinks already in that secure dark private Grotto,

Close in my Arms, and languishing she lyes,
With dying Locks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes,
And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Night-Garden.*

Enter Goodvile *at one Door, Mrs.* Goodvile *and* Lettice *following her at the other.*

Good. SO, I think I came off in good time: Hold! now for *Camilla:* by *Jove* I think I am little better than drunk. Hah! who's there, *Victoria* as I live; nay it muſt be ſhe, as I ſaid before. The poor Gipſie's jealous; has had ſome Intimation of my Appointment with *Camilla:* I'll looſ off, and obſerve which way ſhe ſteers.

Mrs. *Good. Lettice,* I fear that's Mr. *Goodvile*'s Voice; whatever you do, if any croſs Accident happens, be ſure you call me *Victoria.*

Good. Ay, ay, 'tis *Victoria!* Vigilant Devil! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower End of the Walk.

Mrs. *Good. Lettice,* look well round you that no body ſee us, and then follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well: How I pity poor *Valentine*! yonder is he plying Bumpers as they call 'em, more furiouſly than a Foreign Miniſter, that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited ſomething long though; who comes here?

Enter Lettice.

Let. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice.*

Trum. My little good-natur'd Agent is it you? Where's thy Lady? She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languiſh here ſo long in Expectation: It looks as if ſhe rather meant to make a tryal of my Patience, than my Love: Is ſhe coming?

Let. Well, I ſwear (as my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſays) you are a ſtrange Creature. But I'll go and tell her: Though I'll vow I utterly diſown having any Hand in this Buſineſs; and if any Ill comes of it 'tis none of my Fault.

Trum. No, no, not in the leaſt; prithee diſpatch. How's this! more Company! who comes there?

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Tis I, *Jack Truman*; your Friend *Valentine*.

Trum. My dear Encourager of Iniquity! what News? Where's *Goodvile*?

Val. No matter for *Goodvile!* here comes your Miſtreſs.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile. Valentine *retires*.

Trum. Now, now, now! what the Devil ails me? how I ſhall quake and tremble? —Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. *Good.* Mr. *Truman*, is't your Voice? *Lettice*, you may go in again if you will.— [*Ex.* Lettice. Well, Sir, I'll vow Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp Evening for a World.

Trum. I'll warrant you Madam, whilſt you are in my Poſſeſſion, no Cold ſhall hurt you: Come, ſhall we withdraw to the *Grotto?*

Mrs. *Good.* Withdraw to the *Grotto?* bleſs me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll ſwear you make my Heart ake.

Trum. Oh Madam! I have the beſt Cure for the Paſſion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it Madam, 'tis *Probatum*: Come, come, let's retire,—do, make a diſturbance, and ruin your ſelf and me, do!

Mrs. *Good.* Nay, I'll ſwear, Sir, you are inſufferably rude; you had beſt make a Noiſe and alarm my Husband, you had, for hang me I ſhall cry out.

Trum. No, no, I'm ſure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll uſe you ſo gently—hark!—don't you hear, there's ſomebody coming.

Mrs. *Good.* Where, where, where? If we are ſeen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you ſuch an advantage again.

Trum. I'm ſure you would not, if I ſhould let ſlip this. Come, come, Delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. *Good.* Ah Lord you kill me!—what will become of me——ah—— [*Carries her in.*

Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your condition is ſomething deſperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am

like to have here; but it is for the ſake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perſuade me to any thing.

Enter Malagene *at ſome diſtance.*

Mal. So, *Jack Truman* and Madam *Goodvile* have ordered Matters pretty well; I'll ſay that for my Kinſwoman, ſhe lays about her handſomely. But certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more ſport yet.

Val. That ſhould be *Goodvile*: I'll ſtep behind this Tree, and ſee how he and her Ladyſhip behave themſelves. This is like to be a Night of as civil buſineſs, as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. Death, and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine* has ſous'd me? If I ſhould have overſtay'd the time now, and miſs'd of my Appointment with *Camilla*--- *Truman* is reel'd home that's certain, and *Valentine* I believe has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

L. *Squeam.* That muſt be *Valentine*, nay, I am ſure it is he! how ſneakingly will he look when he ſhall find his Miſtake? But I'll take care if poſſible that no ſuch thing ſhall happen; ſo mine be the Pleaſure, and *Camilla*'s the Scandal; I'll ruſh by him through the Walk into the Wilderneſs. [*Runs croſs the Walk.*

Good. That muſt be ſhe, how ſwiftly ſhe flew along, as if ſhe fear'd to be too late, looſely attired and fit for Joys! Now all the power of Love and good Fortune direct me. [*Exit.*

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he is ſafe; though a Pox on't, methinks this dry Pimping is but a ſcurvy Employment: Had I but a Siſter or Kinſwoman of his to keep doing withal, there were ſome Comfort in it,—— but here comes *Truman* and the Lady; I muſt not be ſeen. [*Ex.*

Enter Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum. You ſhall not go: Come but back a little, I have ſomething more to tell you that nearly concerns us both; beſides, Mr. *Goodvile*'s in the Garden, and if he ſhould chance to meet us, what Excuſe could we make to him?

Mrs. *Good.* But will you promiſe me *Victoria* ſhall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deſerve it I am ſure half ſo well as I.

Trum. Kind tender-hearted Creature, I know it: Nor ſhall ſhe ever come ſo near it, as to know that I have one: —— Alas! we talk too long, [*Noiſe.*
I hear Company coming, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd, and diſappointed and then I am undone.

Mrs. *Good.* I'll ſwear you make me tremble every Joynt of me: What would you have me do?

Trum. See, ſee, who are yonder.

[*Exeunt* Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Enter Goodvile *and Lady* Squeamiſh.

Good. What a Feaſt of Delight have I had! ſurely ſhe was born only to make me happy! her natural and unexperienced Tenderneſs exceeded practis'd Charms: —— Dear bleſt lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

L. *Squeam.* Ha ha, ha!

Good. How's this? my Lady *Squeamiſh!* —— Death and the Devil.

L. *Squeam.* Truly ſweet Mr. *Valentine* the ſame. Now, Sir, I hope —— Ugh gad! Mr. *Goodvile!*

[*They ſtare at each other.*

Good. Have I been mumbling an old *Kite* all this while, inſtead of my young *Partridge?* a Pox o' my depraved Palate, that could diſtinguiſh no better.

L. *Squeam.* Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what ails you! —— this was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die, it is very pleaſant; ha, ha, ha!

Good. A Pox on the Pleaſures, and you too, I ſay.

L. *Squeam.* This malicious Devil *Camilla* has over-reached me: —— Well Mr. *Goodvile*, you are the worthieſt Perſon; —— had I an only Daughter, I durſt truſt her with you, you are ſo very civil: —— Well, Innocence is the greateſt Happineſs in the World.

Good. Right Madam, it is ſo, and you know we have been very Innocent; done no harm in the World, not we.

L. *Squeam.* The Cenſorious World, if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to ſpeak Re-

proachfully; but so long as I my self am satisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a thing I defy and scorn.

Good. Very Philosophically spoken:——But, Madam, so long as the World is to be a Stranger to our Happiness, why should we deny our selves the second pleasure of Congratulation?

L. *Squeam.* Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot say that you have had the least advantage over my Frailty: Well, what might have happened, if the strict Severity of both our Virtues had not secured us?

Good. This affected Impudence of hers, is beyond all the Impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.——Virtue with a Pox! I think I have reason to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Virtue found I about her.

L. *Squeam.* But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: Though I am extreamly mistaken if I saw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much mistaken if a Lady was not with him too.

Good. Hell and Confusion! that must be *Victoria*: I thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious Design of discovering me, avoided her.——False to me with *Valentine?*

L. *Squeam.* I'll swear Mr. *Goodvile* I have long suspected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealousie has confirm'd me; and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

Good. Death Madam! this is beyond all sufferance:—— disappointed, and jilted by *Camilla!* abused by *Victoria!* and with *Valentine* too, *Truman's* Friend, who I thought should have marry'd her!——Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex! may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betray'd.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be patient: Let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trusting Men again:——Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire. I'll swear if you are not more Moderate, you'll discompose me strangely:---- How my Heart beats!

Good.

Good. Patience! preach it to a galled Lion:——No, I am ſure ſhe is not far off, and I will find her; ſurprize her in the midſt of her Infamy and Proſtitution;——'Sdeath Madam, let me go.

L. *Squeam.* I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you ſhall not go:----I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to ſtir:——Oh my Heart, here's *Malagene.*

Enter Malagene *Singing* Frank, Frank, Frank, *&c.*

Mal. Why how now *Frank,* what a Pox, out of humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks!——why *Frank* I ſay, prethee bear up.

Good. Hark you Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

Mal. No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I ſhall publiſh; by my Soul Joy, I ſhall.

Good. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owles! I'll ſet my Houſe o' fire, rather than have it haunted and peſter'd by ſuch Vermine.

Mal. Faith *Frank* do: I have not ſeen a Houſe o'fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolick, prethee let us about it preſently.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile* you ſhall be perſwaded: Don't run your ſelf into danger thus raſhly.

Good. Do you hear then, Monſieur *Pimponio*; as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for ſome Lights, and return with 'em inſtantly.

Mal. Say no more dear Heart, I'll do't: If miſchief comes not of this, the Devil's in't----but dear *Frank* ſtay till I come again, I'll be back in a Trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyſhip into the Wilderneſs; or any thing.

[*Ex.* Malagene.

L. *Squeam.* Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Perſon, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you uſe him too ſeverely.

Good. I wiſh Madam he may deſerve that Character of you: He is one of thoſe Worldlings you were ſpeaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully: And I believe knows

all that has pass'd between us to Night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these matters.

L. *Squeam.* Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what can he say of me? I defie even Envy it self to do me or my Honour any Prejudice: Though I wish I had let this Frolick alone to Night.

Good. Frolick with a Pox!—— if these be her Frolicks, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? O he returns with the Lights:—— Look who are these? by Heav'n the same.

Enter Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently Madam, for fear of an Ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* since?

Mrs. *Good.* See, see Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: Haste, haste down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

Trum. Fear not, trust all to my Conduct. [*Ex.*

[*As Mrs.* Goodvile *is going away,* Goodvile *catches hold of her Gown——she claps on her Masque.*

Good. Stay Madam *Victoria*; nay you may stay, 'tis in vain to flie, I have discovered all your Falshood, I have: Was mine a Passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious false Woman!—— is your Lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am, Sir.

Good. Hah! *Truman!* [*Mrs.* Good. *gets loose and Ex.*

Trum. Yes Sir, the same: Ready both to acknowledge and justifie my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought, Sir, might have been allowed without any Offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That she is Innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to do my own Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleased to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

Good. Concern'd Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman under my charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable Hour, might alarm a Man less tender of his Reputation than I am.

Trum.

Trum. Sir, this Excuſe won't ſerve my turn; nor am I ſo blind as not to be ſenſible (which I before ſuſpected,) that *Victoria* has been long your Miſtreſs: — A pox of the Honour of your Family; you had given her all your Heart, you ſaid; and your Paſſion was not a thing to be thus abuſed: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

Good. No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

Trum. You would have made me believe ſo indeed; but the daubing was too courſe, and the Artificial Face appeared too plain: — One would have thought, Sir, that you who keep a general Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompenced a Caſt Miſtreſs withall, and not have endeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend: But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be eſteemed much Ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I joyn Forces to publiſh a little, as he calls it.

Mal. Faith *Jack Truman*, with all my Heart; now I have him on my ſide, I dare ſay any thing — *Frank Goodvile* — pugh.

Good. Sir, I ſhall require a better account of this hereafter.

L. *Squeam.* Lord Mr. *Truman*, what ails Mr. *Goodvile?* how happen'd this Difference? — I'll ſwear I am ſtrangely ſurprized.

Trum. Your Ladyſhip, I ſuppoſe, can beſt give an account how Matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll ſwear you are a ſcandalous Perſon.

Good. Sir, ſince you are ſo rough, be pleaſed not to concern your ſelf with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to do if you dare juſtifie your own to morrow.

Trum. If I dare?---nay Sir, ſince you queſtion it, I'll convince you preſently; — Draw. [*They fight.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the matter here? — *Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile*, for ſhame put up.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. *Good.* Where is this perfidious falſe Man? where is Mr. *Goodvile?* So Sir, I have found now the Original of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rival it ſeems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria* poſſeſſes all my Joys: What, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Miſtreſs?—— here, come kill me; Would I had been laid in my Grave, e'er I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Goo. 'Sdeath, I thought ſhe had been in her Chamber this hour at leaſt:——'Tis true, my Dear, I muſt own a Kindneſs for *Victoria*, as my Kinſwoman; but——

Mrs. *Good.* How! dare you own it? and to my face too? matchleſs Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out thoſe hot laſcivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their way:——Oh! that I could blaſt him with a look!——Was my Love ſo deſpicable, to be abandon'd for *Victoria's!* The thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I will die! Oh!

Trum. Delicate Diſſimulation! How I love her!

Good. Dear Madam hear me ſpeak——Madam, I ſay that——

Mrs. *Good.* I know you cannot want an Excuſe; Diſſimulation and Falſhood have been your Practice:——But that you ſhould wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the ſake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me,) is an Injury ſo great, that it diſtracts my Reaſon:—— I could pardon any thing but my wrong'd Love.---Let me be gone; ſend me to a Nunnery; confine me to a charnel Houſe; vile ungrateful Wretch, any thing but thy Preſence I can endure.

Good. Is there every way ſo damn'd a Creature as a Wife?——Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. *Good.* I'll warrant it, you would perſwade me I am mad:——Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy: Patiently have paſs'd over the many tedious Nights I have endured in your Abſence: Contented my ſelf with Prayers for your Safety.

Mal. Oh Lord! Prayers!

Mrs. *Good.*

Mrs. *Good.* When you, in the very inſtant, were languiſhing in the Arms of a Proſtitute.

Good. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now:——Curſe on her, what ſhall I do!

Mrs. *Good.* 'Tis a ſign you believed me ſafe enough; you would not certainly elſe have had the Impudence to have brought a new Miſtreſs under my Noſe:——I ſee there how guilty ſhe ſtands;——have you a Stomach ſo hot that it can digeſt Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? Or was it the fantaſticalneſs of your Appetite, to try how ſo courſe a Diſh would reliſh, after being cloyed with better feeding?——Nay, Sir, I have been informed of all.——

Val. Has then your virtuous Ladyſhip been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. *Goodvile* this Evening?

[*To Lady* Squeamiſh

Good Well, ſhe has dealt with the Devil, that's certain:——A Pox on't, I ſee there's no living for me in this ſide of the World:——Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll into the Country.

Mrs. *Good.* Nay, Sir, I know my Preſence has always been uneaſie to you; Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to Cure. This in the firſt Year of our Marriage! Nay and to own it! Proclaim your own Falſhood and my diſgraceful Injury in the Face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in Town, was by to be a Witneſs: 'Twas very diſcreetly done, and doubtleſs will be a Secret long.

Good. Whirr,——Nay ſince it is ſo, why the Devil ſhould I ſtrive to ſmother my good Actions?——Well, if you will have it ſo, Madam *Victoria* has been my Miſtreſs, is my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Miſtreſs, and what a Pox would you have more? and ſo God b'ye to you.

Enter Sir Noble Clumſey, Caper, *and* Saunter.

Clum. How's this! who's that ſpeaks diſhonourably of my Love, and Lady that ſhall be, *Victoria?* Before *George* ſhe's a Queen, and whoever ſays to the contrary, I'll firſt make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilts of it.

Caper,

Caper. Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Maſquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they ſee no Company: *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, prithee go and take one friſk:——As I hope to be ſaved, there are three or four the fineſt Ladies, the delicateſt ſhaped Women; I am ſure I know 'em all.

Trum. Sir, I wiſh you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I ſhall be very boiſterous and miſtake 'em for Whores, though if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they muſt be of Quality.

Caper. I Gad, and ſo they are; but Mum for that:—— One of 'em is ſhe that gave me this Ring; and the other preſented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not coſt leſs than Thirty Guineas:—— Trifles *Jack*, which I have the Fortune to meet withal ſometimes.

Saun. Nay Sir, you muſt not come off ſo —— *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Good. Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

Saun. Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any body —— *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Good. 'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your Singing, do you hear? And play the Fool by your ſelf or——

Saun. Sing Sir? ſo I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Good. Yes Sir, I ſay my Miſtreſs.

Clum. Ounds, then Draw.

Val. Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious; what's the Matter?

Caper. Why how now *Saunter*? How doſt do dear Heart —— Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and ——

Good. Was ever Man ſo overwhelm'd with Fools and Blockheads? Why you ill-order'd Addle-pated wadling Brace of Puppies:—— You Fool, in the firſt Place ſing and be ſafe —— and you ſlight Graſhopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Caper. Dance Sir? and ſo I think I can Sir, and Fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet Doux, or any thing better than you Sir: Dance quoth a —— there Sir.

Mrs. *Good.* Nay Sir *Noble*, not only ſo, but own'd and boaſted of it to my Face; Told me—— *Clum*

Clum. Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable: And I'll eat his Heart for it.

Good. Dear Raw-head and Bloody-bones be patient a little:——See, ſee you Beagles, Game for you, freſh Game; that great Towſer has ſtarted it already; on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[*Thruſts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.*

L. *Squeam.* But Dear Mr. *Caper*, Maſqueraders did you ſay! I'll ſwear I'll among 'em: ſhall I not have your Company? Oh! Dear Maſqueraders! I'll vow I can ſtay no longer. [*Exit haſtily.*

Val. Curſe on her, ſhe's gone and has preſented me:——*Caper, Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Maſqueraders, for ſhame follow her; ſhe'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

Saun. Faith *Caper*, and ſo ſhe will. Well, I am reſolved to marry *Victoria* for fear of the worſt:——Madam, your moſt Devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. *Goodvile* to Night-----

Mrs. *Good.* Dear Sir, it needs no excuſe.

Caper. My Reſentments, Madam----

Trum. You are too Ceremonious, Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear ſhe has loſt you.

Caper. Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I muſt bring thee acquainted with thoſe Ladies.

Saun. Prithee put on a Maſque and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

Trum. Sirs, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

Both. Dear Soul Adieu. [*Embracing him.*

[*Exeunt Singing and Dancing.*

Trum. Theſe Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good time; they were never ſeaſonable before.

Mrs. *Good.* Diſeaſes and Viſitations are neceſſary ſometimes to ſweep away the noiſome Crowds that infeſt and incumber the World.

Mal. As I have often ſaid I muſt publiſh, I muſt ſpread; and ſo God b'ye to you. [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Maſter raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country preſently: Has given order to diſperſe the Company; what will you do?

Mrs. *Good.*

Mrs. *Good.* Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—— Ha! ha! ha! into the Country? I'd as ſoon believe he would turn Capuchin.

Trum. But Madam, 'twas inhumanly done, to come your ſelf upon him: One would have thought that I had uſed him bad enough, for the wiſe Miſtake he made of *Victoria.*

Mrs. *Good.* I would not have miſs'd it for the World: Now would he come on his Knees for Compoſition; and if I do not bring him to it within theſe four Hours---

Trum. Why Madam, what will you do?

Mrs. *Good.* Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinencies that ever the moſt eminent of our Sex have ſtudy'd, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admired; then of a ſudden ſeem to grow fond of both thoſe Clincant Fools, which I am ſure he of all things loaths; yet do it too ſo forc'dly, that he himſelf ſhall find it only intended to give him Vexation.

Trum. Have you then maliciouſly deſign'd, in ſpight of Nature, to keep me conſtant?

Mrs. *Good.* Which you will be ſure to be!——

Trum. A dozen new freſh young unſeen Beauties, and the Devil himſelf in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwiſe: I never really lov'd or liv'd 'till now: There is nothing I'd not wiſh to be, except the very Husband himſelf, rather than loſe you.

Enter Valentine *and* Camilla.

Val. Jack Truman!

Trum. Well *Ned,* what's the Matter?

Val. Treaſon, *Truman;* your being here with Mrs. *Goodvile* I fear is diſcover'd; I heard ſome ſuch thing whiſper'd among the Maſqueraders, and *Goodvile* himſelf ſeems ſuddenly alter'd; I would adviſe you to come and ſhew your ſelf, and make the beſt on't.

Mrs. *Good.* Let me alone; I'll ſecure all, I'll warrant you: I'm ſure he can have no poſitive Proofs: I'll inſtantly go and put all things in a Confuſion, contradict all the Orders he has giving for going into the Country; ſhut up my ſelf in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him 'till he comes upon Submiſſion:—— *Lettice,* follow me to my Chamber preſently. [*Exit.*

Trum.

Trum. Right exquiſite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee. [*Exit.*

Let. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Buſineſs, and underſtands the managing of a Husband the beſt of any Woman in the World: I'll ſwear ſhe is an ingenious Perſon: Forty Ladies now, at ſuch an Accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor Waiting-woman muſt have been ſent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire; but ſhe ſhews all her Changes in a Motion.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. How now *Lettice?* Where's your Lady?

Let. Within Sir, in her Chamber.

Good. Are you ſure of it?

Let. Sir, ſhe commanded me to follow her thither but now.

Good. Is ſhe alone there?

Let. Ay Sir, I'll aſſure you ſhe ſeldom deſires Company:-----But I muſt haſten and follow her.

Good. Stay a little, are you ſure ſhe was in the Houſe, before this diſturbance happened in the Garden?

Let. Sure Sir! why I my ſelf was at the Chamber-window with her, when firſt ſhe heard you exclaim againſt Madam *Victoria!* Poor Creature, I was afraid ſhe would have fallen down dead on the Floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, beg'd of her on my Knees not to run out; but ſhe would hear nothing, but ſpight of force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage, the too ſenſible Reſentment of your Unkindneſs had rais'd in her.

Good. Get you in preſently, do you hear? and take no notice of what I have ſaid to you, as you tender your well-being.

Let. Yes Sir:-----But if I conceal a Word of it, may I never ſerve *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber-Maid, and kill Fleas as long as I live. [*Ex.*

Good. If I ſhould have been in the wrong all this while, and miſtaken my own dear Wife for *Victoria!*-----Ah! Curſe on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impoſſible! Yet that miſchievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the

while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's with me:-----By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank ſtinking Cuckold.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. What will become of me! whither ſhall I fly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never ſee the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in theſe Shades.

Good. Dear *Victoria* is it you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before, to Night, or no?

Vict. I have not been out of the Houſe ſince it was dark, 'till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am deſtitue where to conceal my ſelf from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of thoſe, to whom your Baſeneſs has given an Opportunity of Triumphing over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

Good. Be not ſo outragious; I'll reconcile all yet.

Vict. Which way is it poſſible? By to morrow Morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths; and *Malagene*, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be ſpreading it among his Coffee-Houſe Companions, and at the Play whiſper it to the Orange Women, who ſhall make a fulſome Jeſt of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to Loll and Play, and be nauſeouſly lewd with 'em in publick.

Good. I tell thee it ſhall not be; *Malagene*'s my Creature, or at leaſt henceforth I'll make him ſo; I have reaſons for it, and to believe alſo that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the ſame I miſtook for you in the Garden to Night.

Vict. 'Tis true, I was at the ſame time to ſee for her in her Chamber, and ſhe was not there; but cannot believe her in the leaſt guilty of what you ſeem to accuſe her of.

Good. Confound her: — She's an exquiſite Jilt, thorough pac'd, and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Slights of Falſhood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confeſs all, or I'll murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well, Sir, what ſay you to this Matter?

Mal. Faith Bully, I think my dear Kinſwoman has maul'd you to ſome purpoſe; I'll ſay this for her, ſhe has

the

the true blood of the *Malagene's* in her: To lol dara lal, *&c.*

Good. What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain, and unfold your self.

Mal. Why you muſt know *Frank*, having a particular eſteem for my Family, (the neareſt Relation of which I would go Fifty Miles to ſee hang'd) I do think her as very a——But no more,——Mum dear Heart, Mum, I ſay.

Good. What's that you ſay, Sir? what do you think my Wife?

Mal. Ay, what, *Frank?* what? now.

Good. Nay, Sir, that you muſt reſolve me.

Mal. Why then I'll thee *Frank*; doſt thou really think I love thee?

Good. I know you'll ſay ſo Sir, becauſe you fear me.

Mal. Then prithee do ſo much as lend me ten Guineas for a day or two.

Good. Oh Sir to the purpoſe, to the purpoſe; be brief.

Mal. Nay then, Mum I ſay again.

Good. Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Muſt I be always forc'd to uſe you ill, to bring you to good Manners?

Mal. Faith Child, I am loath to make Miſchief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's the truth on't: But I find I loſe my ſelf by it: The very Poets themſelves, that were wont to ſtand in awe of me, care not a louſe for me now; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Raſcal to my Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

Good. Therefore Sir reſolve to turn honeſt, and be juſt to your Friend.

Mal. The Devil take me *Frank*, if thou art not a very impertinent Fellow:——Know! why who ſhould know better than your ſelf? Hah!

Good. Here are Five Guineas for you, upon Condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have diſcover'd this Night.

Mal. I'll do't; down with your Duſt,

Good.

Good. What will not this Rakehell do to borrow Mony? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid 'till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Mal. Well *Frank Goodvile*, you may think as you pleaſe of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honeſt Fellow in my Heart:——You would have me deal freely with you, you ſay, in this Buſineſs?

Good. I would ſo Sir, or I ſhall deal very roughly with you.

Mal. And you lent me theſe five Guineas to that purpoſe?

Good. You are much in the right, Sir.

Mal. Then to make ſhort of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor ſilly Cuckold as one would wiſh to drink withal, and confound me if I ſhall not be aſham'd of thy Company.

Good. Confounded Whore!——Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

Mal. Nay, nay, Man, ſince 'tis ſo, never be angry for the Matter: What a Pox, you thought to put the Miſtreſs upon *Truman! Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the Buſineſs; and the Devil take me if I don't think my ſelf the honeſteſt Fellow amongſt you.

Vict. Now, Sir, conſider what a wretched thing you have made me.

Good. No more; I'm thine, and here I ſeal my Heart to thee for ever.

Mal. Well *Frank*, can I ſerve thee any further in this Buſineſs?

Good. That Sir, is as time ſhall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpoſe, I know you are a Raſcal not to be truſted: Therefore obſerve it, if you offer to ſtir beyond the Limits I ſet you, at that very inſtant I'll murder you.

Mal. Prithee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering, I hope you take me Sir (under the Roſe) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Good.

Good. A Spaniel to Hunt and Set the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be miſchief, *Malagene*, and new ripe freſh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'ſt, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

Mal. I'Faith, and ſo I do with all my Heat: But *Frank*, I don't know how this Buſineſs will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three hearty old Souls to Morrow at Dinner, to Swear and Drink, and talk Baudy and Treaſon together for an Hour or two; they are all Atheiſts, and very honeſt Fellows.

Good. O Sir you may be hang'd in good time: But for this preſent occaſion I muſt uſe you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmoſt Art diſſemble but the leaſt Knowlege of what has happen'd to Night: And Sir, do you keep ſtill that lying ſnearing ugly merry Face which you always wear when you deſign Miſchief: I'll pretend this Morning to purſue my Deſign of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their Pleaſures and Aſſurance of their Safety, return and ſurprize 'em.

Vict. But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all Senſe of your paſt Love and Tenderneſs for a Woman, who has been ſo dear to you? You will be apt to relapſe again.

Good. I will ſooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the occaſion to be rid of ſo troubleſom uneaſie a burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs looſe and awkardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

Vict. But can you then reſolve to quit and diſown her for ever?

Good. For ever, my *Victoria!*——No more, but ſtraight go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Iſſue:—— You Sir keep cloſe to me.——Quit her! as chearfully as I would a Shoe that wrings me. Then how looſely ſhall I move,

Free and unbounded, taſte the Sweets of Life!
Love where I pleaſe, and know no more the Strife
That's bred by that Domeſtick Plague, call'd Wife.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Victoria's *Chamber*.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. NOW I am satisfy'd I must be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Womens Curse, and Mens slight Game to pass their idle time at: I find too in my self the common Companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile*'s Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make my self privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mrs. betray his Counsels to her, that she like a true Wife may spight of his Teeth deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold: 'Twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equipp'd and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter Goodvile *and Boy.*

Good. Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready: I am uneasie 'till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

The Wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of Phœbus *all about*
Dapples the Drousie East with Spots of Gray.

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy shape, and with such Softness smile and direct me.

Vict. *As those whom Will with the Wisp bewitches*
Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches

Good. No: Thou hast led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleasant easie Path of Love, where I can never lose my way, and must be always happy: But where's *Malagene?*

Vict.

Vict. Below with Sir *Noble*. Whilſt the Buttler was aſleep they ſtole the Key from him: And there they are with the Fat red-fac'd Fiddler that plays upon the Baſe, ſitting Croſs-leg'd upon the Floor, ſtrip'd to their Shirts, and drinking Bawdy Healths.

Good. That fulſome Rogue will ruin all our Buſineſs. See here what I have diſcover'd juſt now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I ſuppoſe appointed for the purpoſe!) I found this Billet to my ſweet Wife.

Reads. *If* Goodvil *goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold let any honeſt Wittall judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleaſes me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

Vict. But Sir! what do you reſolve on?

Good. As I told thee, inſtantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and ſurprize 'em; for I am ſure they'll not be long aſunder when I am out of the way: Oh! this Billet is a very honeſt Billet, and I know won't lie. But why ſhould I ſpend my Time in talking of what but vexes me, when Pleaſures are ſo near me? Come my *Victoria* take me to thy Arms, a Moment's Joy with thee, would ſweeten Years of Cares. The Devil----

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, *and* Lettice.

Mrs. *Good.* Good Morning to you, Sir.

Good. Good Night to you, Madam.

Mrs. *Good.* How ſo Sir?

Good. Why good Night or good Morrow, 'tis all one; Ceremony is the leaſt thing I take care of: You ſee I am buſie.

Mrs. *Good.* I muſt confeſs, conſidering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis ſomething rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil Leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

Good. Ay! A little Air will be very ſeaſonable at preſent Madam; I ſhall grow rank elſe, and all the Company I keep will ſmell me out.

Mrs. *Good.*

Mrs. *Good.* Oh what joy will fill each neighbouring Village! to hear our Landlords Honour's coming down. The Bells shall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Couutry, and invite himself the next Lords Day to Dinner.

Good. I am glad to see you so pleasant, Madam.

Mrs. *Good.* Then the next Morning our Tenant's dainty Daughter is sent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudge her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'sie, and blushes in expectation of what his Worship will bestow upon her.

Good. Oh Madam, let not any thoughts of that Nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please my self when I am there sometimes to contemplate your Ladyship's Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. *Good.* Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleanlier sort of Creatures of the Two: Straight w'are invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

Good. No Madam: No horned Beast shall suffer for my Pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam; and find, we ought not hurt our Fellow Creatures.

Mrs. *Good.* What is the reason that you use me thus?

Good. What is't I would not do to purchase Quietness? Your injurious Suspicions of me were tolerable, but the Wrongs your Jealousie has done *Victoria* ——

Mrs. *Good.* I jealous of *Victoria!* No. Tho' my Passion last Night made me extravagant, when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamish* which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: For I am confident it was your first Transgression.

Good. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. *Good.* Yet I am too well satisfy'd of *Victoria*'s Virtue, for she's my Friend, and though I should see her in your Arms I could not harbour such a Thought. No, *Victoria*, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvile*'s out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Coach is ready.

Good. You think, Madam, you have a fine eaſie Fool to play withal, but the gayneſs of your Face is too thin to hide the rancour of your Heart; and ſo my Dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

Mrs. *Good.* Are you then inexorable? Relentleſs, cruel Man!

Good. Good eaſie melting kind-hearted Woman farewel. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Good.* Ah wretched me!

Let. My Lady ſwoons, Dear Madam *Victoria* haſten, and bring my Maſter back again; you can do any thing with him. [*Ex.* Victoria.

Mrs. *Good.* No, no, *Lettice!* Let him alone, art thou ſure he's gone?

Let. I hope ſo, Madam.

Mrs. *Good.* Then ſo ſoon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be ſure you go your ſelf to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing elſe to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his Houſe is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will ſtay in it. My Lady *Squeamiſh* too is arriv'd juſt as he left the Door; I am ſure ſhe'll come in; will you ſee her, Madam?

Mrs. *Good.* Oh I am ſick at the very name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd againſt her, and Gunpowder under each Threſhold-place, ready to blow her up, if ſhe but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your Hand a little: I'll to my Chamber inſtantly: Oh my Head! [*Ex. with* Let.

Vict. This Management of hers ſo charms me, that I can almoſt forget all the Miſchief ſhe has done me: 'tis true ſhe reproacht me, but 'twas done ſo handſomely that I had doubly deſerv'd it to have taken Notice of it.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am loſt and undone for ever: Oh I ſhall die, I ſhall die; the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is falſe to me.

Vict

Vict. What ails your Ladyſhip? Surely ſhe's diſtracted?

L. *Squeam.* Oh *Goodvile, Goodvile!* the falſe, cruel, remorſeleſs *Goodvile!* I came juſt as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not ſpeak to me, would hardly ſee me, but away he drove, and ſmiling mockt my Sorrows.

Vict. Alas! Her Ladyſhip is Paſſionate, as I live very Paſſionate.

L. *Squeam.* So *Theſeus* left the Wretched *Ariadne* on the Shoar, ſo fled the falſe *Æneas* from his *Dido.*

Vict. What could you expect leſs of him, Madam? Falſhood is his Province: Your Ladyſhip ſhould have made choice of a civil ſober diſcreet Perſon; but *Goodvile* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. *Squeam.* That, that has been my Ruin; it was therefore I ador'd him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholly Aſs, becauſe ſhe might be ſure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the joy of my Soul; Oh how I doat on a Spark? I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria,* I make you a Confident, and you muſt pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvile*: Come come, I know all.

Vict. Your Ladyſhip knows more than all the World beſides.

L. *Squeam.* And as I was ſaying, A Spark is the Deareſt thing to me in the World; I have had acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was a ſweet Perſon: Oh he danc'd, and ſung, and dreſt to a Miracle, and then he ſpoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life-time at *Paris,* and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Beſides he would look ſo languiſhingly, and liſp ſo prettily when he talk'd; and then never wanted Diſcourſe: I'll ſwear he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the deſcription of an *Equipage.*

Vict. That muſt needs be very charming.

L. *Squeam.* But Mr. *Goodvile* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to ſpeak the Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little Fooliſh I'll ſwear, ha, ha, ha! [*Sir* Noble *and* Mal. *at the Door drunk.*

Mal. Scour, ſcour, ſcour.

Clum.

Clum. Down goes the Main-Maſt, down, down, down. [*They enter.*] *Malagene* roar, roar, and raviſh, here are Punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, firſt-rate Punks, you Rogue.

Vict. How came theſe Ruffians here?

Clum Ruffians! do you know who you talk to Madam? I am a civil, ſober, diſcreet Perſon; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

Mal. Look you Madam, make no noiſe about this matter. This is a Perſon of Quality and a Friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

L. *Squeam.* Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgell ſuch Fops? Fogh----how like drunken Journeymen Taylors they look?

Mal. Journey-men, Madam! hold there! none of your Ladyſhip's Journey-men, that's one comfort! Woe to the poor Devil that is, I ſay.

L. *Squeam.* Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durſt not talk thus, you ſcandalous Fellow.

Mal. Goodvile ſay you —— hark you my Dear, were he here in Perſon, I would firſt of all decently kick him out of Doors, then turn up thy Keel and diſcover here to thy Kinſman what a leaky Veſſel thou art.

Clum. Why, what is that *Goodvile?* Will he Wreſtle? or will he Box for *5ol.* Look you, this fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true his Countenance is none of the beſt: But he's a neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

Mal. Hark you, Knight! you'll bear me out in this Buſineſs, Knight? For under the Roſe I have apprehenſion, that this Carcaſe of mine may ſuffer elſe.

Clum. No more of that Rogue! no more. Take notice good People, this civil Perſon ſhall marry my Siſter; ſhe is a pretty hopeful Lady---Truly ſhe is not full thirteen---but ſhe has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

Vict. Ridiculous Oaf!

Clum. Come, let us talk Baudy.

Vict. I'll call thoſe ſhall talk with you preſently.

[*Ex.* Vict.

Clum. Wheugh——ſhe's gone.

L. *Squeam.* Beaſt! Bruit! Barbarian! Sot!

Clum. Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be——

[*Runs againſt her, and almoſt beats her backward.*

L. *Squeam.* Oh help! I am murdered! oh my Head!

Clum. Nay Lady that was no fault of mine: You ſhall ſee I'll keep my diſtance, and (as I was ſaying) if I have offended——

[*Reels againſt a Table and throws down a China Jar, and ſeveral little China Diſhes.*

L. *Squeam.* Oh inſufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill.

Clum. Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you ſhall ſee me behave my ſelf notably yet—— as for example—— ſuppoſe now——ſuppoſe this the Door. [*Goes to the Door.* Very well; thus then I move.——

[*Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges,* Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Such as we are Sir, you ſhall find us at your Service.

Clum. Murder, Murder, Murder.——

Mal. Where there is ſuch odds, a Man may with Honour retire and ſteal off. [*Ex.* Mal.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Cap. Where is this Raſcal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Perſons of Quality?

Clum. Sir, your humble Servant: did you ſee my Perriwig?

Caper. Sir, you are an Aſs; and never wore Perriwig in your Life: Jernie what a Buſh of Bryars and Thorns is here? The Main of my Lady *Squeamiſh*'s Shock is a Chedreux to it.

Clum. Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honeſt Fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Muſick and Poetry.

Saun. How Sir!

Caper. But, Sir, come cloſe to the Buſineſs: How durſt you treat Ladies ſo rudely as we ſaw you but now? Anſwer to that, and tell not us of Muſick and Poetry.

Clum.

Clum. Why, he had all *Weſtminſter* Drollery and *Oxford* Jeſts at his Fingers ends. And for the Cittern, if ever *Troy* Town were a Tune, he maſter'd it upon that Inſtrument, when he was our Butler in the Country: An old Maid of my Grandmother's took great delight in him for it.

Saun. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Buſineſs.

Clum. Buſineſs! hang Buſineſs! I hate a Man of Buſineſs: If you'll Drink or Whore, break Windows, or commit Murther, I am for you.

Caper. Sir, will you fight?

Clum. Fight! with whom? for what?

Caper. With me.

Saun. With me.

Clum. Ay Sir, with all my Heart; I love fighting Sir.

Saun. But will you Sir, dare you?

Caper. Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

Clum. Why, you ſweet perfum'd Jeſſimine-Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your Artificial Sweetneſs into your own natural Rankneſs; you Stinkards! ſhall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off, you gaudy Popinjaies?

Caper. This Fellow's mad, *Saunter!* ſtark mad, by *Jerico:* Dear Knight, how long haſt thou been in this Pickle? this Condition, Knight? hah?

Clum. What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

Saun. Ay, ay, 'tis ſo, the Poor Devil muſt to *Bedlam*: *Bedlam*, Knight, the Mad-man's Hoſpital.

Clum. What will become of you then, you Vermin? There's never a Hoſpital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many Handſome Fellows in this Town might be provided for? [*Fiddles play within.*

Caper. Hey day! Fiddles!

Saun. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath ſent for 'em on purpoſe to regale us.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, *Lady* Squeamiſh *with the Fiddles playing,* Saunter *falls to ſing the Tune with 'em, and* Caper *Dances to it.* Lettice.

Mrs. *Good.* Let my Servants take care that all the Doors ſtand open: I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedom I am Miſtreſs of. *Lettice,* try your Vow.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit raviſhes me. Dear Mr. *Caper,* you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy! Madam *Goodvile* has reſolv'd to Sacrifice this Day to Pleaſure——what ſhall we do with our ſelves?

Cap. Do, Madam! We'll dance for ever.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ay Dance.

Saun. And Sing.

L. *Squeam.* And Sing.

Both. And Love.

L. *Squeam,* Oh ay, Love! but Madam *Goodvile,* have you reſolved to wear the Willow, and be very Melancholly——ha, ha, ha——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my ſight.

Mrs. *Good.* Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girls that ſigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Diſeaſe for Bankrupt Beauty: I have yet a ſtock of Youth and Charms, unſully'd by the hands of Age or Care,

And whilſt that laſts what Woman would deſpair?

Clum. In the mean time I'll ſcout out for a Doxy of my Acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let *Victoria* go hang and deſpair.

Sings.

To love is a pleaſure Divine,
Yet I'll never ſigh or be ſad;
They are Coxcombs that languiſh and pine,
So long as Whores are to be had.---To daroll, daroläa.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ſecure that deform'd Monſter, that Rebel of mine: Fellows take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him ſenſible of his Enormities

Clum

Clum. Slaves! Avaunt! if my Lady will have it ſo, I'll walk ſoberly into the Garden and conſider of what is paſt. *To love is a Pleaſure*, &c.

[*Ex.* Clum.

Mrs. *Good. Lettice!*

Let. Madam.

Mrs. *Good.* Is Mr. *Truman* come?

Let. He'll be here preſently Madam.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. A Letter for your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Good.* Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam: But ſaid, he had no Orders to ſtay for an Anſwer. [*Ex. Page.*

Mrs. *Good.* A Woman's Hand!

Reads. *Mr.* Goodvile's *Journey out of Town is but a Pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr.* Truman, *you will find him anon return'd in hopes to ſurprize you together. Though he has truſted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to aſſiſt him in it; yet I would endeavour by this Diſcovery to perſwade you that I am your real Servant,* Victoria.

Poſtſcript, Beware of *Malagene*, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you.

This is generouſly done, *Victoria*, and I'll ſtudy to deſerve it of Thee: Now, if I plague not this wife jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curſe me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles! lead in! Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little: I'll follow you preſently.

L. *Squeam.* Come Mr. *Caper*, will you walk?

Caper. A Coranto Madam?

L. *Squeam.* Ay ten thouſand, ten thouſand, Mr. *Saunter*, I would be always near you Two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours! Come, let us walk and ſtudy which way to divert our ſelves.

Caper. Allons! for Love and Pleaſure: By theſe Hands----

Saun. By thoſe Eyes——

L. *Squeam.* Oh no more! no more: I ſhall be loſt in Happineſs! [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Good.* So: This Conſort of Fools ſhall be the Chorus to my Farce: Now all the Malice, Ill-nature, Falſhood and Hypocriſie of my Sex inſpire me. *Lettice!* ſee *Camilla* be ſent for inſtantly, ſhe ſhall join with me in my Revenge, ſhe has Reaſon; Mr. *Valentine*, I ſuppoſe, will be here with Mr. *Truman*.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you, Madam, he durſt not anſwer a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. *Good.* You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very ſtout. You Hectors in Love are as arrant Cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluſter, rant, and make a noiſe for the preſent; but when they come to the Bus'neſs, prove errant Daſtards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But, Madam, you ſhould find I dare do ſomething, would you but be civil and ſtand your Ground.

Mrs. *Good.* What think you though of a Cut-throat Huſband now behind the Hangings? what would become of you then?

Trum. Whilſt I have ſuch Beauty on my Side, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. *Good.* Then, Sir, prepare your ſelf; Mr. *Goodvile* is really jealous, and miſtruſts all or more than has paſt between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we ſhall ſee him inſtantly in Expectation to catch us together.

Trum. Fear him not Madam; theſe Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are buſie: Let him run on in his dull Jealouſie, whilſt we ſtill find new Windings out, and loſe him in the Maze.

Mrs. *Good.* Then if you wiſh to preſerve me yours, join with me to Day in my Deſign, which is, if poſſible, to make him Mad, work him up to the height of furious Suſpicion, and at that Moment when he thinks his Jealouſie moſt juſt, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But Mr. *Goodvile*, Madam, has Wit, and ſo good an Opinion of it too——

Mrs. *Good.*

Mrs. *Good.* 'Tis that ſhall be his Ruin: Were he a Fool, he were not worth the Trouble of deceiving.

Trum. Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and proſper. But what muſt be my Part?

Mrs. *Good.* To ſecure *Malagene*. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvile* chief Inſtrument in the Diſcovery: He has Cowardize enough to ſell his Soul to buy off a Beating: He never told Truth enough to be believ'd once ſo long as he lives. Get him but in your Power, and he ſhall own more Villanies than ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the Neceſſity of our Affair can invent to put upon him.

Trum. And I'll be ſure of him, or may I never taſte thoſe Lips again, but be condemn'd to caſt Miſtreſſes in the Side-box at the Play-houſe, or what is worſe, take up with a Sempſtreſs, and drudge for Cuffs and Cravats.

Enter Malagene.

Mrs. *Good.* Here he comes!

Trum. Oh Monſieur *Malagene* welcome!

Mal. Jack Truman, your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither ſo faſt I beſeech you Sir! a word with you, a word with you.

Mal. Why! can I do any thing for thee? Haſt thou any Buſineſs for me? Prithee what is it?

Trum. Sir! You muſt lie for me.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay Sir you muſt!

Mal. Any thing in a civil way or ſo, *Jack*! but nothing upon Compulſion, Lad! Prithee, let me do nothing upon Compulſion, prithee now!

Trum. Then Sir to be brief, this is the Buſineſs! *Goodvile* I hear has been inform'd by you of what paſt in the Garden laſt Night; how durſt you be ſo impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

Mal. Why look you *Jack*, Curioſity you know! and a natural Inclination which I have——

Trum. To Pimping.

Mal. Confound me *Jack* thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well Man——

Trum. What did you know?

Mal. Why I knew thee to be an arch Wagg and an honeſt Fellow! Ah Rogue, prithee kiſs me! the Rogue's out of Humour.

Trum. No Sir! I dare not uſe you ſo like a Friend, you muſt deſerve it better firſt.

Mal. Look you *Jack*, the truth of the Buſineſs is, I am beſpoke: But the Love I have to ſee the Bus'neſs go forward may perſwade me to much.

Trum. Then preſently reſolve entirely to diſown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvile*, or promiſe to your ſelf that where-ever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the ſpot.

Mal. But hark you, *Jack*, how ſhall I come off with the Buſineſs? I ſhall be kick'd and us'd very ſcurvily: For the Truth is, I did tell——

Trum. What did you tell?

Mal. Why I told him, you Knave. I won't tell! you little cunning Curr, I told him all, Man!

Trum. All, Sir!

Mal. Ay hang me like a Dog, all. But Madam you muſt pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

Trum. And what do you think to do with your ſelf?

Mal. Do? why I'll deny it all again Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at firſt affirm'd it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and uſe me like a Dog, Man—— That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this! [*Pulls out a Jews Trump, and plays.*

Trum. And this Sir, you'll ſtand to.

Mal. If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-houſe-door: In the mean time I'll retire and peruſe a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

Trum. Nay Sir! you are not to ſtir from me!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh Madam! ſhift for your ſelf. Madam *Victoria* ſent me to tell you that my Maſter is return'd, and that he pretends to come a Maſquerader.

Mal. Well! ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll deny all indeed! what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some Men now with my ſtock of Honeſty, and a little more Gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well: I have been a lazy

lazy Rogue; and never knew 'till now that I was fit for Bus'neſs.

Mrs. *Good.* Mr. *Goodvile* in Maſquerade, ſay you?

Let. Yes, Madam, and two Women with him; Madam, they are juſt now alighted.

Mrs. *Good.* Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indead. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene*. I'll ſtay here and receive this *Machiavel* in Diſguiſe. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Paſſions, pretended Love, pretended Jealouſie, pretended Rage, and in ſum the very Genius of my Sex to my Aſſiſtance.

Enter Goodvile *and others Maſqued.*

So! here they come: Now this Throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there? [*Enter Servants.*

Good. Madam! you'll excuſe this Freedom.

Mrs. *Good.* You oblige me by uſing it: Let all the Company know that theſe Noble Perſons of Quality have honour'd me with their Preſence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and ſee the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. *Truman* come to me inſtantly, I cannot live a Minute, a Moment without him.

Good. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. *Good.* Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilſt I go and put things in Order fit for your Reception. [*Exit.*

Good. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I ſee, is a Man of punctual Aſſignation; and my Wife is a Perſon very adroit at theſe Matters; ſome hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am reſolv'd to turn a civil, ſober, diſcreet Perſon, and hate blood-ſhed: No: I'll manage the Matter ſo temperately that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly diſcard her Bag and Baggage, whilſt you my dainty Doxies take Poſſeſſion of her Privileges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1 *Wom.* And ſhall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile?*

Good. Ay and Six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou ſhalt every Morning-ſwoop the Exchange in Triumph, to

see what gawdy Bawble thou canst first grow fond of? And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twiring Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a noise, hear no Play, and show himself; thou shalt, my *Bona Roba*.

2 *Wom.* But Mr. *Goodvile*, what shall I do then?

Good. Oh! thou! Thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk, my House-keeper, my Necessary Sin; manage all th' Affairs of my Estate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach attended by my own Footmen; Nose my Wife where-e'er you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh what a delicious Life will this be!

1 *Wom.* Hear you Sir; the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*

Good. Oh the Procession's coming, put on your Visors, and observe the Ceremony.

Enter Truman, *Mrs.* Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, *L.* Squeamish, Camilla, *with Fiddles, a Letter.*

Mrs. *Good.* Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me any thing, command my House, that and all Freedom are yours.

Caper. Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir your humble Servant, by your leave, Madam shall you and I touse and tumble together in the Drawing-room hard by for half an Hour or so? Hah? [*Cuts.*

Saun Fa toldara, toldara, *&c.* Ah Madam what do you wear a Masque for? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnish'd?

2 *Wom.* Sir, if I want any thing 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

Good. So! sure this must come to something anon!

Mrs. *Good.* Ah were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! But he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my Pleasures.

Good. Is he then, Madam, so kind a Husband?

Mrs. *Good.* Oh the most indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but he, Mr. *Truman*, would have so seasonably withdrawn and left me Mrs. of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to Sacri-

fice

fice my Self, my Soul, and all my Senſe to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heav'ns, Madam, you'll provoke him beyond all Patience.

Mrs. *Good.* Who, Mr. *Goodvile!* which way ſhall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as ſecret ——

Trum. As we are happy. So ſubtily lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himſelf and *Malagene* to boot, well hir'd to the Buſineſs, ſhall ne'er diſcover us.

Mrs. *Good.* Oh diſcover us! a Husband diſcover us! were he indeed as jealous as he has Reaſon, I could no more apprehend Diſcovery than a Kindneſs from him.

Good. This Impudence is ſo rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you ſo, Madam? [*He unmasks.*

Mrs. *Good.* Oh a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! ſave me, ſave me. Mr. *Truman*, ſee ſee Mr. *Goodvile*'s Spirit? ſure ſome baſe Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghoſt is come to revenge it on me.

Good. No Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmleſs Goblin, though you are a little ſhock'd at the ſight of me.

Caper. Ha, ha, ha, *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank!*

Saun. Honeſt *Goodvile*, thou ſeeſt dear Soul we are free here in thy Abſence.

Good. I ſee you are Gentlemen, and ſhall take an opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen be ready.

Mrs. *Good.* But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Arms; welcome ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

Good. Oh Madam, it look'd ſo very charmingly, that I had no power to ſtay longer from the dear loving Original.

Mrs. *Good.* So now begins the Battel.

Good. Well Madam, and for your Sett of Fools here; to what End and Purpoſe have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not deſign'd 'em for your own Uſe?

Mrs. *Good.* Why Sir, methinks you ſhould not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to paſs away the time withal, ſince you had taken your dearer Converſation from me.

Good.

Good. No Madam, I understand your Diet better: a Fool is too squob and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: you are for a substantial Dish, a Man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me Reason.

Trum. Ay Sir, when ever you'll demand it.

Mrs. *Good.* Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beseech you; what would you be at, Sir?

Good. At rest Madam, like an honest Snail shrink up my Horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet Possession of it.

Mrs. *Good.* I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your Quiet, Sir.

Good. Nothing Madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me! a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a meer Utensil, a Block for you to fashion all your Falsehood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my Office and never be disturb'd, I.

Mrs. *Good.* So, now your Heart is opening; and for your Ease I'll give it a little Vent my self: You are jealous, alas! jealous of *Truman*, are you?

Good. And I have no reason Madam, tho' I come and catch you in his Arms, rowling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fire-balls at his Heart? oh what an indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile*! so seasonably to withdraw and leave you Mistress of such Freedom. To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice your Self, your Soul, and Sense to him; the Lord of all your Joys, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. *Good.* I am glad to find my Plot so well succeed; I knew of your Jealousie last Night, knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hope to return and surprize me with *Truman*. I was inform'd too of your Return but now, and your Disguise; I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondness to *Truman* before your Face. It was all the Revenge I had within my Power.

Good. Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden last Night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see?

Mrs. *Good.*

Mrs. *Good.* What Fool? What Villain have you, dares accuſe me?

Good. One, who though he rarely told Truth before, will be ſure to do it now; *Malagene*, your Kinſman *Malagene*, a hopeful Branch of your own Stock.

Trum. The Raſcal dares not own it.

Good. But he ſhall Sir, though you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas baſely done to ſet a Spy upon your Friend, after the Trick you had plaid me with *Victoria*.

Good. Baſely done!

Trum. Yes, baſely Sir.

Good. Death, you lie Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

Caper. Nay, look you *Frank!* you had better be patient. Here ſhall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter Valentine.

Val. What, again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this muſt not be. *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage ſhall make you Satisfaction.

Saun. Ay, ay, prithee Man, take ſome other time, and don't quarrel now and ſpoil good Company.

Good. Death! you dancing, talking, metled, friſking Rogues ſtand off! Oh I had forgot——Footmen, where are ye?

Enter Footmen.

Here, take away theſe Butterflies, and do ſpeedy Execution upon em as I order'd; do it inſtantly.

[*They ſeize them.*

Caper. Nay *Frank!* what's all this for?

Saun. Nay *Goodvile*, prithee now, as I hope to live.

Enter Malagene.

Good. Away with 'em——[*Ex. with* Caper *and* Saunter. Now for *Malagene*——Oh, here he comes Madam, who will refreſh your Memory! Speak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you ſee together in the Garden laſt Night?

Mal. Ha!—— no body!

Good. Were not *Truman* and my Wife there, to your Knowledge, privately?

Mal. Ha, ha, ha——Child! no.

Good.

Good. Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whiſpering in the Grotto together?

Mal. No.

Good. Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd withal and inſtructed to abuſe me. This is all Contrivance, a ſtudy'd Scene to fool me of my Reaſon.

Enter Footmen.

Here, take him hence and harneſs him with the other two, 'till he confeſs the Truth.

Mrs. *Good.* He ſhall not go, touch him who dares: Muſt People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuſe me falſely? Ah Mr. *Goodvile,* how have I deſerv'd this at your Hands? Let not my good Name be raviſh'd from me: if you have reſolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of pain—— [Mal. *runs away.*

Good. Nay Madam, here is that ſhall yet convince—— ſee here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner; hear me read it. And if you have Modeſty enough left, bluſh.

Reads. *If* Goodvile *goes out of Town this Morning, let me know of it, that I may wait on you and tell you the reſt of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet.*

Truman.

Mrs. *Good.* Death and Deſtruction! it was all my own Contrivance: madded with your Jealouſie, I ſought all ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a Place where you might be ſure to find it. To convince you farther, ſee here a Caution ſent me juſt before by one whom you have truſted and loved too much for my Quiet: Peruſe it, and when you have done, conſider how you have uſed me, and how I have deſerv'd it. Oh! [*Gives* Victoria's *Letter.*

Good. Reads. *Journey out of Town—— is a Pretence—— return and ſurprize——believe by this* [*Diſcovery——Your Servant* Victoria.

Victoria, has ſhe betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Truſt nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in every Condi-

Condition they are all Jilts, all falſe from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. *Good.* Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this Minute never expect I'll ſee your Face again: No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own Choice. Love where you pleaſe, and be as free as if I ne'er had had Relation to you. I ſhall take care to trouble you no more, but wiſh you may be happier than ever yet I made you.

Good. Stay Madam.

Mrs. *Good.* No Sir, I'll be gone; I will not ſtay a moment longer; inhuman, cruel, falſe Traitor! wer't thou now languiſhing on thy Knees, proſtrate at my Feet, ready to grow Mad with thy own Guilt, I would not ſtop nor turn my Face to ſave thee from Deſpair.

Good. You ſhall.

Mrs. *Good.* For what?

Good. To let the World ſee how much a Fool I can be: Art thou Innocent?

Mrs. *Good.* By my Love I am; I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my Diſhonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for Baſeneſs: Oh that I could diſſemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perſwade you ſtill all your Jealouſies were juſt, and I as infamous as you are cruel. [*Ex. in a Rage.*

Good. Get thee in then and talk to me no more; there's ſomething in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Buſineſs, which yet I cannot diſcover. *Truman,* if thou haſt enjoy'd her, I beg thee keep it cloſe, and if it be poſſible let us yet be Friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my Fault if we be Foes.

Good. But now to my Fools; bring 'em forth and let us ſee how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear *Valentine!* how does the fair *Camilla?*

Val. Faith Sir, ſhe and I have been diſpatching a trifling Affair this Morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

Good. Marry'd! nay, then there is ſome Comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the Snare —— *Valentine!* look to her,

her, keep her as secret as thou wou'dst a Murder, hadst thou committed one: Trust her not with thy dearest Friend; she has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter, *their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads.* Caper *with one Leg ty'd up, and* Saunter *gagg'd.*

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you paultry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking from House to House, up and down the Town; that no Man can eat his Bread in quiet for you. Take warning of what you feel, and come not near these Doors again on peril of Hanging. Here, discharge them of their Punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamish, *Sir* Noble Clumsey *and* Victoria.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Gallants your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be pleas'd to give my Kinsman, Sir *Noble*, Joy: He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin *Victoria*, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumsey*.

Clum. Ay Sir, I am marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as simply as I stand here.

Good. Sir *Noble* marry'd? to *Victoria* too? nay then in spight of Misfortunes——

This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee. But first,
Good People all that my sad Fortune see,
I beg you to take warning here by me;
Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.
Especially you gay Young marry'd Blades,
Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades.

[Ex. omnes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey.*

WELL Sirs, if now my Spouſe and I ſhould part,
To which kind Critick ſhall I give my Heart?
Stay, let me look; not one in all the Place
But has a ſcurvy froward damning Face.
Have you reſolv'd then on the Poet's Fall?
Go ye're ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The Marry'd Sparks, I know, this Play will curſe
For the Wife's ſake; but ſome of 'em have worſe.
Poets themſelves their own ill luck have wrought.
You ne'er had learnt, had not their Quarrels taught:
But as in the diſturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets firſt had jarring Fits,
You all ſet up for Criticks, and for Wits:
Then ſtraight there came, which coſt you Mother's Pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your Brains:
Libels, like ſpurious Brats, run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were aſham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
That lay their Baſtards down at honeſt Doors.
For ſhame leave off this higling way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in Peace, in Quiet write,
Elſe may they all to puniſh you unite;
Join in one Force, to ſtudy to abuſe ye,
And teach your Wives and Miſſes how to uſe you.

THE

Soldiers Fortune.

A

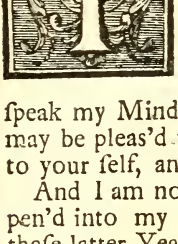
COMEDY.

Quem recitas meus eſt, O Fidentine, libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.

Printed in the YEAR 1712.

THE
DEDICATION.

Mr. BENTLEY,



Have often (during this Play's being in the Press) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I suppose, would have speak something in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to please you, Mr. *Bentley*, I will as briefly as I can speak my Mind upon that Occasion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your self, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little Proud, that it has happen'd into my Thoughts to be the first who in these latter Years has made an Epistle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as Reasonable as it is Just. For, Mr. *Bentley*, you pay honestly for the Copy; and an Epistle to you is a sort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Person of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Mony for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apish Qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Issue; nay, I must confess my self a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat shift for it self, I say.

The

The Objections made againſt the Merit of this poor Play, I muſt confeſs, are very grievous.

Firſt, ſays a Lady that ſhall be nameleſs, becauſe the World may think civilly of her; Fogh! oh *Sherreu*, 'tis ſo filthy, ſo bawdy, no modeſt Woman ought to be ſeen at it: Let me die, it has made me ſick: When the World lies, Mr. *Bentley*, if that very Lady has not eaſily digeſted a much ranker Morſel in a little Ale-houſe towards *Paddington*, and never made a Face at it: But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chaſteſt Senſe, as eaſily as a Spider can Poiſon out of a Roſe: They know true Bawdy, let it be never ſo much conceal'd, as perfectly as *Falſtaff* did the true Prince by Inſtinct. They will ſeparate the true Metal from the Allay, let us temper it as well as we can; ſome Women are the Touch-ſtones of Filthineſs. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more Modeſty than any of thoſe She-Criticks, and I am ſure more Wit) ſay, She wonder'd at the Impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to underſtand the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. *Bentley*, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady miſtaken in pretending to the Knowledge of a Myſtery above her; though, to ſpeak honeſtly, ſhe has had beſides her Wit a liberal Education; and, if we may credit the World, has not buried her Talent neither.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I can ſay in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms; make the beſt of it you can; praiſe it to your Cuſtomers; Sell Ten Thouſand of them, if poſſible, and then you will compleat the Wiſhes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE, by the Lord *Falkland*.

FOrſaken Dames, with leſs concern, reflect
On their inconſtant Heroe's cold neglect,
Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With Grief we ſee you raviſh'd from our Arms,
And curſe the feeble Virtue of our Charms:
Curſe your falſe Hearts, for none ſo falſe as they,
And curſe the Eyes that ſtole thoſe Hearts away.
Remember, Faithleſs Friends, there was a time,
(But oh the ſad Remembrance of our Prime!)
When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e'er was Nymph of ours to one of you:
*But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now;* *Pope Joan.
Fraught with ſweet Sins and Abſolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows addreſt,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Teſt,
The faireſt Prelate of her Time, and beſt.
We own her more deſerving far than we,
A juſt Excuſe for your Inconſtancy.
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us ſo:
Firſt to betray with Love and then undo,
A horrrid Crime y'are all addicted to.
Too ſoon, alas! your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis *rules no more, when once enjoy'd:*
But all raſh Oaths of Love and Conſtancy,
With the too-ſhort forgotten Pleaſures die;
Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, robb'd of her deareſt Eaſe,
Still drugges on, with vain Deſire to pleaſe;
And reſtleſs follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:
Deſerted thus by ſuch ungrateful Men,
How can we hope you'll e'er return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wit now's our only Treaſure left in ſtore,
And that's a Coyn will paſs with you no more:
You who ſuch dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullies! Quiet when there's Danger near)
Shew your great Souls, in damning Poets here.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Captain *Beaugard.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Courtine.	Mr. *Smith.*
Sir *Davy Dunce.*	Mr. *Nokes.*
Sir *Jolly Jumble.*	Mr. *Leigh.*
Fourbin, a Servant to *Beaugard.*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Bloody-Bones.	Mr. *Richards.*
Vermin, a Servant to Sir *Davy.*	A Boy.

WOMEN.

Lady *Dunce.*	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Sylvia.	Mrs. *Price.*
Maid.	

A Constable and Watch.

SCENE *LONDON.*

THE

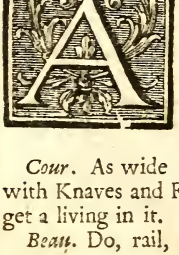
THE

Soldiers Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

BEAUGARD.



Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou riſeſt in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; nay, never eateſt a Dinner, but thou ſigheſt two Hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, ſince the World's ſo wide.

Cour. As wide as it is, 'tis ſo throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honeſt Man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do; it may get thee Employment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employment abroad, to come home and be Loyal: and now we as Loyally ſtarve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Anceſtors do it before thee, Man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one. The old

Cavaliers got such a trick of it in the King's Exile, that their Posterity could never thrive since.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to; I shall be ere long as greasie as an *Alsatia* Bully; this a flopping Hat, pinn'd up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linnen, and to compleat the Figure, a long scandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels; like a ——

Beau. Snarling, thou meanest, like its Master.

Cour. My Companion's the worthy Knight of the most Noble Order of the Post: Your Peripatetick Philosophers of the Temple-walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honest: Villains that undervalue Damnation, still forswear themselves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

Beau. I am asham'd to hear a Soldier talk of starving.

Cour. Why, what shall I do? I can't steal! ——

Beau. Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other Vices enough for any Industrious young Fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What, wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run cheating up and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead company, and endure his nauseous Nonsense in hopes to get him, than I would be a Druge to an old Woman, with rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking Breath, for a Pension: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

Beau. How well this Niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee e'en turn Parson in a pet, o'purpose to rail at all those Vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: Why surely an old Lady's Pension need not be so despicable in the Eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go, Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think so.

Beau. Why thou shalt think so too, Man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good Company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where Formality's a scandal, and Pleasure is the bus'ness; where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men are all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What some of your Worship's *Wapping* Acquaintance, that you made last time you came over for Recruits, and

and Spirited away your Landlady's Daughter, a Volunteering with you into *France*.

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and Lewdneſs laudable, where thou ſhalt wallow in Pleaſures and Preferments, revel all Day, and every Night lie in the Arms of melting Beauty, ſweet as Roſes, and as Springs refreſhing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus; I had rather thou would'ſt tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd: a Pox of Whores when a Man has not Mony to make 'em Comfortable.

Beau. That ſhall ſhower upon us in abundance; and for inſtance, know to thy everlaſting Amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to day.

Cour. Ha! Gold by this light!——

Four. Out of the Clouds!——

Beau. Ay, Gold! does it not ſmell of the ſweet Hand that ſent it? ſmell——ſmell you Dog—— [*To* Fourbin.

[Fourbin *ſmells to the handful of Gold, and gathers up ſome pieces in his Mouth.*

Four. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly Sweetneſs; and very refreſhing.

Cour. Dear, *Beaugard*, if thou haſt any good Nature in thee; if thou would'ſt not have me hang my ſelf before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a Bargain with him preſently: Speak, ſpeak, or I am a loſt Man.

Beau. Why thou muſt know this Devil which I have given my Soul to already, and muſt I ſuppoſe have my Body very ſpeedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil; but if it be, 'tis the beſt natur'd Devil under *Beelzebub*'s Dominion, that I'll ſwear to.

Cour. But how came the Gold, then?

Beau. To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the Acquaintance of a very Reverend Pimp, as fine a diſcreet, ſober, grey-bearded old Gentleman as one would wiſh; as good a natur'd publick-ſpirited Perſon as the Nation holds; one that is never ſo happy as when he is bringing good People together, and promoting civil Underſtanding betwixt the Sexes: Nay, rather

than want Employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other, to procure my Lord's little Dog to be civil to my Lady's little languishing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-wealth!

Beau. This noble Person one day—but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular Account of the matter. Sweet Sir, if you please tell us the Story of the first Encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Jumble*; you must know that's his Title.

Four. Sir, it shall be done—Walking one Day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i' th' Afternoon, to get me a Stomach to my Dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Person of goodly Presence, and worthy Appearance, his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his Countenance ruddy, plump, smooth and chearful; who perceiving me also equipt, as I am, with a Mein and Air which might well inform him I was a Person of no inconsiderable Quality, came very respectfully up to me, and after the usual Ceremonies betwen Persons of Parts and Breeding had past, very humbly enquired of me what it was a Clock—I presently understood by the Question, that he was a Man of Parts and Business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turn'd of Three.

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

Four. The freedom of Commerce encreasing, after some little inconsiderable Questions *pour passer le temps*, and so; he was pleased to offer me the courtesie of a Glass of Wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleas'd, I would do my self the honour to present him with a Dish of Meat at an Eating-House hard by, where I had an Interest.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accomplish'd a Person as any of the Employment I ever saw.

Beau. Let the Rogue go on.

Four. In short we agreed and went together: As soon as we entered the Room, I am your most humble Servant, Sir, says he—I am the meanest of your Vassals, Sir, said I—I am very happy in lighting into the Acquaintance of so worthy a Gentleman as

you

you appear to be, Sir, said he again —— Worthy, Sir *Folly*, then came I upon him again on t'other side (for you must know by that time I had groap'd out his Title) I kiss your Hands from the bottom of my Heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Four. Nothing, he had nothing to say; his Sense was transported with admiration of my Parts; so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what Title he was to distinguish the Person that had so highly honoured him.

Beau. That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you were.

Four. Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you please —— I told him those that knew me well were pleas'd to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that I had had the honour of serving the great Monarch of *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity, and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that Service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour. What a true-bred Rogue's this! ——

Cour. Well, but the Mony, *Fourbin*, the Mony.

Four. Beaugard, hum *Beaugard*, says he! —— ay it must be so, —— a black Man, is he not?---ay, says I, blackish---- a dark brown----full Fac'd---- yes----a sly subtle observing Eye?-----the same-----a strong-built well-made Man?------ right----a devilish Fellow for a Wench, a devilish Fellow for a Wench, I warrant him; a thundring Rogue upon occasion, *Beaugard*! a thundring fellow for a Wench, I must be acquainted with him.

Cour. But to the Mony, the Mony, Man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevalier's Acquaintance comes, yesterday Morning, to my Lodging, and seeing my Picture in Minature upon the Toylet, told me with the greatest Extasie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his Acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me,

and I gad, says he, she's a Hummer, such a *Bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him 'till Dinner (for we concluded to eat together;) so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philosopher's Stone.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Locket's* we met again: where after a thousand Grimaces, to shew how much he was pleas'd, instead of my Picture, presents me with the Contents aforesaid; and told me the Lady desir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the Original.

Cour. Hah!——

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking Quality lies in me, the Devil take me *Ned* if I know: But the Fates, *Ned*, the Fates!

Cour. A Curse on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortune's the basest; 'twas Fortune made me a Soldier, a Rogue in Red, the Grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the Peace just when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months Pay: Fortune gave us Debentures instead of ready Mony, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd Dog that bought it will never get a Shilling for't.——

Beau. Leave off thy railing for shame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of Bones. Come, Times may mend, and an honest Soldier be in Fashion again ——

Cour. These greasie, fat, unweildy wheezing Rogues that live at home, and brood over their Bags, when a fit of Fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the Family is ready at the Door to cry, Heav'ns bless you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

Beau. Ah good Men, what pity 'tis such proper Gentlemen should ever be out of Employment.

Cour. But when the Bus'ness is over, then every Parish Bawd that goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but Scot and Lot to the Parish, shall roar out, Fough, ye lousie Red-coat rake-hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locusts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enslave

us

us all, plunder our Shops, and raviſh our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I muſt confeſs raviſhing ought to be regulated, it would deſtroy Commerce, and many a good ſober Matron about this Town might loſe the ſelling of her Daughter's Maiden-head, which were a great Grievance to the People, and a particular Branch of Property loſt. *Fourbin.*

Four. Your Worſhip's Pleaſure.

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir *Jolly*, and deſire him to meet me at the *Blue Poſts* in the *Hay-Market* about Twelve; we'll Dine together: I muſt inquire farther into Yeſterday's Adventure; in the mean time, *Ned*, here's half the Prize to be doing withal; old Friends muſt preſerve Correſpondence; we have ſhar'd good Fortune together, and bad ſhall never part us.

Cour. Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this; haſt thou no more Grace than to be a true Friend, nay to part with thy Mony to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may ſwear and lie for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and ſo forth; but to part with ready Mony is the Devil.

Beau. Stand aſide, either I am miſtaken, or yonder's Sir *Jolly* coming: Now *Courtine*, will I ſhew thee the Flower of Knighthood. Ah, Sir *Jolly!*

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* My Hero! my Darling! my *Ganimede!* how doſt thou? Strong! wanton! luſty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd ſhe's thine, plump, ſoft, ſmooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! here's Shoulders, here's Shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg —— Qua-a-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles* Beaugard's *Legs.*

Cour. What an old Goat's this!

Sir *Jol.* Child, Child, Child, who's that? A Friend of thine? a Friend o' thine? A pretty Fellow, odd a very pretty Fellow, and a ſtrong Dog I'll warrant him. How doſt do, dear Heart? prithee let me kiſs thee, I'll ſwear and vow I will kiſs thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, oh Toa-a-a-ad——

Cour. Sir I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, the Lady, how does the Lady, what ſays the Lady, Sir *Jolly*?

Sir *Jol.* What ſays the Lady! why ſhe ſays——ſhe ſays — odd ſhe has a delicate Lip, ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo hard, ſo plump, ſo blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't —— and for her Neck and Breaſts, and her —— odds life; I'll ſay no more, not a Word more, but I know, I know ——

Beau. I am ſorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, ſay you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled Orts, your Offal upon me ——

Sir *Jol.* Huſh, huſh, huſh! have a care; as I live and breath, not I; alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old Fellow, decay'd and done: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how Matters go tho' now and then, to ſee a pretty Wench and a young Fellow touze and rouze and frouze and mouze; odd I love a young Fellow dearly, faith dearly ——

Cour. This is the moſt extraordinary Rogue, I ever met withal.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, in the firſt place, you muſt know, I have ſworn never to marry.

Sir *Jol.* I would not have thee, Man. I am a Batchelor my ſelf, and been a Whore-Maſter all my Life; beſides ſhe's marry'd already Man, her Husband's an old, greaſie, untoward, ill-natur'd, ſlovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy Jealous.

Beau. Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* No, that ſhall be; my Boy, thou ſhalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear Heart; and ſhan't I hold the Door, ſhan't I peep? hah, ſhan't I, you Devil, you little Dog, ſhan't I? ——

Beau. What is it I'd not grant, to oblige my Patron?

Sir *Jol.* And then doſt thou hear, I have a Lodging for thee in my own Houſe; doſt hear old Soul, in my own Houſe; ſhe lives the very next Door Man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a peep-Hole, odds Fiſh I have a peep-Hole for thee; 'sbud I'll ſhew thee, I'll ſhew thee ——

Beau. But when, Sir *Jolly*? I am in haſte, impatient.

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Why this very Night, Man; poor Rogue's in haſte, poor Rogue; but hear you ——

Cour. The Matter?

Sir *Jol.* Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir *Jol.* The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and beſpeak Dinner at the *Blue-Poſts*; while I ſtay behind and gather up a Diſh of Whores for a Deſert.

Cour. Be ſure that they be lewd, drunken, ſtripping Whores, Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly ſqueamiſh and troubleſome.

Sir *Jol.* I warrant you.

Cour. I love a well-diſciplin'd Whore, that ſhews all the Tricks of her Profeſſion with a Wink, like an old Soldier that underſtands all his Exerciſe by beat of Drum.

Sir *Jol.* Ah Thief, ſay'ſt thou ſo! I muſt be better acquainted with that Fellow; he has a notable Noſe; a hard brawny Carle —— true and truſty, and Mettle I'll warrant him.

Beau. Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'll not fail us?

Sir *Jol.* Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye Boys: I'll muſter this Evening ſuch a Regiment of rampant, roaring, royſterous Whores, that ſhall make more Noiſe than if all the Cats in the *Hay-Market* were in Conjunction: Whores ye Rogues, that ſhall ſwear with you, drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, ſcratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah! ——

Cour. As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedneſs can make us.

Sir *Jol.* Odd that's well ſaid again, very well ſaid; as merry as Wine, Women and Wickedneſs can make us: I love a Fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a Spirit in him, there's a ſort of a tantara rara, tantara rara, ah, ah-h-h; well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and ſhall I not ſee a little Sport amongſt you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da. da, I'll be with you, da, da —— [*Exeunt* Beaug. *and* Court.

Enter ſeveral Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *Bul.* In the Name of Satan, what Whores are thoſe in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Whore.* Well I'll ſwear, Madam, 'tis the fineſt Evening: I love the Mall mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whore.* Really, and ſo do I; becauſe there's always good Company, and one meets with ſuch Civilities from every Body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout ye Filthies.

3 *Whore.* Ay, and then I love extreamly to ſhew my ſelf here, when I am very fine, to vex thoſe poor Devils that call themſelves Virtues, and are very ſcandalous and crapiſh, I'll ſwear; O crimine, who's yonder! Sir *Jolly Jumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! let's leave the naſty Sows to Fools, and Diſeaſes,

1 *Whore.* Oh Papa, Papa! where have you been theſe two Days, Papa?

2 *Whore.* You are a precious Father indeed, to take no more care of your Children: We might be dead for all you, you naughty Dady, you.

Sir *Jol.* Dead, my poor Fubſes! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

1 *Whore.* Nay, fie, Papa; I ſwear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night; you have promis'd me a Treat this Week, won't you Papa?

2 *Whore.* Ay, won't you, Dad?

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, odds ſo, well remember'd! get you gone, don't ſtay talking; get you gone, yonder's a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Couſiin the Baron, the Count, the Marquiſs, the Lord knows what, Monſieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds ſo,

3 *Whore.* Oh Law, where Dady, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whore.* Well you are the pureſt Papa; but when be dey mun, Papa-----

Sir *Jol.* I won't tell you, you Gipſies, ſo I won't----- except you tickle me------'sbud they are brave Fellows, all tall, and not a Bit ſmall; odd one of 'em has a deviliſh deal of Mony.

1 *Whore.*

1 *Whore.* Oh dear, but which is he, Papa?

2 *Whore.* Shan't I be in love with him, Dady?

Sir *Jol. What no Body tickle me! no Body tickle me?* not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*-----tickle me a little *Jenny*----- do, He he he he he he--- [*They tickle him.*

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, ſo ſo, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll I'll I'll----

3 *Whore.* What will you do trow?

Sir *Jol.* Come along with me, come along with me, ſneak after me at a diſtance, that no Body take notice; ſwinging Fellows *Mally*-----ſwinging Fellows *Jenny*, a deviliſh deal of Mony: get you afore then you little Dippappers, ye Waſps, ye Wagtails, get you gone; I ſay ſwinging Fellows---- [*Exeunt Sir* Jolly, *with the Whores.*

Enter Lady Dunce *and* Sylvia.

L. *Dunce.* Die a Maid, *Sylvia*: fie for ſhame! what a ſcandalous Reſolution's that? five thouſand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hoſpitals, for the innocent Recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell? fie for ſhame!

Sylv. Indeed ſuch another charming Animal as your Conſort, Sir *David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unſpeakable Bleſſing to lie all Night by a Horſe-load of Diſeaſes; a beaſtly, unſavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing Wretch, that ſmells of the Grave he is going to already. From ſuch a Curſe, and Hair-cloth next my Skin, good Heav'n deliver me!

L. *Dunce.* Thou miſtakeſt the Uſe of a Husband, *Sylvia*, They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulſom Faſhion, to lie o' Nights with a Husband; but the World's improv'd, and Cuſtom's alter'd.

Sylv. Pray inſtruct me then what the Uſe of a Husband is.

L. *Dunce.* Inſtead of a Gentleman-Uſher for Ceremonies ſake to be in waiting on ſet Days, and particular Occaſions; but the Friend, Couſin, is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, Sir *David*, Madam, will be difficult to be ſo govern'd; I am miſtaken if his Nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

L. *Dunce.* So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is eaſieſt to be deceiv'd: For obſerve, where there's

Jealouſie

Jealousie there's always Fondness; which if a Woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, the Husband's Fears shall not so awake him on one side, as his Dotage shall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of Mortality such a doting Doddle, is he so very fond of you?

L. *Dunce.* No, but he has the Vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this Confinement on me; though he has other divertisements that take him off from my Enjoyment, which make him so loathsome no Woman but must hate him.

Sylv. His private Divertisements I am a Stranger to.

L. *Dunce.* Then for his Person 'tis incomparably odious; he has such a Breath, one Kiss of him were enough to cure the Fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Assa-fœtida*.

Sylv. Oh hideous!

L. *Dunce.* Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linnen he says is unwholsome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlick and chewing Tobacco.

Sylv. Fogh! this is Love! this is the blessing of Matrimony!

L. *Dunce.* Rail not so unreasonably against Love, *Sylvia*: As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the Passion I have for *Beaugard*; so methinks, *Sylvia* need not conceal her good Thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtine* sticks in your Stomach?

Sylv. If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my Heart. But can you have the Conscience to love another Man now you are married? What do you think will become of you?

L. *Dunce.* I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of; my Parents indeed made me say something to him after a Priest once, but my Heart went not along with my Tongue, I minded not what it was: for my Thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven Years have been much better imploy'd —— *Beaugard*! Ah curse on the day that first sent him into *France!*

Sylv. Why so, I beseech you?

L. *Dunce*,

L. *Dunce.* Had he ſtay'd here, I had not been ſacrificed to the Arms of this Monument of Man, for the Bed of Death could not be more cold, than his has been; he would have delivered me from the Monſter, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my Kindneſs not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyſhip had good Thoughts of him.

L. *Dunce.* Surely 'tis impoſſible to think too well of him, for he has Wit enough to call his Good-nature in queſtion, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit ſuſpected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get ſight of him? Sir *David*'s Watchfulneſs is invincible. I dare ſwear he wou'd ſmell out a Rival if he were in the Houſe, only by natural Inſtinct, as ſome that always ſweat when a Cat's in the Room. Then again, *Beaugard*'s a Soldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman, you know, loves dearly.

L. *Dunce.* There lies the greateſt Comfort of my uneaſie Life; he is one of thoſe Fools forſooth, that are led by the Noſe by Knaves to rail againſt the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a Party. I have had hopes this twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-Houſe for Treaſon.

Sylv. But I find only your ſelf the Priſoner all this while.

L. *Dunce.* At preſent indeed I am ſo; but Fortune I hope will ſmile, wouldſt thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia.*

Silv. In any miſchievous deſign with all my Heart.

L. *Dunce.* The Concluſion, Madam, may turn to your Satisfaction; but you have no thoughts of *Courtine?*

Sylv. Not I, I'll aſſure you, Couſin.

L. *Dunce.* You don't think him well ſhap'd, ſtraight and proportionable?

Sylv. Conſidering he eats but once a Week, the Man is well enough.

L. *Dunce.* And then he wears his Cloaths, you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

Sylv. Filthily enough of all Conſcience, with a threadbare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day,

day, over which a great broad greasie Buff Belt, enough to turn any ones Stomach but a disbanded Soldier; a Perruque ty'd up in a knot, to excuse its want of Combing; and then because he has been a Man at Arms, he must wear two Tuffles of a Beard forsooth, to lodge a Dunghil of Snuff upon, to keep his Nose in good humour.

L. *Dunce*. Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I protest eternally against the whole Sex.

L. *Dunce*. That time will best demonstrate, in the mean while to our business.

Sylv. As how, Madam?

L. *Dunce*. To Night must I see *Beaugard*, they are this minute at Dinner in the *Hay-market*; now to make my evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing call'd a Husband, himself to assist his poor Wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleasant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impossible.

L. *Dunce*. I am apt to be perswaded rather very easie; you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Folly*.

Sylv. Out on him Beast, he's always talking filthily to a body; if he sits but at the Table with one, he'll be making nasty Figures in the Napkins.

L. *Dunce*. He and my sweet Yoke-fellow are the most intimate Friends in the World, so that partly out of neighbourly Kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be medling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of Pains and Industry he has procured me *Beaugard*'s Picture, and given him to understand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd my self, wishes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband instrumental, for I must confess of all Creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

L. *Dunce*. That must be done this Night: I'll instantly to my Chamber, take my Bed in a pet, and send for Sir *David*.

Sylv. But which way then must the Lover come?

L. *Dunce*. Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him the Picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own Honour, and my Quiet, to take some course to

secure

ſecure me from the ſcandalous Sollicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And ſo make him the Property, the Go-between, to bring the Affair to an iſſue the more decently.

L. *Dunce.* Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the beſt Office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old Husband; bleſs us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick coughing decrepid Dotrel, to be a dry Nurſe all ones life-time to an old Child of ſixty five, to lie by the Image of Death a whole Night, a dull Immoveable, that has no ſenſe of Life, but through its pains; the Pidgeon's as happy that's laid to a ſick Man's Feet, when the World has given him over; for my part this ſhall henceforth be my Prayer,

Curſt be the Memory, nay double curſt,
Of her that wedded Age for Intereſt firſt;
Though worn with Years, with fruitleſs Wiſhesfull,
'Tis all Day troubleſome, and all Night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy Lives,
Fools are the fitteſt fineſt things for Wives;
Yet old Men Profit bring, as Fools bring Eaſe,
And both make Youth and Wit much better pleaſe.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

Cour. SIR *Jolly* is the Glory of the Age.

Sir *Jol.* Nay, now Sir, you honour me too far.

Beau. He's the Delight of the young, and Wonder of the old.

Sir *Jol.* I ſwear Gentlemen you make me bluſh.

Cour. He deſerves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

Sir. *Jol.* Out upon't, fie for ſhame: I proteſt I'll leave your Company if you talk ſo; but faith they were Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd —— have ſtript for t'other Bottle.

Beau.

Beau. Truly, Sir *Jolly*, you are a Man of very extraordinary Diſcipline, I never ſaw Whores under better command in my life.

Sir *Jol.* Piſh, that's nothing Man, nothing; I can ſend for forty better when I pleaſe, Doxies that will skip, ſtrip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the World, any thing old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

Sir *Jol.* Odd as ſimple as I ſtand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed Sir *Jolly*, a Knight ſay you?

Sir *Jol.* Ay, but a little decay'd; I'll aſſure you ſhe's a very good Gentlewoman born.

Cour. Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir *Jol.* Ay, and ſo ſhe is.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, how goes my buſineſs forward, when ſhall I have a view of the Quarry I am to fly at?

Sir *Jol.* Alas-a-day, not ſo haſty, ſoft and fair I beſeech you. Ah my little Son of Thunder, if thou hadſt her in thy Arms now between a pair of Sheets, and I under the Bed to ſee fair play, Boy, Gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings, oh Lawd, I under the Bed!

Beau. Or behind the Hangings, Sir *Jolly*, would not that do as well?

Sir *Jol.* Oh no, under the Bed againſt the World, and then it wou'd be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuſe!

Sir *Jol.* No, but a little Light would do well, a ſmall glimmering Lamp, juſt enough for me to ſteal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't ſpeak a Word more; there would be a trick! oh rare! you Friend, oh rare! odds ſo, not a word more, odds ſo, yonder comes the Monſter that muſt be, the Cuckold Elect; ſtep, ſtep aſide, and obſerve him: if I ſhou'd be ſeen in your Company, 'twou'd ſpoil all.

Beau. For my part I'll ſtand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good Underſtanding with a Wife, is firſt to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* Well, of all Bleſſings a diſcreet Wife is the greateſt that can light upon a Man of Years: Had I been mar-

married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beaſt had I been by this time; well, I am the happieſt old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, ſo that an honeſt Man can keep nothing to himſelf; if you have a good Eſtate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly I love a good Eſtate dearly my ſelf;) if you have a handſome Wife, every ſmooth-fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her; fleſh-flies are not ſo troubleſome to the Shambles, as thoſe ſort of Inſects are to the Boxes in the Play-houſe: But Virtue is a great Bleſſing, an unvaluable Treaſure; to tell me her ſelf that a Villian had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the Inchantment that he ſent to bewitch her, it ſtrikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain in Effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture*] Odd a very handſome Fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him; ſuch Fellows as theſe now ſhould be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into other Mens Paſtures; here's a Noſe now, I cou'd find in my Heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to preſume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bleſs us what will this World come to! well poor Sir *David*, down, down upon thy Knees, and thank the Stars for thy deliverance.

Beau. 'Sdeath what's that I ſee? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I ſent by Sir *Jolly*; if ſo, by this light I am damnably Jilted.

Sir *Dav.* But now if ——

Beau. Surely he does not ſee us yet.

Four. See you, Sir, why he has but one Eye, and we are on his blind ſide; I'll dumb found him.

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder.*

Sir *Dav.* Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame; now a pox of all Amorous Adventures; 'sdeath I'll go beat the impertinent Pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir *Da.* Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary Reaſon to be ſo.

Sir *Da.* And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reaſon neither.

Beau.

Beau. Sir, if you are at leiſure, I would beg the Honour to ſpeak with you,

Sir *Dav.* With me, Sir? What's your buſineſs with me?

Beau. I wou'd not willingly be troubleſome, though it may be I am ſo at this time.

Sir *Dav.* It may be ſo too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to ſo worthy a Perſon as you are, would be ſo great an honour, ſo extraordinary a happineſs, that I could not avoid taking this Opportunity of tendering you my Service.

Sir *Dav.* Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this Fellow? [*Aſide.*] But Sir, you were pleaſed to nominate buſineſs, Sir, I deſire with what ſpeed you can to know your buſineſs, Sir, that I may go about my buſineſs.

Beau. Sir, if I might with good manners, I ſhould be glad to inform my ſelf, whoſe Picture that is, which you have in your Hand; methinks it is very fine Painting.

Sir *Dav.* Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis a Reſemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forſooth, but he is in ſhort a Rakehell, a poor louſie beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him Friend?——

Beau. I think I have heard of ſuch a Vagabond: the truth on't is he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir *Dav,* Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir *Dav.* I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Seſſions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deſerved it long ago; but did you ever ſee him, Sir *David*?

Sir *Dav.* Sir——does he know me? [*Aſide.*

Beau. Becauſe I fancy that Mignature is very much like him. Pray Sir, whence had it you?——

Sir *Dav.* Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!——

[*Compares the Picture with* Beaugard's *Face.*

bleſs us! what have I done now? this the very Traitor himſelf; if he ſhould be deſperate now, and put his Sword in my Guts!——ſlitting my Noſe will be as bad as that. I have but one Eye left neither, and may be——Oh but this is the King's Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here; I'll try to out-huff him. Whence had it you?

Beau.

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *Engliſh* in my Country, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Go, Sir, you are a Raſcal.

Beau. How!

Sir *Dav.* Sir, I ſay, you are a Raſcal, a very impudent Raſcal, nay I'll prove you to be a Raſcal, if you go to that----

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Soldier.

Sir *Dav.* So much the worſe, Soldiers have been Cuckold-makers, from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a——come Sir, did I never ſee you? anſwer me to that, did I never ſee you? for ought I know you may be a Jeſuit; there were more in the laſt Army beſides you.

Beau. Of your Acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir *Dav.* Yes to my Knowledge, there were ſeveral at *Hounſlow Heath* diſguiſed in dirty Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy; I knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all Night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a Woman, but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In ſhort, you worthy Villain of Worſhip, that Picture is mine, and I muſt have it, or I ſhall take an Opportunity to kick your Worſhip moſt inhumanely.

Sir *Dav.* Kick Sir.

Beau. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can ſhew you.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; ſo I ſay you are a Raſcal again, and now how will you help your ſelf? poor Fool.

Beau. Heark you Friend, have not you a Wife?

Sir *Dav.* I have a Lady, Sir——oh, and ſhe's mightily taken with this Picture of yours, ſhe was ſo mightily proud of it ſhe could not forbear ſhewing it me, and telling too who it was ſent it her.

Beau. And has ſhe been long a Jilt? has ſhe practiſed the Trade for any time?

Sir *Dav.* Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jeſt, putting out Chriſtian Colours, when ſhe's a Turk under Deck: A curſe upon all honeſt Women in the Fleſh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir *Dav.*

Sir *Dav.* Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you ſweet Soul, as I told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but thoſe are things not worthy your Conſideration: Beauty's your Buſineſs; but dear Vagabond, trouble thy ſelf no further about my Spouſe, let my Doxie reſt in Peace, ſhe's meat for thy Maſter, old Boy; I have my Belly full of her every Night.

Beau. Sir, I wiſh all your Noble Family hang'd from the Bottom of my Heart.

Sir *Dav.* Moreover Captain Swaſh, I muſt tell you my Wife is an honeſt Woman, of a virtuous Diſpoſition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and ſhe deſerves it by her faithful dealing in this Affair, for that ſhe has diſcover'd loyally to me the treacherous Deſigns laid againſt her Chaſtity, and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beaſt weeps.

Sir *Dav.* Truly I cannot but weep for Joy; to think how happy I am in a ſincere faithful and loving Yokefellow; ſhe charg'd me too to tell you into the Bargain, that ſhe is ſufficiently ſatisfy'd of the moſt ſecret Wiſhes of your Heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir *Dav.* And that 'tis her deſire, that you would trouble your ſelf no more about the Matter.

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir *Dav.* But henceforward behave your ſelf with ſuch Diſcretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Beau. Oh to be ſure moſt exactly!

Sir *Dav.* And let her alone to make the beſt uſe of thoſe innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her Reputation in hazard.

Beau. As how, I beſeech you ——

Sir *Dav.* By your impertinent and unſeaſonable Addreſs.

Beau. And this News you bring me by a particular Commiſſion from your ſweet Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Yea Friend I do, and ſhe hopes you'll be ſenſible, dear Heart, of her good Meaning by it: Theſe were her very Words, I neither add nor diminiſh, for plain dealing is my Miſtreſſes Friend.

Beau.

Beau. Then all the Curſes I ſhall think on this Twelvemonth light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives Credit to the Sex.

Sir *Dav.* Well, certainly I am the happieſt Toad; how melancholly the Munky ſtands now? Poor Pug, haſt thou loſt her?

Beau. To be ſo ſordid a Jilt, to betray me to ſuch a Beaſt as that! can ſhe have any good Thoughts of ſuch a Swine? Dam her, had ſhe abus'd me handſomly it had never vext me.

Sir *Dav.* Now Sir, with your Permiſſion I'll take my leave.

Beau. Sir, if you were gone to the Devil, I ſhould think you very well diſpos'd of.

Sir *Dav.* If you have any Letter, or other Commendation to the Lady that was ſo charm'd with your Reſemblance there, it ſhall be very faithfully convey'd by——

Beau. Fool.

Sir *Dav.* Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gone, I ſhall diſturb you no further, your moſt humble Servant Sir. [*Ex.*

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Priſon fall thick upon the Head of thee, *Fourbin.*

Four. Sir!——

Beau. Thou haſt been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

Four. I hope I have loſt nothing in your Honour's Service, Sir.

Beau. Find out ſome way to revenge me on this old Raſcal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman——

Four. That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank you; for I am ſure you have not left me One Shilling in my Pocket theſe two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to Revel withal.

Four. Will your Honour pleaſe to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my Heart.

Four. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own Door, and then give out to the World he did it himſelf?

Beau. That would do very well.

Four. Or I think (to proceed with more Safety) a good ſtale Jakes were a very pretty Expedient.

Beau.

Beau. Excellent, excellent, *Fourbin.*

Four. Leave matters to my Diſcretion, and if I do not—— [*Exit.*

Beau. I know thou wilt; go, go about it, proſper and be famous: now ere I dare venture to meet *Courtin* again, will I go by my ſelf, rail for an Hour or two, and then be good Company. [*Exit.*

Enter Courtine *and* Sylvia.

Sylv. Take my word, Sir, you had better give this Buſineſs over. I tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomach ſo much as the Man, that Man that makes love to me. I never ſaw one of your Sex in my Life make love, but he look'd ſo like an Aſs all the while, that I bluſh'd for him.

Cour. I am afraid your Ladyſhip then is one of thoſe dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always ſo mightily taken with admiring themſelves, that nothing elſe is worth their notice.

Sylv. Oh! who can be ſo dull not to be raviſh'd with that royſterous Mein of yours? that ruffling Air in your Gate, that ſeems to cry where-e'er you go, make room, here comes the Captain: That Face, the which bids defiance to the Weather. Bleſs us! if I were a poor Farmer's Wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never ſaw before, how lovingly it looks upon me!

Cour. Who can forbear to ſigh, look pale and languiſh, where Beauty and Wit unite both their Forces to enſlave a Heart ſo tractable as mine is? Firſt, for the modiſh ſwim of your Body, the victorious Motion of your Arms and Head, the toſs of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes; bleſs us! If I were a dainty fine dreſt Coxcomb, with a great Eſtate, and a little or no Wit, Vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and ſoften me? but as I am a ſcandalous honeſt Raſcal, not Fool enough to be your Sport, nor rich enough to be your Prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

Sylv. Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your Honeſty ſhould ever do you hurt, or your Wit ſpoil your Preferment.

Cour. Juſt as much, fair Lady, as that your Beauty ſhould make you be envied at, or your Virtue provoke Scandal.

Sylv. The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

Cour. The more I look, the more I am out of love with you.

Silv. How my Heart ſwells when I ſee you!

Cour. How my Stomach riſes when I am near you!

Sylv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Cour. With all my Heart; what?

Sylv. Not to fall in love with each other, I aſſure you, Monſieur Captain.

Cour. But to hate one another conſtantly and cordially.

Sylv. Always when you are drunk, I deſire you to talk ſcandalouſly of me.

Cour. Ay, and when I am ſober too; in return whereof, whene'er you ſee a Coquet of your Acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be ſure you ſpit at the filthy Remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Sylv. In the next place, whene'er we meet in the *Mall*, I deſire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly Mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Cour. Which if I chance to do, be ſure at next Turning to pick up ſome taudry fluttering Fop or another.

Sylv. That I made Acquaintance withal at the Muſick-meeting.

Cour. Right, Juſt ſuch another Spark to ſaunter by your ſide, with his Hat under his Arm.

Silv. Hearkning to all the bitter things I can ſay to be revenged.

Cour. Whilſt the dull Rogue dare not ſo much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he is out of his waiting.

Sylv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Cour. And you to be even with me for the Scandal, publiſh to all the World I offer'd to marry you.

Sylv. Oh hideous Marriage!

Cour. Horrid, horrid Marriage!

Sylv. Name, name no more of it.

Cour. At that ſad Word let's part.

Sylv. Let's wiſh all Men decrepid, dull and ſilly.

Cour.

Cour. And every Woman old and ugly.

Sylv. Adieu!——

Cour. Farewel!——

Enter a young fellow, affectedly dreſt, ſeveral others with him.

Silv. Ah me, Mr. *Frisk!*

Frisk. Madamoiſel, Sylvia! ſincerely as I hope to be ſav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

Sylv. Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Exit with* Frisk.

Cour. True to thy Failings always, Woman; how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monſter was that for a Woman to delight in! now muſt I love her ſtill, tho' I know I am a Blockhead for't, and ſhe'll uſe me like a Blockhead too, if I don't prevent her: What's to be done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my Head.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaugard, well met again, how go matters? Handſomly!

Beau. Oh very handſomely! had you but ſeen how handſomely I was us'd juſt now, you would ſwear ſo. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wou'dſt exerciſe thy Talent a little at preſent.

Cour. At what?

Beau. Why canſt thou ever want a Subject? rail at thy ſelf, rail at me, I deſerve to be rail'd at; ſee there, what thinkeſt thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthineſs, miſcall'd a Man?

A Clumſie Fellow marches over the Stage dreſt like an Officer.

Cour. Curſe on him for a Rogue, I know him,

Beau. So.

Cour. The Raſcal was a Retailer of Ale but yeſterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty ſight in a Morning to ſee him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him, at the head of a hundred luſty Fellows; ſome honeſt Gentleman or other ſtays now, becauſe that Dog had Mony to bribe ſome corrupt Colonel withal.

Enter another gravely dreſt.

Beau. There, there's another of my Acquaintance, he was my Father's Footman not long ſince, and has pimpt for me oftner than he pray'd for himſelf; that good Quality recommended him to a Nobleman's Service, which, together

gether with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of Trust and Reputation, though the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his neck Verse, if he had occasion.

Cour. 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a Man of Sense should be preferr'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chast, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more seeming earnestly in discourse.

Beau. That's seasonably thought on; look there, observe but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the busiest Face of the two, I'll tell thee his History.

Cour. I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so well I like him at the first sight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd him; his Father was as obscure as his Mother publick; every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

Cour. He comes of a very good Family, heav'n be prais'd.

Beau. The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebellion; so a Rebel he grew, and flourish'd a Rebel, fought against his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Cour. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Most devoutly! He could Pray till he cry'd, and Preach till he foam'd, which excellent Talent made him popular, and at last preferr'd him to be a worthy Member of that never-to-be-forgotten Rump Parliament.

Cour. Pray Sir be uncover'd at that, and remember it with Reverence.

Beau. In short, he was a Committee-man, Sequestrater and Persecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the King's Return to secure himself in the general Pardon.

Cour. Nauseous Vermin: That such a Swine with the Mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, should wallow in his Luxury, whilst honest Men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave disowns the Hand that heal'd him, cherishes Factions to affront his Master, and once more would rebel against the Head, which so lately sav'd his from a Pole.

Cour. What a dreadful Beard and ſwinging Sword he wears!

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance; the Raſcal will endure kicking moſt temperately for all that: I know five or ſix more of the ſame ſtamp, that never come abroad without terrible long Spits by their ſides, with which they will let you bore their own Noſes if you pleaſe; but let the Villain be forgotten.

Cour. His Co-Rogue I have ſome knowledge of; he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Caſe-putter, ſome call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judge.

Beau. Yes, and is always repining that Men of Parts are not regarded.

Cour. He has been a great Noiſe-maker in factious Clubs theſe ſeven Years, and now I ſuppoſe he is courting that worſhipful Raſcal to make him Recorder of ſome factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-Chandlers and Cheeſe-mongers how far they may rebel againſt their King by vertue of *Magna Charta*.

Cour. But Friend *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very ſplenatick of a ſudden: how goes the Affair of Love forward, proſperouſly, hah!

Beau. Oh I aſſure you moſt triumphantly, juſt now you muſt know I am parted with the ſweet civil inchanted Lady's Husband.

Cour. Well, and what ſays the Cuckold, is he very kind and good-natur'd as Cuckolds uſe to be?

Beau. Why he ſays, *Courtine*, in ſhort, that I am a very ſilly Fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this Affair moſt unconſcionably; a Plague on all Pimps, I ſay, a Man's buſineſs never thrives ſo well, as when he is his own Sollicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly *and a Boy.*

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt, hiſt, Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Run and get two Chairs preſently; be ſure you get two Chairs Sirrah, do you hear? here's luck, here's luck, now or never Captain, never if not now Captain! here's luck.

Beau.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, no more Adventures ſweet Sir *Jolly*, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir *Jol.* The beſt in the World dear Dog, the very beſt in the World: 'sbud ſhe's here hard by Man, ſtays on purpoſe for thee finely diſguis'd. The Cuckold has loſt her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I, and I you muſt know, I am I, hah! and I you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir *Jol.* The beſt-natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my years! now does my Heart ſo thump for fear this buſineſs ſhould miſcarry; why I'll warrant thee, the Lady is here Man, ſhe's all thy own, 'tis thy own fault if thou art not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: Come along, prithee come along, fie for ſhame. What, make a Lady loſe her longing! come along I ſay, you —— out upon't.

Beau. Sir your humble. I ſhan't ſtir.

Sir *Jol.* What? not go!

Beau. No Sir, no Lady for me.

Sir *Jol.* Not go! I ſhould laugh at that Faith.

Beau. No, I will aſſure you, not go, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Away you Wag, you jeſt, you jeſt you Wag; not go, quotha?

Beau. No Sir, not go I tell you, what the Devil would you have more?

Sir *Jol.* Nothing, nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir *Jol.* And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

Beau. Sir!

Sir *Jol.* Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life, I ſhall be diſgrac'd for ever.

Beau. I have not wrong'd you, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Not wrong'd me! But you ſhall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a ſweet Lady, and a fine Lady:——I ſhall never be truſted again! never have Employment more! I ſhall dye of the Spleen,——prithee now be good-natur'd, prithee be perſwaded, odd I'll give thee this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'll give thee any thing in the World, go.

Beau. Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Now that I durſt but murder him——Well, ſhall I fetch her to thee? What ſhall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Dunce.

'Odds fiſh here ſhe comes her ſelf; now you ill-natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her, what ſhall I ſay to her?

Beau. E'en what you pleaſe, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis a very ſtrange Monſter this---Madam, this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may ſay) he's ſomething baſhful, but I'll tell him who you are. [*Goes to* Beaugard.] If thou art not more cruel than *Leopards, Lyons, Tigers, Wolves,* or *Tartars,* don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this Unkindneſs of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*Goes to the Lady.*] Madam, he ſays, he's ſo amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the Excellence that ſhines from you.

L. *Dunce.* What can be the Meaning of all this?

Sir *Jol.* Art thou then reſolv'd to be remorſeleſs? canſt thou be inſenſible? haſt thou Eyes? haſt thou a Heart? haſt thou any thing thou ſhouldſt have? odd I'll tickle thee, get you to her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

L. *Dunce.* Have you forgot me, *Beaugard?*

Sir *Jol.* So now, to her again. I ſay, to her, to her and be hang'd. Ah Rogue! Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, there it goes, Hey---Boys!——

L. *Dunce.* Methinks this Face ſhould not ſo much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what once I thought it, the Object of your Pleaſure, and Subject of your Praiſes.

Sir *Jol.* Cunning Toad! Wheedling Jade! you ſhall ſee now how by degrees ſhe'll draw him into the Whirl-Pool of Love; now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I muſt pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

Beau. Madam, I muſt confeſs I do remember, that I had once Acquaintance with a Face, whoſe Air and Beauty much reſembled yours, and if I may truſt my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda.*

L. *Dunce.*

L. *Dunce. Clarinda* I was call'd, till my ill Fortune Wedded me: Now you may have heard of me by another Title: Your Friend there, I ſuppoſe, has made nothing a Secret to you.

Beau. And are you then that kind inchanted fair one who was ſo paſſionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beaſt your Huſband, and wrong the Paſſion of a Gentleman that languiſh'd for you, only to make your Monſter merry? Hark you Madam, had your Fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exerciſing my Parts that way upon your Go-between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir *Jol.* Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's ſpoil'd again, all's ruin'd, I ſhall be undone for ever! why what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what Sins have I committed?

L. *Dunce.* And are you the paſſionate Adorer of our Sex? who cannot live a Week in *London*, without loving? are you the Spark that ſends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a Pattern of your Perſon?

Beau. Yes Madam, when I receive ſo good Hoſtages as theſe are, [*Shews the Gold.*
That it ſhall be well us'd. Cou'd you find no body but me to play the Fool withal?

Sir *Jol.* Alack a day!

L. *Dunce.* Could you pitch upon no body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well, to abuſe thus?

Sir *Jol.* That ever I was born!

Beau. Here, here Madam, I'll return you your Dirt, I ſcorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

L. *Dunce.* Fye for ſhame, what, refund? That is not like a Soldier to refund; keep, keep it to pay your Sempſtreſs withal.

Sir *Jol.* His Sempſtreſs, who the Devil is his Sempſtreſs? Odd what wou'd I give to know that now!

L. *Dunce.* There was a Ring too, which I ſent you this Afternoon; if that fit not your Finger, you may diſpoſe of it ſome other way, where it may give no occaſion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

Beau. A Ring, Madam!

L. *Dunce.* A ſmall Trifle; I ſuppoſe Sir *David* deliver'd it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

Beau. I beſeech you Madam!

L. *Dunce.* Farewel you Traitor.

Beau. As I hope to be ſav'd, and upon the Word of a Gentleman.

L. *Dunce.* Go, you are a falſe ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Ah thou Rebel!

Beau. Some advice, ſome advice, dear Friend, ere I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Jol.* Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honour's Supper, that's all the Remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little Reaſon.

Sir *Jol.* No Sir, I ha' done, no more to be ſaid, I ha' done, I am aſham'd of you, I'll have no more to ſay to you, I'll never ſee your Face again, good b'w'y.

[*Exit Sir* Jolly.

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day? a Ring! deliver'd by Sir *David*——what can that mean?——Pox on her for a Jilt, ſhe lies, and has a mind to amuſe and laugh at me a day or two longer. Hiſt, here comes her Beaſt once more: I'll uſe him civilly, and try what Diſcovery I can make.

Enter Sir David Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Captain's Jewel; very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha!——how damnable Mad he'll be now, when I ſhall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!——Poor Dog, he'll hang himſelf at leaſt, ha, ha, ha!——Faith 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely ſet: Humph! if I ſhould keep it now!——I'll ſay I have loſt it; no I'll give it him again, o' purpoſe to vex him, ha, ha, ha!

Beau. Sir *David*, I am heartily ſorry.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Sir, 'tis you I was ſeeking for, ha, ha, ha! what ſhall I ſay to him now to terrifie him?

Beau. Me, Sir!——

Sir *Dav.* Ay, you Sir, if your Name be Captain *Beaugard*: How like a Fool he looks already?——

Beau.

Beau. What you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, I would ſpeak a word with you, if you think fit; what ſhall I do now to keep my Countenance?

Beau. Can I be ſo happy, Sir, as to be able to ſerve you in any thing?

Sir *Dav.* No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have Commands of ſervice to you, Sir, oh Lord, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Me, Sir!

Sir *Dav.* Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your Hat, Friend, put on your Hat, be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit down on this Bank?

Sir *Dav.* No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young Wife, I can ſtand upon my Legs, Sweetheart.

Beau. Sir, I beſeech you!

Sir *Dav.* By no means; I think Friend, we had ſome hard words juſt now, 'twas about a paultry Baggage, but ſhe's a pretty Baggage, and a witty Baggage, and a Baggage that——

Beau. Sir, I am heartily aſham'd of all Miſdemeanor on my Side.

Sir *Dav.* You do well; though are not you a damn'd Whore-Maſter, a deviliſh Cuckold-making Fellow? here, here, do you ſee this? here's the Ring you ſent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to?——Why I'll warrant you this Ring coſt Fifty Pounds: What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away ſo much Mony; or didſt thou ſteal it, old Boy? I believe thou may'ſt be poor, I'll lend thee Mony upon't, if thou think'ſt fit, at thirty in the hundred, becauſe I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir, your humble Servant, I am ſorry 'twas not worth your Lady's Acceptance. Now what a Dog am I!

Sir *Dav.* I ſhould have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my Wife's Fault in the leaſt; for ſhe ſays as thou likeſt this Uſage, ſhe hopes to have thy Cuſtom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Then Sir, I beſeech you tell her, that you have made a Convert on me, and that I am ſo ſenſible of my inſolent Behaviour towards her——

Sir *Dav.* Very well, I ſhall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impoſſible I ſhall ever be at peace with my ſelf, 'till I find ſome way how to make her Reparation.

Sir *Dav.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever ſhe find me guilty of the like Offence again——

Sir *Dav.* No Sir, you had not beſt; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her baniſh all good Opinion of me for ever.

Sir *Dav.* No more to be ſaid, your Servant, good b'w'y.

Beau. One word more, I beſeech you, Sir *Davy.*

Sir *Dav.* What's that?

Beau. I beg you tell her, that the generous Reproof ſhe has given me has ſo wrought upon me——

Sir *Dav.* Well, I will.

Beau. That I eſteem this Jewel, not only as a Wreck redeem'd from my Folly, but that for her ſake I will preſerve it to the utmoſt Moment of my Life.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart, I vow and ſwear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute ſhe might miſtake me for.

Sir *Dav.* Right; well, this will make the pureſt ſport [*Aſide.*] Let me ſee; firſt you acknowledge your ſelf to be a very impudent Fellow.

Beau. I do ſo, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* And that you ſhall never be at reſt, 'till you have ſatisfy'd my Lady.

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Satisfy'd her, very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the Fool any more. Be ſure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* And that you will keep that Ring for her ſake, as long as you live, hah!——

Beau. To the Day of my Death, I'll aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.*

Sir *Dav.* I proteſt that will be very kindly done —— and that you long mightily, long to let her underſtand that you are another-gueſs Fellow than ſhe may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the Sum and End of my Deſires.

Sir *Dav.* Well, I'll take care of your Buſineſs, I'll do your Buſineſs, I'll warrant you; this will be the pureſt ſport when I come home! [*Aſide.*] Well your Servant, remember, be ſure you remember. Your Servant. [*Ex.*

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate Inſtrument rightly made uſe of;——To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himſelf, I think 'tis as worthy an Employment as ſuch a noble Conſort can be put to.

Ah were ye all ſuch Husbands and ſuch Wives,
We younger Brothers ſhould lead better Lives. [Ex.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Sylvia *and* Courtine.

Sylv. TO fall in love, and to fall in love with a Soldier! nay a disbanded Soldier too, a Fellow with the Mark of *Cain* upon him, which every Body knows him by, and is ready to throw Stones at him for.

Cour. Dam her, I ſhall never enjoy her without Raviſhing; if ſhe were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her; Ay, 'tis ſhe, I know her miſchievous Look too well to be miſtaken in it——Madam!——

Sylv. Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a very hard Caſe, that you have reſolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Sylv. 'Tis very unreaſonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this ſcandalous Rate, the World will think we are acquainted, ſhortly.

Cour. But, Madam, I shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this Place these two Hours!

Cour. 'Twas because I knew it to be your Ladyship's Home then, and therefore might reasonably be the Place you least of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of publick Appearance or other, 'tis pretty near the Hour, 'twill be Twilight presently, and then the Owls come all abroad.

Sylv. What need I take the Trouble to go so far a Fowling, when there's Game enough at our own Doors?

Cour. What, Game for your Net, fair Lady?

Sylv. Yes, or any Woman's Net else, that will spread it.

Cour. To shew you how despicably I think of the Business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the Pleasure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do so, I would advise you; your Raillery betrays your Wit, as bad as your clumsey Civility does your Breeding.

Cour. Adieu!——

Sylv. Farewel!——

Cour. Why do not you go about your Business?

Sylv. Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

Cour. Were it but possible that you could answer me one Question truly, and then I should be satisfy'd.

Sylv. Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomly.

Cour. Are you really very honest? Look in my Face and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper?

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart; I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome; and if you think it worth

worth your while to be abus'd substantially, you may make your personal Appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what Hour, I beseech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly.

Cour. Where shall those lovely Eyes and Ears hear my Plaints, and see my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy Griefs shall end, if thou canst know thy Foe from thy Friend. [*Exit.*

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now; under that Window, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly. I am a damn'd Fool, and must go; let me see; suppose I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's nothing for a Man that's in love; or suppose she contrive some way to make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the Scorn of the World, for an Example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her; beat her Relations, if they pretend to vindicate her, and so there's one love Intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Davy Dunce *and* Vermin.

Sir *Dav.* Go, get you in to your Lady now, and tell her, I am coming.

Verm. Her Ladyship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir *Dav.* How's that? my Lady not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, whither she is gone, and who is with her; run and ask, *Vermin.*

Verm. She went out in her Chair presently after you, this Afternoon.

Sir *Dav.* Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know: what will become of me? I have surely lost, and ne'er shall find her more; she promis'd me strictly to stay at home 'till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three Pair of Stairs in the *Temple* now.

Verm. Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Or it may be taking the Air as far as *Knights-Bridge* with some smooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'Tis a damn'd House, that *Swan*, that *Swan* at *Knights-bridge* is a confounded House, *Vermin.*

Verm.

Verm. Do you think she is there then?——

Sir *Dav.* No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know; wou'd that *Barn-Elms* was under Water too, there's a thousand Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Rosamond*'s Ponds; the Devil if she shou'd be there this Evening, my Heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* That must be Sir *Davy*; ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of: was ever any thing so pleasant?

Sir *Dav.* I'll lock her up three Days, and three Nights, without Meat, Drink, or Light; I'll humble her in the Devil's Name.

Sir *Jol.* Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend Sir *Davy*, it wou'd be the joyfullest News for him ——

Sir *Dav.* Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir *Jol.* Ah my Friend of Friends, such News, such Tidings!

Sir *Dav.* I have lost my Wife, Man.

Sir *Jol.* Lost her! she's not dead, I hope?

Sir *Dav.* Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir *Jol.* Why, I parted with her within this half Hour.

Sir *Dav.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant and a Constable presently.

Sir *Jol.* And she made the purest Sport now, with a young Fellow, Man, that she met withal accidentally.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! that's worse and worse! a young Fellow!—— my Wife making Sport with a young Fellow! oh Lord! here are doings, here are Vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb *Bow-Steeple* presently, bestride the Dragon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir *Jol.* The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir *Dav.* Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body,—— I'll indite him in the Crown-Office; no, I'll issue Warrants to apprehend him for Treason upon the Statute of *Edw.* 19.

won't

won't you tell me what young Fellow it was; was it a very handſome young Fellow, hah——

Sir *Jol.* Handſome, yes hang him, the Fellow's handſome enough; he is not very handſome neither, but he has a deviliſh leering black Eye.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Jol.* His Face too is a good riding Face, 'tis no ſoft effeminate Complexion indeed, but his Countenance is ruddy, ſanguine, and chearful; a deviliſh Fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us! what will become of me! why the Devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well ſhap'd too, tall, ſtraight, and proportionable, hah!——

Sir *Jol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly *Flanders* Jades, but more of the true *Engliſh* Breed, well knit, able and fit for Service, old Boy; the Fellow is well ſhap'd truly, very well proportion'd, ſtrong and active, I have ſeen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir *Dav.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm ſenſible ſhe's a young Woman, and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I ſignifie little or nothing now; but do you think he has prevail'd? am I a Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir *Jol.* Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Covent-Garden?* No, I'll aſſure you, I believe her to be the moſt vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but ſeen——

Sir *Dav.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Jol.* How like a Rogue ſhe us'd him: Firſt of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, ſays he——and then he bows down, thus——How now, ſays ſhe, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir *Dav.* Humph? ha! well, and what then?

Sir *Jol.* Madam, ſays he again (bowing as he did before) my Heart is ſo entirely yours, that except you take Pity of my Sufferings I muſt here die at your Feet.

Sir *Dav.* So, and what ſaid ſhe again, Neighbour? hah!

Sir *Jol.* Go, you are a Fop.

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha, did ſhe indeed? Did ſhe ſay ſo indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And how, and well, and what: ha!——

Sir *Fol.* Madam, ſays he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you pleaſe, but I ſhall make bold.

Sir *Dav.* Was there ever ſuch an impudent Fellow?

Sir *Fol.* With that, Sirrah, ſays ſhe, you are a ſaucy Jaknapes, and I'll have you kickt.

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarry'd again to be an Angel.

Sir *Fol.* But the beſt Jeſt of all was who this ſhould be at laſt.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you ſome ſilly Fellow or other, poor Fool!

Sir *Fol.* E'en a ſcandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*; but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir *Dav.* Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet Finger; Man; to my Knowledge ſhe hates him, ſhe ſcorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well ſatisfy'd in the Point; beſides I have ſeen him ſince that, and have out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own Mouth, that he promiſes never to affront her more.

Sir *Fol.* Indeed!

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay——

Enter Lady Dunce, *paying her Chairman.*

Chairman. God bleſs you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir *Fol.* Huſh, huſh, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be ſeen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

Sir *Dav.* No Faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my Houſe now, and ſtay Supper with me, we han't ſupp'd together a great while.

Sir *Fol.* Ha! ſay you ſo: I don't care if I do, Faith withal my Heart; this may give me an Opportunity to ſet all things right again. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Dav.* My Dear

L. *Dunce.* Sir!

Sir *Dav.* You have been abroad, my Dear, I see!

L. *Dunce.* Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stifled within Doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *David,* will you?

Sir *Dav.* Angry Child! no Child, not I; what should I be angry for?

L. *Dunce.* I wonder, Sir *David,* you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard,* and correct him according to my Instructions for his Insolence?

Sir *Dav.* So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweetheart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

L. *Dunce.* Did you purpose, Sir *Sodom,* to render me ridiculous to the Man I abominate? what scandalous Interpretation, think you, must he make of my retaining any Trifle of his, sent me on so dishooourable terms?

Sir *Dav.* Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yes I went back afterwards, dear Heart, and did the business to some purpose.

L. *Dunce.* I am glad that you did, with all my Heart.

Sir *Dav.* I gave him his Lesson, I'll warrant him.

L. *Dunce.* Lesson! what Lesson had you to give him?

Sir *Dav.* Why, I told him as he lik'd that Usage he might come again; ha, ha, ha.

L. *Dunce.* Ay, and so let him.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me; though thou wou'dst not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that Man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest Day nor Night 'till he has satisfied thee; prithee be satisfied with him if it is possible, my Dear, prithee do; I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much: for the poor Wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not chuse but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Fol.* Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface; odd I cou'd find in my Heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

L. *Dunce,*

L. *Dunce.* Sir *David,* I muſt tell you, that I cannot but reſent your ſo ſoon Reconcilement with a Man that I hate worſe than Death, and that if you lov'd me with half that Tenderneſs which you profeſs, you wou'd not forget an Affront ſo palpably and ſo baſely offer'd me.

Sir *Dav.* Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? what's to be done? how wouldſt thou have me deal with him?

L. *Dunce.* Cut his Throat.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us for ever? cut his Throat? what, do Murder?

L. *Dunce.* Murder, yes, any thing to ſuch an incorrigible Enemy of your Honour, one that has reſolv'd to perſiſt in abuſing of you; ſee here this Letter, this I receiv'd ſince I laſt parted with you; juſt now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpoſe for ſuch Imployments.

Sir *Dav.* Let me ſee: A Letter indeed! —— for the Lady *Dunce* —— damn'd Rogue, treacherous Dog, what can he ſay in the Inſide now? here's a Villain.

L. *Dunce.* Yes you had beſt break it open, you had ſo; 'tis like the reſt of your Diſcretion.

Sir *Dav.* Lady, if I have an Enemy, it is beſt for me to know what Miſchief he intends me; therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

L. *Dunce.* Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it my ſelf; if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and daſh it, as it is, in the Face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir *Jol.* What can be the Meaning of this now?

Sir *Dav.* A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the World ſhall find that I am a Gentleman,---- I have certainly the beſt Woman in the World.

L. *Dunce.* What do you think muſt be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the World, but your Kindneſs; had I a jealous Husband now, how miſerable muſt my Life be!

Sir *Jol.* Ah Rogues Noſe! ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir *Dav.* Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou wilt thou ſhalt

ſhalt not make me jealous: I love thee too well to ſuſpect thee.

L. *Dunce.* Ah but how long will you do ſo?

Sir *Dav.* How long! as long as I live I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body ſo: I cannot hold if thou doſt, my Eyes will run over, poor Fool, poor Birdſnies! poor Lambkin!

L. *Dunce.* But will you be ſo kind to me to anſwer my deſires, will you once more endeavour to make that Traytor ſenſible that I have too juſt an Eſteem of you, not to value his Adreſſes as they deſerve?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, I will.

L. *Dunce.* But don't ſtay away too long Dear; make what haſte you can, I ſhall be in Pain till I ſee you again.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment: How happy am I above the reſt of Men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her Company, till I return again. Child don't be troubled, prethee don't be troubled, was there ever ſuch a Wife, well, da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, da. [*Ex.*

L. *Dunce.* Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, da.

L. *Dunce.* But Sir *Jolly*, can you gueſs whereabout my wandring Officer may be probably found now?

Sir *Jol.* Found, Lady? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my Houſe preſently Lady, he's certainly one of the fineſt Fellows in the World.

L. *Dunce.* You ſpeak like a Friend, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* His Friend, Lady; no Madam his Foe, his utter Enemy, I ſhall be his Ruin, I ſhall undo him.

L. *Dunce.* You may, if you pleaſe; then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an hour or two; for I have contriv'd it ſo, that Sir *David* is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot poſſibly avoid it; I long to win ſome of the Captain's Mony ſtrangely.

Sir *Jol.* Do you ſo, my Gameſter? Well, I'll be ſure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

L. *Dunce.*

L. *Dunce.* And what is that I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir *Fol.* Only too loving, too good-natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the beſt-natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

L. *Dunce.* Hiſt, hiſt, I think I ſee Company coming; if you pleaſe, Sir *Folly*, we'll go in.

Enter Beaugard, *followed by Sir* David, *and* Vermin.

Sir *Fol.* Mum, mum, 'tis he himſelf, the very ſame; odds ſo, Sir *Davy* after him too, huſh, huſh, huſh, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a Shape, there's an Air, there's a Motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I ſay there's a Shape for you. [*Exit.* L. *Dunce.*

Beau. What the Devil ſhall I do to recover this days loſs again? my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forſaken me; methinks I am quandary'd like one going with a Party to diſcover the Enemies Camp; but had loſt his Guide upon the Mountains: Curſe on him, old *Argos* is here again: there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my Heels.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word I beſeech you.

Beau. With me, Friend?

Sir *Dav.* Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. Sir *David*, my Intimate, my Boſom Phyſician——

Sir *Dav.* Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

Beau. My Confeſſor, my deareſt Friend I ever had-----

Sir *Dav.* Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Virtue, and ſhewn me the ugly Inſide of my Follies.

Sir *Dav.* Your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendſhip, Sir *David*, your Lady has the worſt time on't of any one in Chriſtendom.

Sir *Dav.* So ſhe has, Sir, when ſhe cannot be free from the inſolent Sollicitations of ſuch Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why who am I, good Sir Domine Doddle-pate?

Sir *Dav.* So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the Peace inſtantly; will you never have remorſe of Conſcience, Friend? have you baniſh'd all Shame from your

your Soul? Do you consider my Name is Sir *David Dunce*? that I have the most virtuous Wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog Leer was that?

Beau. Your virtuous Wife, Sir! you are always harping upon that String, Sir *David*.

Sir *Dav.* No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that String, Sir; see you this? cast your Eyes upon this, this Letter Sir; did not you promise this very day, to abandon all manner of Proceedings of this Nature, tending to the Dishonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the Devil does he mean now? Let me see, For the Lady *Dunce*, this is no Scrawl of mine, I'll be sworn; by *Jove*, her own Hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the Fool, and spoil'd all again; was there ever so charming a Creature breathing,——Did your Lady deliver this to your hands, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Ev'n her own self in Person, Sir, and bad me tell you, Sir, that she has too just an Esteem of me, Sir, not to value such a Fellow as you are, as you deserve.

Beau. Very good: [*Reads the Letter*] I doubt not but this Letter will surprize you—— (in troth, and so it does Extreamly) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your Hand as kindly as you can.

Sir *Dav.* Ay a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. [*Reads*] Would Sir *David* were but half so kind to you as I am.

Sir *Dav.* Say you so, you insinuating Knave.

Beau. But he, I am satisfy'd, is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this Evening: I fear all will be hopeless.

Sir *Dav.* Impudent Traytor, I might have been a Monster yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. In order to which either appear your self, or some body for you, half an hour hence in the *Piazza*, when more may be considered of. Adieu.

Sir *Dav.*

Sir *Dav.* Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my Heart; you are come I ſee accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conſcience to tell the buſineſs won't do, the Trick won't paſs, Friend; you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhh, he make Sir *David Dunce* a Cuckold, poor Wretch, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt, hiſt, hiſt.

Enter Lady Dunce, *and* Fourbin *diſguis'd.*

L. *Dunce.* That's he, there he is! ſucceed, and be rewarded.

Four. Other People may think what they pleaſe; but in my own Opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now; if my deſign but ſucceed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you ſpeak with me, Friend?

Four. Sir, my Commands were to attend your Worſhip.

Sir *Jol. Beaugard, Beaugard,* hiſt, hiſt, here, here, quickly, hiſt.

Sir *Dav.* Where do you live Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

Four. Sir, I am a ſmall Inſtrument of the City, I ſerve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

Sir *Dav.* How, the Lord Mayor!

Four. Yes, Sir, who deſires you by all means to do him the Honour of your Company at Supper this Evening.

Sir *Dav.* It will be the greateſt Honour I ever receiv'd in my Life; what, my Lord Mayor invite me to Supper? I am his Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Four. Yes, Sir, if your Name be Sir *David Dunce,* as I have the honour to be inform'd it is; he deſires you moreover to make what haſte you can, for that he has ſome matters of Importance to communicate to your Honour, which may take up ſome time.

L. *Dunce.* I hope it will ſucceed.

Sir *Dav.* Communicate with me! he does me too noble a Favour; I'll flye upon the Wings of Ambition to lay my ſelf at his Footſtool: My Lord Mayor ſends himſelf to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I ſhall certainly be a great Man.

Four

Four. What Anſwer will your Worſhip charge me back withal?

Sir *Dav.* Let his Lordſhip know, that I am amaz'd and confounded at his Generoſity; and that I am ſo tranſported with the Honour he does me, and that I will not fail to wait on him in the roaſting of an Egg.

Four. I am your Worſhip's lowly Slave.

Sir *Dav. Vermin,* go get the Coach ready; get me the Gold Medal too and Chain, which I took from the Roman Catholick Officer for a Popiſh Relick: I'll be fine; I'll ſhine, and drink Wine that's divine; my Lord Mayor invite me to Supper!

L. *Dunce.* My deareſt, I'm glad to ſee thee return'd in Safety, from the bottom of my Heart: Haſt thou ſeen the Traitor?

Sir *Dav.* Seen him! hang him, I have ſeen him; Pox on him, ſeen him!

L. *Dunce.* Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

Sir *Dav.* Why doſt thou ask me where he is? What a Pox care I what becomes of him; prithee don't trouble me with thy Impertinence, I am buſie.

L. *Dunce.* You are not angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir *Dav.* No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one; very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to ſup with my Lord Mayor, that's all; nothing elſe in the World, only the Buſineſs of the Nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I ſay, don't be troubleſome, but ſtand off.

L. *Dunce.* You always think my Company troubleſome; you never ſtay at home to comfort me; what think you I ſhall do alone by my ſelf all this Evening? Moping in my Chamber; 'Pray, my Joy, ſtay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my Word. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Dav.* I ſay again and again, Tempter ſtand off, I will not loſe my Preferment for my Pleaſure; Honour is towards me, and Fleſh and Blood are my Averſion.

L. *Dunce.* But how long will you ſtay then?

Sir *Dav.* I don't know, may be not an Hour, may be all Night, as his Lordſhip and I think fit; what's that to any Body?

L. *Dunce.* You are very cruel to me.

Sir *Dav.* I can't help it; go, get you in, and paſs away the time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; in the mean time be humble and conformable, go. Is the Coach ready?

Verm. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, your Servant; what, nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs! you have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal; nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs?

L. *Dunce.* My Service to her, if you pleaſe.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Da, Da, the poor Fool cries, o' my Conſcience! Adieu, do you hear, Farewel. [*Exit.*

L. *Dunce.* As well as what I love can make me.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Madam, is he gone?

L. *Dunce.* In Poſt haſte, I aſſure.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and Joy go with him.

L. *Dunce.* Do you then, Sir *Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilſt I go and diſpoſe of the Family, that we may be private. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Dav.* Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean forgot my Relique; I was forc'd to come up theſe Back-Stairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troubleſom'ſt loving Fool; I muſt into my Cloſet, and write a ſhort Letter too; 'tis Poſt Night, I had forgot that: Well, I wou'd not have my Wife catch me for a Guinea. [*Exit.*

Enter Beaugard *and Lady* Dunce.

Beau. Are you certain, Madam, no Body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd, I ſaw the glimpſe of ſomething more than ordinary.

L. *Dunce.* Is it your Care of me? or your perſonal Fears, that make you ſo ſuſpicious? Whereabouts was the Apparition?

Beau. There, there, juſt at the very Door.

L. *Dunce.*

L. *Dunce.* Fie for ſhame, that's Sir *Davy's* Cloſet; and he, I'm ſatisfy'd, is far enough off by this time. I'm ſure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, you ſhall ſee now: Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, [*knocking at the Cloſet Door.*] Look you there; you a Captain, and afraid of a Shadow! Come, Sir, ſhall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what ſhall we play for, pretty One?

L. *Dunce.* E'en what you think beſt, Sir.

Beau. Silver Kiſſes, or Golden Joys! Come, let us make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! are you there? Have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now!

L. *Dunce.* And who ſhall keep them?

Beau. You, 'till Sir *Davy* returns from Supper.

L. *Dunce.* That may be long enough; for our Engine *Fourbin* has Orders not to give him over ſuddenly, I aſſure you.

Beau. And is't to your ſelf then I'm oblig'd for this bleſt Opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's beſt Advantage.

Sir *Jol* Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h, h!

Beau. Let's vow Eternal, and raiſe our Thoughts to Expectation of immortal Pleaſures: in one anothers Eyes let's read our Joys, 'till we've no longer Power o'er our Deſires, drunk with this diſſolving, oh!——

Enter Sir Davy *from his Cloſet.*

L. *Dunce.* Ah! [*Squeaks.*

Beau. By this Light, the Cuckold: *Preſto*; nay, then Halloo. [*Gets up, and runs away.*

Sir *Dav.* O Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber! Murder, Murder! Thieves, Thieves, ſhut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Ay, ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

L. *Dunce.* Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hilts, dye this in the deepeſt Crimſon of my Blood; ſpare not a miſerable Woman's Life, whom Heav'n deſign'd

ſign'd to be the unhappy Object of the moſt horrid Uſage Man e'er acted.

[*Catches up* Beaugard's *Sword, which he had left behind him in the hurry, and preſents it to Sir* Davy.

Sir *Dav.* What, in the Name of Satan, does ſhe mean now?

L. *Dunce.* Curſe on my fatal Beauty! blaſted ever be theſe two baneful Eyes that cou'd inſpire a barbarous Villain to attempt ſuch Crimes as all my Blood's too little to atone for: Nay, you ſhall hear me——

Sir *Dav.* Hear you, Madam! No, I have ſeen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha!——

L. *Dunce.* Yes, and before I die too, I'll be juſtify'd.

Sir *Jol.* Juſtify'd, oh Lord, Juſtify'd!——

L. *Dunce.* Notice being given me of your Return, I came with ſpeed to this unhappy Place, where I have oft been bleſt with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras our ſtarts *Beaugard*; how he came there Heav'n knows.

Sir *Dav.* I'll have him hang'd for Burglary; he has broken my Houſe, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: Very good!

L. *Dunce.* Streight in his Arms he graſp'd me faſt; with much a-do I plung'd and got my Freedom, ran to your Cloſet-door, knock'd and implor'd your Aid, call'd on your Name; but all in vain——

Sir *Dav.* Hah!

L. *Dunce.* Soon again he ſeiz'd me, ſtopp'd my Mouth; and, with a Conqueror's Fury——

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beſeech thee, I ſhall grow mad, and very mad; I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron-bars; I'll crack the Frame of Nature, ſally out like *Tamberlain* upon the *Trojan* Horſe, and drive the Pigmies all like Geeſe before me. Oh Lord, ſtop her Mouth! Well, and how? and what then! ſtop'd thy Mouth! Well! Hah!

L. *Dunce.* No, though unfortunate, I ſtill am innocent; his curſed Purpoſe could not be accompliſh'd; but who will live ſo injur'd? No, I'll die to be reveng'd on my ſelf:

ſelf: I ne'er can hope that I may ſee his ſtreaming Gore; and thus I let out my own——

[*Offers to run upon the Sword.*

Sir *Dav.* Ha! what would'ſt thou do, my Love? prithee don't break my Heart: If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I ſee thou art; though I had rather be a Cuckold a thouſand times, than loſe thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

Sir *Fol.* Alack-a-day—— [*Weeps.*

L. *Dunce.* Ah me!——

Sir *Dav.* Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, Mun: Why ſhould'ſt be troubled for another's ill Doings! I know it was no fault of thine.

Sir *Fol.* No, no more it was not, I dare ſwear.

Sir *Dav.* See, ſee, my Neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to ſee thee thus.

L. *Dunce.* Oh, but Revenge!

Sir *Dav.* Why, thou ſhalt have Revenge; I'll have him murder'd; I'll have his Throat cut before to-morrow-morning, Child: Riſe now, prithee riſe.

Sir *Fol.* Ay, do, Madam, and ſmile upon Sir *Davy.*

L. *Dunce.* But will you love me then as well as e'er you did?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, and the longeſt Day I live too.

L. *Dunce.* And ſhall I have Juſtice done me on that prodigious Monſter?

Sir *Dav.* Why, he ſhall be Crows-meat by to-morrow night; I tell thee he ſhall be Crows meat by midnight, Chicken.

L. *Dunce.* Then I will live; ſince ſo, 'tis ſomething pleaſant:

Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life
With ſuch a Husband——

Sir *Dav.* I with ſuch a Wife.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Tavern.*

Enter Captain Beaugard, Courtine *and Drawer.*

Draw. WElcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will you pleaſe to walk up one pair of Stairs?

Beau. Get the great Room ready preſently; carry up too a good Stock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refreſh our Glaſſes.

Draw. It ſhall be done, Sir. Coming, coming there, coming: Speak up in the *Dolphin*, ſome Body.

Beau. Ah, *Courtine*, muſt we be always idle! Muſt we never ſee our glorious Days again! When ſhall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, encampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines cluſter about our Tents, drink the rich Juice, juſt preſt from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant Golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earlieſt vigour of the Sun?

Cour. Ah, *Beaugard!* thoſe Days have been, but now we muſt reſolve to content our ſelves at an humble Rate: Methinks it is not unpleaſant to conſider how I have ſeen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the Heat of the Day in *Champaine* Wines, ſparkling ſweet as thoſe charming Beauties, whoſe dear Remembrance every Glaſs recorded, with half a dozen honeſt Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard*; faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with, as Preferment, here: Fellows that would ſpeak Truth boldly, and were proud on't; that ſcorn'd Flattery, lov'd Honeſty, for 'twas their Portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of Eaſe and Lying; but now——

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and ſleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other ſide the Water, that may make work for us all one Day.

Cour.

Cour. But in the mean while——

Beau. In the mean while Patience, *Courtine*; that is the *Engliſh* Man's Virtue: Go to the Man that owes you Mony, and tell him you are neceſſitated, his Anſwer ſhall be, A little Patience, I beſeech you, Sir: Ask a cowardly Raſcal Satisfaction for a ſordid Injury done you; he ſhall cry, Alas-a-day, Sir, you are the ſtrangeſt Man living, you won't have Patience to hear one ſpeak: Complain to a Great Man that you want Preferment, that you have forſaken conſiderable Advantages abroad, in Obedience to publick Edicts; all you ſhall get of him, is this, You muſt have Patience, Sir.

Cour. But will Patience feed me, or cloath me, or keep me clean?

Beau. Prithee no more hints of Poverty: 'Tis ſcandalous; 'sdeath, I would as ſoon chuſe to hear a Soldier brag, as complain: Doſt thou want any Mony?

Cour. True indeed, I want no Neceſſaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy my ſelf with that freedom I would do; there is no more Pleaſure in living at ſtint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my Power (when he needed me) to ſerve and aſſiſt my Friend; I would to my Ability deal handſomely too, by the Woman that pleas'd me.

Beau. Oh fie for ſhame! you would be a Whore-maſter, Friend; go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

Cour. I would not be forc'd neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had oblig'd me, for want of Mony to pay him a Debt contracted in our old Acquaintance; it turns my Stomach to wheadle with the Rogue I ſcorn, when he uſes me ſcurvily, becauſe he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

Beau. As for Example, to endure the Familiarities of a Rogue, that ſhall cock his greaſie Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the ſame time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

Cour. To be forced to concur with his Non-ſenſe too, and laugh at his Pariſh-jeſts.

Beau. To uſe Reſpects and Ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praiſe her pretty Children, though they ſtink of their Mother, and are uglier than the Iſſue of a Baboon,; yet all this muſt be endured.

Cour. Muſt it, *Beaugard*?

Beau. And ſince 'tis ſo, let's think of a Bottle.

Cour. With all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themſelves; a private Room, a truſty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my Happineſs; but where's our dear Friend and Intimate, Sir *Jolly*, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a Friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but juſt now; he's gone to contrive me a Meeting, if poſſible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is moſt fond of: I was this Evening juſt entering upon the Palace of all Joy, when I met with ſo damnable a Diſappointment —— in ſhort, that Plague to all well-meaning Women, the Husband, came unſeaſonably, and forc'd a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his Progreſs another way, *Courtine*; the Story thou ſhalt hear more at large hereafter.

Cour. A Plague on him, why didſt thou not murther the preſumptuous Cuckold? Sawcy intruding Clown! To dare to diſturb a Gentleman's Privacies! I would have beaten him into Senſe of his Tranſgreſſion, injoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter-Quarters in *Alſatia* now? Friend, Friend, there is a Difference between a Free-born *Engliſh* Cuckold, and a ſneaking Wittal of a Conquer'd Province.

Cour. Oh, by all means! there ought to be a Difference obſerv'd between your Arbitrary Whoring, and your Limited Fornication.

Beau. And but reaſon: For though we may make bold with another Man's Wife in a Friendly way; yet nothing upon Compulſion, dear Heart.

Cour. And now, Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the Inſtrument of ſome immortal Plot; ſome Contrivance for the good of the Body, and the old Fellow's Soul, *Beaugard*;

gard; for all Cuckolds go to Heav'n, that's moſt certain.

Beau. Sir *Jolly!* Why, on my Conſcience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Maſter General to *London* and *Middleſex*, as the Eſtate he poſſeſſes is: By my conſent his Worſhip ſhould e'en have a Patent for it.

Cour. He is certainly the fitteſt for the Employment in Chriſtendom; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

Beau. Nay, he keeps a Catalogue of the choiceſt Beauties about Town, illuſtrated with a particular Account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gun-powder Spots and Moles.

Cour. I wiſh the old Pander were bound to ſatisfie my Experience; what Marks of good Nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

Enter Sir Jolly Jumble.

Sir *Jol.* My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus!* well encounter'd; what, ſhall we have a ſparkling Bottle or two, and uſe *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you; get you gone, go.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, what News from *Paradiſe*, Sir *Jolly?* Is there any hopes I ſhall come there to Night?

Sir *Jol.* May be there is, may be there is not; I ſay let us have a Bottle, and I will ſay nothing elſe without a Bottle: After a Glaſs or two my Heart may open.

Cour. Why then we will have a Bottle, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Will? we'll have dozens, and drink 'till we are wiſe, and ſpeak well of no body, 'till we are lewder than Midnight Whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

Beau. Only one thing more, my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy diſpoſal.

Sir *Jol.* Well, and what's that? What's the Buſineſs?

Beau. This Friend of mine here ſtands in need of thy Aſſiſtance, he's damnably in Love, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* In Love! is he ſo! In Love! Ods my Life! Is ſhe! What's her Name? Where does ſhe live? I warrant you I know her; ſhe's in my Table-Book I'll warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widow! [*Pulls out a Table-book.*

Cour. In troth, Sir *Jolly*, that's ſomething a difficult Queſtion; but as Virgins go now, ſhe may paſs for one of them.

Sir *Jol.* Virgin, very good: let me ſee; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the feweſt of this ſort of any: Well, and the firſt Letter of her Name now! For a Wager I gueſs her.

Cour. Then you muſt know, Sir *Jolly*, that I love my Love with an *S.*

Sir *Jol.* S. S. S. O here are the Eſſes; let me conſider now—— *Sapho.*

Cour. No, Sir.

Sir *Jol. Selinda.*

Cour. Neither.

Sir *Jol. Sophronia.*

Cour. You muſt gueſs again, I aſſure you.

Sir *Jol. Sylvia.*

Cour. Ay, ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name; *Sylvia*, the Fair, the Witty, the Ill-natur'd; do you know her, my Friend?

Sir *Jol.* Know her! Why ſhe is my Daughter, and I have adopted her theſe ſeven Years: *Sylvia*! let me look; light brown Hair, her Face oval and roman, quick ſparkling Eyes, plump pregnant ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breaſt, and the perfect likeneſs of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee: Ah Villain! Ah fly Cap! have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? Well, and what ſays ſhe? Is ſhe coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies riſe, when you talk to her, hah?——

Beau. Look you, Sir *Jolly*, all things conſider'd, it may make a ſhift to come to a Marriage in time——

Sir *Jol.* I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be ſeen in the buſineſs of Matrimony; Make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage-Broker! Sir I ſcorn, I know better things: look you, Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or ſo, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church, I'll deliver it;

it; or when the buſineſs is come to an iſſue, if I may bring you handſomely together, and ſo forth, I'll ſerve thee with all my Soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue; I will you little Cock Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd Invention, worſe than a Monopoly, and a Deſtroyer of Civil Correſpondence.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, your Room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours pleaſe to walk in?

Sir *Jol.* Ay, Wine, Wine, give us Wine: a Pox on Matrimony; Matrimony in the Devil's Name.

Cour. But if an honeſt Harlot or two chance to enquire for us, Friend.

Sir *Jol.* Right. Sirrah, if Whores come never ſo many, give 'em Reverence, and Reception, but nothing elſe; let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is diſcover'd Table and Bottles.*

Beau. Why, there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in little; hark you Drawer, Dog, ſhut, ſhut the Door, Sirrah, do you hear? Shut it ſo cloſe that neither Cares nor Neceſſities may peep in upon us.

Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin, Bloody-Bones, *and* Drawer.

Four. Bloody-Bones, be ſure to behave your ſelf handſomly, and like your Profeſſion; ſhew your ſelf a Cut-Throat of Parts, and we'll fleece him.

Blood. My Lady ſays, we muſt be expeditious; Sir *Jolly* has given notice to the Captain by this time, ſo that nothing is wanting but the Management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore Fortune under.

Draw. Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will't pleaſe you to walk into a Room? Or ſhall I wait upon your Honours Pleaſure here?

Sir *Dav.* Sweet-heart let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither: So —— [*Sits down.*

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon a-

gainſt that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, called *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon occaſion, you ſaid, Friend?

Four. Sir, cutting of Throats is my Hereditary Vocation; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purſes.

Sir *Dav.* No more to be ſaid; my Courage is mounted like a little *French* Man upon a great Horſe, and I'll have him murder'd.

Four. Murder'd you ſay, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, Murder'd I ſay, Sir; his Face ſlay'd off, and nail'd to a Poſt in my great Hall in the Country, amongſt all the other Trophies of wild Beaſts ſlain by our Family ſince the Conqueſt: There's never a Whore-Maſter's Head there yet.

Four. Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service; he's an induſtrious Gentleman, and one that will deſerve your Favour.

Sir *Dav.* He looks but ſomething ruggedly though methinks.

Four. But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Perſon; Forms and Faſhions are the leaſt of his ſtudy: He affects a ſort of Philoſophical Negligence indeed; but, Sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a Perſon fit for the work of this World.

Sir *Dav.* What Trade are you, Friend?

Blood. No Trade at all, Friend; I profeſs Murder: Raſcally Butchers make a Trade on't; 'tis a Gentleman's Divertiſement.

Sir *Dav.* Do you profeſs Murder?

Blood. Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelihood: I keep a Wife and ſix Children by it.

Sir *Dav.* Then, Sir, here's to you with all my Heart: Wou'd I had done with theſe Fellows.

Four. Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I deſire we may receive your Gold and your Inſtructions ſo ſoon as is poſſible.

Sir *Dav.* Soft and fair, Sweet-heart, I love to ſee a little how I lay out my Mony: Have you very good trading now-a-days in your way, Friend?

Blood.

Blood. In peaceable times a Man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: A private Murder done handſomely is worth Mony; but now that the Nation's unſettled, there are ſo many general Undertakers, that 'tis grown almoſt a Monopoly; you may have a Man murder'd almoſt for little or nothing, and no body e'er know who did it neither.

Sir *Dav.* 'Pray, what Countryman are you? Where were you born, moſt Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Foreign, I was born in *Argier*; my Mother was an Apoſtate-*Greek*, my Father a Renegado *Engliſhman*, who by oppreſſing of Chriſtian Slaves grew rich; for which when he lay ſick, I murder'd him one Day in his Bed; made my Eſcape to *Maltha*; where, imbracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a thouſand Horſe aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Four. He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

Sir *Dav.* I doubt it not in the leaſt, moſt worthy Sir. Theſe are deviliſh Fellows I'll warrant 'em. [*Aſide.*

Four. War, Friend, and ſhining Honour has been our Province, 'till ruſty Peace reduc'd us to this baſe Obſcurity; Ah, *Bloody-Bones*! Ah, when thou and I commanded that Party at the Siege of *Philipsbourgh!* where in the Face of the Army we took the impenetrable Half-Moon.

Blood. Half-Moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a Whole Moon.

Four. Brother thou art in the right; 'twas a Full Moon, and ſuch a Moon, Sir! ——

Sir *Dav.* I doubt it not in the leaſt, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our Buſineſs.

Four. With all my Heart, ſo ſoon as you pleaſe.

Sir *Dav.* Do you know this *Beaugard*; he's a deviliſh Fellow I can tell you that: He's a Captain.

Four. Has he a Heart, think you, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Oh, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

Blood. I'll bring it you for your Breakfaſt to-Morrow: Did you never eat a Man's Heart, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Eat a Man's Heart, Friend!

Four. Ay, ay, a Man's Heart, Sir; it makes abſolutely the beſt Ragouſt in the World: I have eaten forty of them in my time without Bread.

Sir *Dav.* O Lord! a Man's Heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

Blood. Why, your *Algerine* Pirates eat nothing elſe at Sea; they have them always potted up like Veniſon; your well grown *Dutchman*'s Heart makes an excellent Diſh with Oil and Pepper.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: How much muſt you and your Companion have to do this Buſineſs?

Four. What, and bring you the Heart home to your Houſe?

Sir *Dav.* No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as ſoon as poſſible I can.

Four. You ſay, Sir, he's a Gentleman?——

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ſuch a ſort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: The Fellow has a pretty handſome Outſide; but I believe little or no Mony in his Pockets.

Four. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worſhip's Bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no Man's Bounty: I expect to have my Bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir *Dav.* Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have Occaſion: You ſay you'll have——let's ſee how much will you have now——I warrant the Devil and all by your good Will.

Four. Truly, Sir *David*, if as you ſay, the Man muſt be well murder'd without any remorſe for Mercy, betwixt *Turk* and *Jew*, it is honeſtly worth two hundred Pounds.

Sir *Dav.* Two hundred Pounds! Why, I'll have a Phyſician ſhall kill a whole Family for half the Mony.

Blood. Damme, Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir *Dav.* Damme, Sir, how do I mean? Damme, Sir, not to part with my Mony.

Blood.

Blood. Not part, Brother!

Four. Brother, the Wight is improvable, and this muſt be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this diſſolv'd *Circean* Charms? broke Iron Durance, whilſt from theſe firm Legs the well-fil'd uſeleſs Fetters dropp'd away, and left me Maſter of my native Freedom?

Sir *Dav.* What does he mean now?

Four. Truly, Sir, I am ſorry to ſee it, with all my Heart; 'tis a Diſtraction that frequently ſeizes him, tho' I am ſorry it ſhould happen ſo unluckily at this time.

Sir *Dav.* Diſtracted, ſay you! is he ſo apt to be diſtracted?

Four. Oh, Sir, raging mad: We that live by Murder are all ſo; Guilt will never let us ſleep. I beſeech you, Sir, ſtand clear of him, he's apt to be very miſchievous at theſe unfortunate Hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ripp'd up teeming Wombs? Have theſe bold Hands ranſack'd the Temples of the Gods, and ſtabb'd the Prieſts before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir *Dav.* No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not ſay any ſuch thing for all the World, Sir: Worthy Gentleman, I beſeech you, Sir, you ſeem to be a civil Perſon, I beſeech you, Sir, to mitigate his Paſſion, I'll do any thing in the World; you ſhall command my whole Eſtate.

Four. Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a ſwinging Drubbing to bedrid him, or ſo, will ſerve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper Rate a great deal.

Sir *Dav.* Truly, Sir, with all my Heart; for methinks, now I conſider Matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another Man's Blood.

Four. Why, then let me conſider,——to have him beaten ſubſtantially, a beating that will ſtick by him, will coſt you——half the Mony.

Sir *Dav.* What, one hundred Pounds! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be ſo unconſcionable.

Blood,

Blood. The Devil! where? where is the Devil? Shew me; I'll tell thee, *Beelzebub*, thou haſt broke thy Covenant; didſt thou not promiſe me eternal Plenty, when I reſign'd my Soul to thy Allurements?

Sir *Dav.* Ah, Lord!

Blood. Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thouſand Murders to act before I'm thine: With all thoſe Sins I'll come with full Damnation to thy Caverns of endleſs Pain, and howl with thee for ever.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? is this a Houſe? do I live? am I Fleſh and Blood?

Blood. There, there's the Fiend again! don't chatter ſo, and grin at me; if thou muſt needs have Prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that wou'd bribe me with ſhining Gold, to ſtain my Hands with new Iniquity.

Sir *Dav.* Stand off, I charge thee, Satan, whoſoe'er thou art, thou haſt no Right nor Claim to me; I'll have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

Four. Only pawn'd it a little; that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Let me beſeech you, Sir, to diſpatch, and get rid of him as ſoon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally: As for the hundred Pound, here, it is ready; no more words, I'll ſubmit to your good Nature and Diſcretion.

Four. Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy Peace with the infernal King; he loves Riches, ſacrifice and be at reſt.

Blood. 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou ſmile, I more defie thee; Fee, Fa, Fum. [*Exit.*

Four. 'Tis very odd this.

Sir *Dav.* Very odd, indeed; I'm glad he's gone though.

Four. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe, we'll refreſh our ſelves with a chearful Glaſs, and ſo *Chaque un chez lui*——I wou'd fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little Mettle into him.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart, Sir; but no more words of the Devil, if you love me.

Four.

Four. The Devil's an Aſs, Sir, and here's a Health to all thoſe that defie the Devil.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart, and all his Works too.

Four. Nay, Sir, you muſt do me right, I aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.* Not ſo full, not ſo full, that's too much of all Conſcience: In troth, Friend, theſe are ſad times, very ſad times; but here's to you.

Four. 'Pox o' the Times, the Times are well enough, ſo long as a Man has Mony in his Pocket.

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never conſider that Idolatry is coming in full ſpeed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend?

Four. What Religion am I of, Sir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir *Dav.* Truly a good Conſcience is a great Happineſs; and ſo I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph; but ſhan't the Dog be murder'd this Night?

Four. My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to Sett him, and the Buſineſs ſhall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's reſt his Soul.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart, Faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine *and Drawer.*

Cour. Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time; ſhall Rogues ſtay in Taverns to ſip Pints, and be ſober, when honeſt Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? I'll have none on't.

Sir *Dav.* O Lord, who's there? [*Sits up in his Chair.*

Draw. I beſeech your Honour, our Houſe will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

Cour. Damn your Houſe, your Wife, and Children, and all your Family, you Dog!——Sir, who are you.

[*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Who am I, Sir, what's that to you Sir? Will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

Cour. I'll tickle your Guts, you Paultroon, preſently.

Sir *Dav.* Tickle my Guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour

Cour. What, with that circumcis'd Band? That grave hypocritical Beard, of the Reformation-cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir *Dav.* Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore, I'll uſe you like a Whore, I'll kiſs you, you Jade, I'll raviſh you, you Buttock, I am a Juſtice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worſe.

Cour. Damn you, Sir, I care not if you were a Conſtable and all his Watch; what, ſuch a Rogue as you ſend honeſt Fellows to Priſon, and countenance Whores in your Juriſdiction for Bribery, you Mongrel! I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[*Throws the Chairs after him.*

Sir *Dav.* Sir, Sir, Sir, Conſtable, Watch, ſtokes, ſtokes, ſtokes, Murder----- [*Exit.*

Cour. Huzza, *Beaugard!*

Enter Beaugard, *and Sir* Jolly.

Four. Well, Sir, the Buſineſs is done, we have bargain'd to murder you.

Beau. Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin?*

Sir *Jol.* You are to be murder'd, Friend, you ſhall be murder'd, Friend.

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beſeech you?

Four. Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the Man, with your Worſhip's leave. Sir *David* has given me this Gold to do it handſomly.

Beau. Sir *David*! uncharitable Cur, what murder an honeſt Fellow for being civil to his Family: What can this mean, Gentlemen?

Sir *Jol.* No, 'tis for not being civil to his Family, that it means Gentlemen, therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and bury'd a-bed with my Lady, you *Jack Straw* you.

Beau. I underſtand you, Friends; the old Gentleman has deſign'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd it to turn it to my Advantage in the Affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

Four. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtine*'s gone.

Beau.

Beau. No matter, let him go: he has a Deſign to put in Practice this Night too, and would perhaps but ſpoil ours; but when, Sir *Folly*, is this Buſineſs to be brought about?

Sir *Fol.* Preſently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I ſay; hold, hold, let's ſee your left Ear firſt, hum-------ha------you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Covent-Garden *Piazza.*

Enter Sylvia *and her Maid in the Balcony.*

Maid. But why, Madam, will you uſe him ſo inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint, by the trial of his Patience: have you the Cords ready?

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be ſure when it comes to Trial, to pull luſtily; is *Will* the Footman ready?

Will. At your Ladyſhip's Command, Madam.

Sylv. I wonder he ſhould ſtay ſo long, the Clock has ſtruck Twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. *ſings.*

And was ſhe not frank and free,
And was ſhe not kind to me,
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me, to me:
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me.

Sylv. This muſt be he: Ay, 'tis he, and, as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him ſober——

Cour. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door: and my Damnation's in the Inſide: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia,* Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

Sylv. Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of Night, when Reſt is wanting to her longing Eyes?

Cour.

Cour. 'Tis a poor Wretch can hardly ſtand upright, drunk with thy Loves, and if he falls he lies.

Sylv. Courtine, is it you?

Cour. Yes, Sweet-Heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

Sylv. Faſten your ſelf to that Cord there; there it is.

Cour. Cord! Where? Oh, oh, here, here, ſo now to Heav'n in a String.

Sylv. Have you done?

Cour. Yes, I have done Child, and would fain be doing too, Huſſie.

Sylv. Then pull away, hoa up, hoa up, hoa up, ſo, avaſt there, Sir.

Cour. Madam.

Sylv. Are you very much in Love, Sir?

Cour. Oh damnably Child, damnably.

Sylv. I'm ſorry for't with all my Heart: Good-night Captain.

Cour. Ha, gone! what, left in *Eraſmus's* Paradiſe, between Heav'n and Hell? If the Conſtable ſhould take me now for a ſtragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his Cry of Watch-men! Ah! Woman, Woman, Woman; well, a merry Life, and a ſhort, that's all.

Sings. *God proſper long our Noble King,*
Our Lives and Safeties all.

I am mighty Loyal to Night.

Enter Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones, *as from Sir* Davy Dunce's *Houſe.*

Four. Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

Cour. Nay, if there be Murder ſtirring, 'tis high time to ſhift for my ſelf. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*

Sylv. [*Squeaking.*] A h, h, h, h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes; Murder, Murder, Murder! [*Ex* Blood. *and* Fourbin.

Enter

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis very late; but Murder is a melancholy buſineſs, and Night is fit for't. I'll go home. [*Knocks.*

Verm. Who's there?

Sir *Dav.* Who's there? Open the Door you Whelp of *Babylon.*

Verm. Oh Sir! Y'are welcome home; but here is the ſaddeſt News! Here has been Murder committed, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to ſleep; get you in, do you hear; you talk of Murder you Rogue? You meddle with State Affairs? Get you in.

The Scene opens the middle of the Houſe, and diſcovers Sir Jolly Jumble *and the Lady putting Captain* Beaugard *in order as if he were dead.*

Sir *Jol.* Lye ſtill, lye ſtill you Knave, cloſe, cloſe when I bid you, you had beſt queſt, and ſpoil the Sport, you had!

Beau. But 'pray how long muſt I lye thus?

L. *Dunce.* I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

Beau. Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir *Jol.* You ſhall, Sirrah, if a body deſires you a little, ſo you ſhall; we ſhall ſpoil all elſe, all will be ſpoil'd elſe, Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can; ſo, ſo, hold your Breath, hold your Breath; very well.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here comes Sir *David.*

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, now cloſe again as I told you, cloſe you Devil, now ſtir if you dare; ſtir but any Part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you ſuch a Rap if you do; lye ſtill, lye you ſtill.

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear, how doſt thou do, my Dear? I am come.

L. *Dunce.* Ah, Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd; where ſhall we go, or whether ſhall we flye?

Sir *Dav*

Sir *Dav.* Where ſhall we go! why, we'll go to Bed, you little Jackadandy; why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't: Sirrah, hey!——

L. *Dunce.* Ah, Sir, ſee there.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us! a Man! and bloody! what, upon my Hall-Table!

L. *Dunce.* Two Ruffians brought him in juſt now, pronouncing the inhuman Deed was done by your Command: Sir *Jolly* came in the diſtracting Minute, or ſure I had dy'd with my diſtracting Fears; how could you think on a Revenge ſo horrid?

Sir *Dav.* As I hope to be ſav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to baſtinado him in a way, or ſo, as one Friend might do to another; but do you ſay that he is dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, dead as Clay; ſtark ſtiff and uſeleſs all, nothing about him ſtirring, but all's cold and ſtill; I knew him a luſty Fellow once, very mettled Fellow, 'tis a thouſand Pities.

Sir *Dav.* What ſhall I do? I'll throw my ſelf upon him, kiſs his wide Wounds, and weep 'till blind as Buzzard.

L. *Dunce.* Oh, come not near him, there's ſuch horrid Antiphy follows all Murders, his Wounds would ſtream afreſh ſhould you but touch him.

Sir *Dav.* Dear Neighbour, deareſt Neighbour, Friend, Sir *Jolly*, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Caſe, and give me Counſel; I'll give my Wife and all my Eſtate to have him live again; or ſhall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden?

Sir *Jol.* Alas-a-day, Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the Dogs will find him there, as they ſcrape Holes to bury Bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir *Dav.* What is it, dear Neighbour, what is it? You ſee I am upon my Knees to you, take all I have and eaſe me of my Fears.

Sir *Jol.* Truly the beſt thing that I can think of, is putting of him to Bed, putting him into a warm Bed, and

and try to fetch him to Life again, a warm Bed is the beſt thing in the World; my Lady may do much too, ſhe's a good Woman, and I've been told, underſtands a green Wound well.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear, my Dear, my Dear!

L. *Dunce.* Bear me away, oh ſend me hence afar off! where my unhappy Name may be a Stranger; and this ſad Accident no more remember'd to my Diſhonour.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, but my Love! my Joy! are there no Bowels in thee?

L. *Dunce.* What would you have me do?

Sir *Dav.* Prithee do ſo much as try thy Skill, there may be one drachm of Life left in him yet; take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own Bed, and try what thou canſt do with him; prithee do; if thou canſt but find Motion in him, all may be well yet; I'll go up to my Cloſet in the Garret, and ſay my Prayers in the mean while.

L. *Dunce.* Will ye then leave this Ruin on my Hands?

Sir *Dav.* Pray, Pray, my Dear; I beſeech you Neighbour, help to perſuade her if it be poſſible.

Sir *Jol.* Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do, I have a great fancy you may do him good: who can tell but you may have the gift of ſtroaking; pray Madam, be perſuaded.

L. *Dunce.* I'll do whate'er's your Pleaſure.

Sir *Dav.* That's my beſt Dear: I'll go to my Cloſet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this ſhould happen—— [*Exit.*

Beau. So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir *Jol.* What no Thanks, no Reward for old *Jolly* now? Come hither Huſſie, you little Canary Bird, you little Hop-o'my-thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'ſie, and give me a Kiſs now, hah! give me a Kiſs I ſay, odd I will have a Kiſs, ſo I will, I will have a Kiſs if I ſet on't; ſhoogh, ſhoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, what there already? [*She goes to* Beaugard. Well, I ha' done; this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

Beau. And will you ſave the Life of him y'ave wounded?

L. *Dunce.*

L. *Dunce.* Dare you truſt your ſelf to my Skill for a Cure?

[*Sir* David *appears at a Window above.*

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt! Hiſt! Cloſe, cloſe, I ſay again, yonder's Sir *Davy*, odds ſo!

Sir *Dav.* My Dear! my Dear! my Dear!——

L. *Dunce.* Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ſome comfort, or my Heart's broke! is there any hopes yet? I've try'd to ſay my Prayers, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I ſhall never Pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

Sir *Jol.* Truly, little or none, ſome ſmall Pulſe I think there is left, very little: there's nothing to be done if you don't Pray, get you to Prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't ſtay now, ſhut, the Window I tell you.

Sir *Dav.* Well, this is a great trouble to me; but good night.

Sir *Jol.* Good night to you, dear Neighbour. Get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the next Room, preſently, make haſte: [*To* Beaugard *and Lady* Dunce. but don't ſteal away 'till I come to you, be ſure you remember, don't ye ſtir 'till I come; piſh, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loſes time; I'll only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *David*'s Lodgings, that he may be ſafe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the Door, very well, Friend, you are faſt. [*Bolts the Door.*

Sings.

Bonney Laſs gan thoo wert mine,
And twonty thooſand poonds about thee, &c.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Courtine *bound on a Couch in* Sylvia's *Chamber.*

Cour. HEigho! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk, or no, laſt night? Something leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-houſe: Fogh! What a ſmell of Sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a *Practice of Piety* in the Room, I am ſure I have gueſs'd right. What's the matter now? Ty'd faſt! bound too! What tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of ſome merrily-diſpos'd Chamber-Maid or other; and ſhe in a witty fit, forſooth, hath truſs'd me up thus: has ſhe pinn'd no Rags to my Tail, or chalk'd me upon the Back trow? Would I had her Miſtreſs here at a venture.

Sylv. What would you do with her, my enchanted Knight, if you had her? You are too ſober for her by this time; next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to ſcale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

Cour. Haſt thou done this, my dear Deſtruction? And am I in thy *Limbo?* I muſt confeſs, when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me looſe, and thou ſhalt ſee what a gentle humble Animal thou haſt made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the Frame of a Table! let, let thy poor Dog looſe, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Sylv. What, with thoſe Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-fields* withal, and are very dirty ſtill; after you have been daggling your ſelf abroad for Prey, and can meet with none, you come ſneaking hither for a Cruſt, do you?

Maid. Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam, and flaſh him for his Roguery ſoundly?

Cour.

Cour. Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of Man's Fleſh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family uſe you to the Exerciſe, that you are ſo ready for it?

Sylv. If you ſhould be let looſe, and taken into Favour now, you would be for rambling again ſo ſoon as you had got your Liberty.

Cour. Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a Dog in good earneſt.

Sylv. Promiſe to grant me but one Requeſt, and it ſhall be done.

Cour. Hear me but ſwear.

Sylv. That any body may do ten thouſand times a-day.

Cour. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Mony in my Pocket.

Sylv. There I believe him, *Lelye*; you'll keep your Word you ſay?

Cour. If I don't, hang me up in that Wenche's old Garter.

Sylv. See, Sir, you have your freedom.

Cour. Well, now name the Price; what muſt I pay for't?

Syl. You know, Sir, conſidering our ſmall Acquaintance, you have been pleaſed to talk to me very freely of Love-matters.

Cour. I muſt confeſs I have been ſomething to blame that way; but if ever thou heareſt more of it from my Mouth after this Night's Adventure—— would I were well out of this Houſe.

Sylv. Have a care of ſwearing, I beſeech you; for you muſt underſtand, that ſpight of my Teeth, I am at laſt fallen in Love moſt unmercifully.

Cour. And doſt thou imagine I am ſo hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compaſſion of thee?

Sylv. No, no, for I hope he's a Man you can have no Exceptions againſt.

Cour. Yes, yes, the Man is a Man, I'll aſſure you, that's one comfort.

Sylv. Who do you think it may be now, try if you can gueſs him?

Cour.

Cour. Whoever he is, he's an honeſt Fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himſelf very unhappy neither.

Sylv. If a Fortune of 5000 Pounds, pleaſant Nights, and quiet Days can make him happy, I aſſure you he may be ſo; but try once to gueſs at him.

Cour. But if I ſhould be miſtaken.

Sylv. Why, who is it you would wiſh me to?

Cour. You have 5000 Pound you ſay.

Sylv. Yes.

Cour. Faith, Child, to deal honeſtly, I know well enough who 'tis I wiſh for; but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my Inclinations, it were but reaſonable that I knew yours.

Sylv. Well, Sir, becauſe I am confident you will ſtand my Friend in the buſineſs, I'll make a diſcovery; and to hold you in ſuſpence no longer, you muſt know I have a Months-mind for an Arm-full of your dearly beloved Friend and Brother Captain; what ſay you to't?

Cour. Madam, your humble Servant, good b'w'y, that's all.

Sylv. What thus cruelly leave a Lady that ſo kindly took you in, in your laſt Night's pickle, into her Lodging; whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith, Madam, you have dealt ſo gallantly in truſting me with your Paſſion, that I cannot ſtay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an Acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any Friend of mine.

Sylv. Not with my Waiting-Woman, I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinſwoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her Houſe too; they ſay ſhe will be civil upon a good occaſion, therefore prithee be charitable, and ſhew the way to her Chamber a little.

Sylv. What commit Adultery, Captain, fie upon't! What, hazard your Soul?

Cour. No, no, only venture my Body a little, that's all; look you, you know the Secret, and may imagine my Deſires, therefore as you would have me aſſiſt your Inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine; look you, no demurring

demurring upon the Matter, no qualm, but ſhew me the way, or you, Huſſie, you ſhall do't; any Bawd will ſerve at preſent, for I will go.

Sylv. But you ſhan't go, Sir.

Cour. Shan't go, Lady?

Sylv. No, ſhan't go, Sir; did I not tell you, when once you had got your Liberty, that you would be rambling again?

Cour. Why, Child, would'ſt thou be ſo uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elſe-where, and get Provender enough?

Sylv. Any muſty Provender, I find, will ſerve your Turn, ſo you have it but cheap, or at another Man's Charges.

Cour. No, Child; I had rather my Ox ſhould graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the Hazard of being Pounded every Day for Treſpaſſes.

Sylv. Truly, all things conſider'd, 'tis a great Pity ſo good a Husband-man as you ſhould want a Farm to cultivate.

Cour. Wouldſt thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Sylv. And would you be contented to take a Leaſe for your Life?

Cour. A pretty Lady of the Manor, and a moderate Rent.

Sylv. Which you'll be ſure to pay very punctually?

Cour. If thou doubteſt my Honeſty, faith e'en take a little Earneſt before-hand.

Sylv. Not ſo haſty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You ſhall oblige your ſelf to a conſtant Reſidence, and not by leaving the Houſe uninhabited, let it run to Repairs.

Cour. Agreed.

Sylv. Item, For your own ſake you ſhall promiſe to keep the Eſtate well fenc'd and inclos'd, leſt ſome time or

other

other your Neighbours Cattle break in and ſpoil the Crop on the Ground, Friend.

Cour. Very juſt and reaſonable, provided I don't find it lye too much too Common already.

Sylv. Item, You ſhall enter into ſtrict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your Hands, without my Conſent and Approbation; or if you do, that then it ſhall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith, that's ſomething hard though, let me tell you but that, Landlady.

Sylv. Upon theſe terms, we'll draw Articles.

Cour. And when ſhall we ſign 'em?

Sylv. Why, this Morning, as ſoon as the Ten-a-Clock Office in *Covent-Garden* is open.

Cour. A Bargain; but how will you anſwer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at theſe unſeaſonable Hours?

Sylv. That's a Secret you will be hereafter oblig'd to keep for your own ſake, and for the Family; your Friend *Beaugard* ſhall anſwer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had Miſchief in his Head, he behav'd himſelf ſo ſoberly laſt Night; has he taken a Farm lately too?

Sylv. A Treſpaſſer, I believe, if the Truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at juſt now.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Madam, have a Care of your ſelf; I ſee Lights in the great Hall; whatever is the Matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'll come, and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this Condition, what will you do with me, hah!

Sylv. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith, e'en take me, and put thy Mark upon me quickly, that if I light in ſtrange Hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

Sylv. What, by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it muſt be ſo, come follow your Shepherd, B a a a. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir Davy Dunce *and* Vermin.

Sir *Dav.* I cannot ſleep, I ſhall never ſleep again; I have pray'd too ſo long, that were I to be hang'd preſently, I have never a Prayer left to help my ſelf; I was no ſooner laid upon the Bed juſt now, and fall'n into a Slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, ſix puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me head-long in *Fleet-ditch*, which ſeem'd to be turn'd into a Lake of Fire and Brimſtone: would it were Morning.

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very diſmal Night.

Sir *Dav.* But didſt thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I ſaw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his great Collar on, ſtand at the Cellar-door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir *Dav.* It could never be, *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No, Sir, no Chain; but it had *Touzer*'s Eyes for all the World.

Sir *Dav.* What, ugly great frightful Eyes?

Verm. Ay, ay, huge ſaucer Eyes, but mightily like *Touzer*'s.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Heark! Heark!

Verm. What! what I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* What's that upon the Stairs? Didſt thou hear nothing? Hiſt, heark, pat, pat, pat, heark, heh!

Verm. Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Look! Look! What's that! What's that! In the Corner there?

Verm. Where?

Sir *Dav.* There.

Verm. What, upon the Iron Cheſt?

Sir *Dav.* No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-Caſe, See! See! Now it ſtirs, and is coming this way.

Verm.

Verm. Alas, Sir, ſpeak to it, you are a Juſtice o'Peace; I beſeech you; I dare not ſtay in the Houſe: I'll call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke looſe; what ſhall I do? Oh! [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh *Vermin*, if thou art a true Servant, have pity on thy Maſter, and do not forſake me in this diſtreſſed Condition. *Satan* be gone, I defie thee, I'll repent and be ſav'd, I'll ſay my Prayers, I'll go to Church; Help! help! help! Was there any thing, or no? In what hole ſhall I hide my ſelf? [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jolly Jumble, Fourbin *and* Bloody-Bones.

Sir *Jol.* That ſhould be Sir *Davy*'s Voice; the Waiting-woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not ſleep; pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, you've done your Buſineſs handſomly; what, I'll warrant you have been a Whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: What's a Clock?

Four. Near four, Sir; 'twill not be Day yet theſe two Hours.

Sir *Jol.* Very well, but how got you into the Houſe?

Four. A ragged Retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Phyſicians ſent for by your Order.

Sir *Jol.* Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready, as I gave Directions?

Four. To a tittle, Sir; there ſhall not be a more critical Obſerver of your Worſhip's Pleaſure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin.*

Sir *Jol.* Get you gone you Rogue, you have a ſharp Noſe, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to ſay to you, ſtand aſide, and be ready when I call: here he comes; hiſt, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* Hah! what art thou? Approach thou like the rugged *Bankſide Bear*, the *Eaſt-Cheap-Bull*, or Monſter ſhewn in Fair, take any Shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir *Jol.* Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

Sir *Dav.* Thou can'ſt not be my Friend, for I defie thee. Sir *Jolly!* Neighbour! Hah! Is it you? Are you ſure it is you? Are you your ſelf? If you be, give me your Hand. Alas-a-day, I ha' ſeen the Devil.

Sir *Jol.* The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, there's no help for't; at firſt I fancy'd it was a young white Bear's Cub dancing in the Shadow of my Candle, then it was turn'd to a Pair of blue Breeches with Wooden-legs on, ſtampt about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendevous there; when all of a ſudden it appear'd like a Leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir *Jol.* Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir *Dav.* That may be too; what, were you aſleep?

Sir *Jol.* Aſleep, quotha, no, no; no ſleeping this Night for me I aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.* Well, what is the beſt News then? How does the Man?

Sir *Jol.* E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's dead.

Sir *Dav.* Dead! What quite dead!

Sir *Jol.* As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid Murder! and then the Terror of Conſcience, Neighbour.

Sir *Dav.* And truly I have a very terrify'd one, Friend, though I never found I had any Conſcience at all 'till now. Pray where-about was his Death's Wound?

Sir *Jol.* Juſt here, juſt under his left Pap, a dreadful Gaſh.

Sir *Dav.* So very wide?

Sir *Jol.* Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have ſeen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir *Dav.* Is there no way to have him privately bury'd, and conceal this Murder? Muſt I needs be hang'd by the Neck like a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hang'd?

Sir *Jol.*

Sir *Jol.* Truly, Sir *Davy*, I muſt deal faithfully with you, you do look a little ſuſpiciouſly at preſent; but have you ſeen the Devil, ſay you?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ſurely it was the Devil, nothing elſe could have frighted me ſo.

Sir *Jol.* Bleſs us, and guard us all the Angels! what's that?

Sir *Dav. Poteſtati ſempiternæ cujus benevolentiâ ſervantur gentes, & cujus miſericordia.*

[Kneels holding up his Hands, and mutt'ring as if he pray'd.

Sir *Jol.* Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy*?

Sir *Dav.* Ah, whatever you do, be ſure to ſtand cloſe to me; where, where is it?

Sir *Jol.* Juſt, juſt there, in the Shape of a Coach and ſix Horſes againſt the Wall.

Sir *Dav.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and ſix, will he?

Sir *Jol.* Do you ſee it?

Sir *Dav.* See it! Plain, plain: dear Friend adviſe me what I ſhall do: Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, do you hear nothing? Sir *Jolly*, Hah! has he left me alone! *Vermin.*

Verm. Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Am I alive? Doſt thou know me again? Am I thy *Quondum* Maſter, Sir *Davy Dunce?*

Verm. I hope I ſhall never forget you, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Didſt thou ſee nothing?

Verm. Yes, Sir, methought the Houſe was all o'fire, Fire as it were.

Sir *Dav.* Didſt thou not ſee how the Devils grin'd and gnaſh'd their Teeth at me, *Vermin?*

Verm. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Noſe, as he vaniſh'd out of the Door.

Sir *Dav.* Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple, and call Counſellor my Lawyer, I'll make over my Eſtate preſently, I ſhan't live 'till Noon; I'll give all I have to my Wife, Hah, *Vermin!*

Verm. Truly, Sir, she's a very good Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Ah much, much too good for me, *Vermin*; thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, Man; she would break her Heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old Shoes.

Verm. I hope to see you live many a fair Day yet though.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws and discovers Sir* Jolly Jumble, *Captain* Beaugard, *and Lady in her Chamber.*

L. *Dunce.* What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, your Men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at Night a dirty watry Plain to encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet, and getting the Sciattica?

Beau. The Hopes of this made all Fatigue easie to me; the thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thousand times refresh'd me in my Solitude; whene'er I march'd, I fancy'd still it was to my *Clarinda*; when I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*; but when I came Home, and found *Clarinda* lost! ——How could you think of wasting but a Night in the rank surfeiting Arms of this foul feeding Monster; this rotten Trunk of a Man, that lays Claim to you?

L. *Dunce.* The Persuasion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

Beau. And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

L. *Dunce.* When you were gone, that should have given me better Counsel, how could I help my self?

Beau. Methinks, then, you might have found out some cleanlier shift to have thrown away your self upon, than nauseous old Age, and unwholesome Deformity.

L. *Dunce.* What, upon some over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horse Face, a great ugly Head, and a great

great fine Eſtate? one that ſhould have been drain'd and ſqueez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hackneys with Cheats and Hectors, and ſo ſent Home at three o' Clock every Morning, like a lolling Booby, ſtinking, with a Belly full of ſtumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

Beau. You might have made a tractable Beaſt of ſuch a one, he would have been young enough for training.

L. *Dunce.* Is Youth then ſo gentle, if Age be ſtubborn? Young Men like Springs wrought by a ſubtle Work-man, eaſily ply to what their Wiſhes preſs 'em; but the Deſire once gone that kept 'em down, they ſoon ſtart ſtrait again, and no ſign's left which way they bent before.

[*Sir* Jolly *at the Door peeping.*

Sir *Jol.* So, ſo, who ſays I ſee any thing now? I ſee nothing, not I; I don't ſee, I don't ſee, I don't look, not ſo much as look, not I. [*Enters.*

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worſt; ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!——

L. *Dunce.* Alas! alas! we are ruin'd! ſhift for your ſelf; counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir *Dav.* Hah! whoſoe'er thou art, thou canſt not eat me; ſpeak to me, who has done this? Thou canſt not ſay I did it.

Sir *Jol.* Did it? did what? Here's no Body ſays you did any thing that I know Neighbour; what's the matter with you? what ails you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's no Body ſays a word to you.

Sir *Dav.* Did you not ſee the Ghoſt juſt now?

Sir *Jol.* Ghoſt! prithee now, here's no Ghoſt; whither would you go? I tell you, you ſhall not ſtir one Foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghoſt, prithee here's no Ghoſt at all, a little Fleſh and Blood indeed there is, ſome old, ſome young, ſome alive, ſome dead, and ſoforth, but Ghoſt! piſh, here's no Ghoſt.

Sir *Dav.* But, Sir, if I ſay I did ſee a Ghoſt, I did ſee a Ghoſt; and you go to that, why ſure I know a Ghoſt when I ſee one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadſt but ſeen the Devil half ſo often as I have ſeen him.

L. *Dunce.* Alas, Sir *Davy!* if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me, I have reſolv'd to waſte the ſhort remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taſte of Joys no more.

Sir *Dav.* Alas, my poor Child, but do you think then there was no Ghoſt indeed?

Sir *Jol.* Ghoſt! Alas-a-day, what ſhould a Ghoſt do here?

Sir *Dav.* And is the Man dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, ay, ay, ſtark dead, he's ſtiff by this time.

L. *Dunce.* Here you may ſee the horrid ghaſtly Spectacle, the ſad effects of my too rigid Virtue, and your too fierce Reſentment——

Sir *Jol.* Do you ſee there?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, I do ſee, would I had never ſeen him; would he had lain with my Wife in every Houſe between *Charing-Croſs* and *Aldgate*, ſo this had never happen'd.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, Neighbour, all mortal; to Day we are here, to Morrow gone, like the Shadow that vaniſheth, like the Graſs that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed, like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all mortal.

Sir *Dav.* Heigh!——

L. *Dunce.* Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a Bathing-Room; for the reſt, leave it to my Conduct.

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate, that you ſhould run your ſelf into this Premunire, Sir *David.*

Sir *Dav.* Indeed, and ſo it is.

Sir *Jol.* For a Gentleman, a Man in Authority, a Perſon in Years, one that us'd to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir *Dav.* Every *Sunday*, truly, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Pariſh.

Sir *Dav.* Six Pounds a Year to the very Poor, without Abatement or Deduction; 'tis very hard, if ſo good a Commonwealths-Man ſhould be brought to ride in a Cart at laſt, and be hang'd in a Sun-ſhiny Morning, to make Butchers and Suburb-Apprentices a Holiday; I'll e'en run away.

Sir *Jol.* Run away! why then your Eſtate will be forfeited; you'll loſe your Eſtate, Man!

Sir *Dav.* Truly, you ſay right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd, than loſe his Eſtate, you know.

Sir *Jol.* Hang'd! No, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a ſort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you ſay.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Soldierly ſort of a Vagabond, he had little or nothing but his Sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within theſe two Months, and all this Miſchief ſav'd.

[Beaugard *riſes up like a Ghoſt at a Trap-door, juſt before Sir* Davy.

Sir *Dav.* Ah Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

[*Falls upon his Face.*

Sir *Jol.* Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, what ails you? What's the matter with you?

Sir *Dav.* Let me alone, let me lie ſtill; I will not look up to ſee an Angel: Oh, h, h.

L. *Dunce.* My Dear, why do you do theſe cruel things to affright me? Pray riſe and ſpeak to me.

Sir *Dav.* I dare not ſtir, I ſaw the Ghoſt again juſt now.

L. *Dunce.* Ghoſt again! What Ghoſt, Where?

Sir *Dav.* Why, there! there!

Sir *Jol.* Here has been no Ghoſt.

Sir *Dav.* Why, did you ſee nothing then?

L. *Dunce.* See nothing! No, nothing but one another.

Sir *Dav.* Then I am Enchanted, or my End near at hand, Neighbour; for Heav'ns ſake, Neighbour, adviſe me what I ſhall do to be at Reſt?

Sir *Jol.* Do! why, what think you if the Body were remov'd?

Sir *Dav.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred Pound the Body were out of my Houſe; may be then the Devil wou'd not be ſo impudent.

Sir *Jol.* I have diſcover'd a Door-place in the Wall betwixt my Lady's Chamber, and one that belongs to me; if you think fit, we'll beat it down, and remove this troubleſome lump of Earth to my Houſe.

Sir *Dav.* But will ye be ſo kind?

Sir *Jol.* If you think it may by any means be ſerviceable to you.

Sir *Dav.* Truly, if the Body were remov'd, and diſpos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter——I hope he'll be as good as his word.

Sir *Jol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth, I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir *Dav.* What's that?

Sir *Jol.* Why, it will be abſolutely neceſſary, that my Lady ſtaid with me at my Houſe for one Day; 'till things were better ſettled.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, Sir *Jolly*! Whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you ſhall be very welcome; hear you, my deareſt, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward Buſineſs, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it; ſo Heav'n proſper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, 'till I ſee you again. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jol.* This is certainly the civilleſt Cuckold in City, Town, or Country.

Beau. Is he gone? [*Steps out.*

L. *Dunce.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

Beau. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarouſly done of him, to commit a horrid Murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to ſtem the danger of it.

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Odd, an I were as thee, Sweet-heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, ſo I would: Go get you together, ſteal out of the Houſe as ſoftly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* preſently; go, be ſure you ſteal out of the Houſe, and don't let Sir *Davy* ſee you.

[*The Scene ſhuts.*

Sir Jolly *comes forward.* *Enter* Bloody-Bones.

Bloody-Bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Go you and *Fourbin* to my Houſe preſently, bid Monſieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be order'd according to my Directions; tell my Maids too, I am coming; Home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I ſpoke for, ready preſently, and d'ye hear carry the Minſtrels with you too, for I'm reſolv'd to rejoyce this Morning; let me ſee ——Sir *Davy.*

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, Neighbour, 'tis I; is the Buſineſs done? I cannot be ſatisfy'd 'till I am ſure; have you remov'd the Body? Is it gone?

Sir *Jol.* Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the Houſe juſt now; well, Sir *Davy*, a good Morning to you: I wiſh you your Health with all my Heart, Sir *Davy*; the firſt thing you do though, I'd have you ſay your Prayers by all means, if you can.

Sir *Dav.* If I can poſſibly, I will.

Sir *Jol.* Well, God b'w'y. [*Exit Sir* Jolly.

Sir *Dav.* God b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour——— *Vermin, Vermin.*

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Did your Honour call?

Sir *Dav.* Go run, run preſently over the Square, and call the Conſtable preſently, tell him here's Murder committed, and that I muſt ſpeak with him inſtantly ——I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbour's, that he may find the dead Body there, and ſo let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my ſtead; hah! a very good Jeſt as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha! hey, what's that?

Watchmen

Watchmen at the Door. Almoſt Four-a-Clock, and a dark cloudy Morning, good-morrow my Maſters all, good-morrow.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. How's this? a Door open, come in Gentlemen,——Ah, Sir *Davy*, your Honour's humble Servant! I and my Watch going my Morning Rounds, and finding your Door open, made bold to enter to ſee there were no danger, your Worſhip will excuſe our Care; a good Morning to you, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, Mr. Conſtable, I'm glad you're here, I ſent my Man juſt now to call you; I have ſad News to tell you, Mr. Conſtable.

Conſt. I am ſorry for that, Sir; ſad News!

Sir *Dav.* Oh, ay, ſad News, very ſad News, truly: Here has been Murder committed.

Conſt. Murder! if that's all, we are your humble Servants, Sir, we'll bid you good-morrow; Murder's nothing at this time o'night in *Covent-Garden.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, but this is a horrid bloody Murder, done under my Noſe, I cannot but take notice of it; though I am ſorry to tell you the Authors of it, very ſorry truly.

Conſt. Was it committed here near hand?

Sir *Dav.* Oh, at the very next Door, a ſad Murder indeed; after they had done they carry'd the Body privately into my Neighbour *Jolly*'s Houſe here; I am ſorry to tell it you, Mr. Conſtable, for I am afraid it will look but ſcurvily on his ſide; though I am a Juſtice o'Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

1 *Watch.* I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly.*

Conſt. He threatned me t'other Day, for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell,* and ſaid ſhe was his Couſin, Sir; if your Worſhip thinks fit, we'll go ſearch his Houſe.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, by all means, Gentlemen, it muſt be ſo, Juſtice muſt have its courſe, the King's liege Subjects muſt not be deſtroy'd; *Vermin,* carry Mr. Conſtable and his

his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink; I'll but ſtep into my Study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye inſtantly.

All Watchmen. We thank your Honour.

SCENE *changes to Sir* Jolly's. *A Banquet.*

Enter Sir Jolly Jumble, *Captain* Beaugard, *and Lady* Dunce.

Sir *Jol.* So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are; here's a ſmall Banquet, but I hope 'twill pleaſe you; ſit ye down, ſit ye down both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I ſay.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir *Jol.* Piſh! a-Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but ſhort, time's but ſhort, and muſt be made the beſt uſe of; for

Youth's a Flower that ſoon does fade,
And Life is but a Span;
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and friſk, and be briſk, rejoice, and make a Noiſe, and——odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

L. *Dunce*, Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philoſopher than I thought you were.

Sir *Jol.* Philoſopher, Madam! yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Ariſtotle*, in ſome things, had very pretty Notions, he was an underſtanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat——here Child, here's ſome Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, your Health.

Sir *Jol.* With all my Heart, old Boy.

L. *Dunce.* Dear Sir *Jolly* what are theſe? I never taſted of theſe before.

Sir

Sir *Fol.* That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the Root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every *May* my self; odd, they'll make an old Fellow of sixty-five cut a Caper like a Dancing-Master; give me some Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health, Madam, here's a health to honest Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [*Dance.*

Enter Bloody-bones.

Blood. Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Constable and all his Watch at the door, and threatens demolishment, if not admitted presently.

Sir *Fol.* Odds so! Odds so! The Constable and his Watch! What's to be done now? Get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no noise, no noise; d'ye hear, the Constable and his Watch! A Pox on the Constable and his Watch; what the Devil have the Constable and his Watch to do here?

Enter Constable, Watch and Sir David. Scene *shuts.*

Sir Jolly Jumble *comes forward.*

Const. This way, this way, Gentlemen; stay one of ye at the Door, and let no body pass, do you hear? Sir *Jolly*, your Servant.

Sir *Fol.* What, this Outrage, this Disturbance committed upon my House and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by these doings, sweet Sir? Hoh! ——

Const. Sir, having receiv'd Information, that the Body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your House, I am come, according to my Duty, to make search, and discover the truth.—— Stand to my assistance, Gentlemen.

Sir *Fol.* A murder'd Man, Sir!

Sir *Dav.* Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir; Sir *Folly*, Sir *Folly*, I am sorry to see a Person of your Character and Figure in the Parish, concern'd in Murder, I say.

Sir *Fol.* Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! Here's a Cuckoldly Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckold in my Life, that was not a false Rogue in his Heart; there are no honest Fellows living, but Whore-Masters: Hark you, Sir; what a Pox do you mean?

You

You had beſt play the Fool, and ſpoil all, you had; what's all this for?

Sir *Dav.* When your Worſhip comes to be hang'd, you'll find the meaning on't Sir. I ſay once more, ſearch the Houſe.

Conſt. It ſhall be done, Sir; come along, Friends.

[*Ex. Conſtable and Watch.*

Sir *Jol.* Search my Houſe! O Lord! Search my Houſe! What will become of me? I ſhall loſe my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever truſt me again: O Lord! Search my Houſe! All will be diſcover'd do what I can; I'll ſing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,
Go from the Window, my Dear;
The Wind and the Rain
Has brought 'em back again,
And thou canſt have no Lodging here.

O Lord! Search my Houſe!

Sir *Dav.* Break down that Door, I'll have that Door broke open; break down that Door, I ſay.

[*Knocking within.*

Sir. *Jol.* Very well done, break down my Doors! break down my Walls, Gentlemen! plunder my Houſe! raviſh my Maids! Ah, curſt be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Conſtables and Cuckolds.

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Beaugard *and Lady* Dunce.

Beau. Stand off, by Heav'n the firſt that comes here comes upon his Death.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, your humble Servant, I am glad to ſee you are alive again with all my Heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen, the Man's alive again, Gentlemen; but here's my Wife, Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentle-

Gentlemen; and Mr. Conſtable, I hope you'll bear me witneſs, Mr. Conſtable.

Sir *Jol.* That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Conſtable. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Hark ye, ye Curs, keep off from ſnapping at my Heels, or I ſhall ſo feage ye.

Sir *Jol.* Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye Night-Toads of the Pariſh-Dungeon: diſturb my Houſe at theſe unſeaſonable hours, get ye out of my Doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

[*Exeunt Conſtable and Watch.*

Beau. And next for you, Sir Coxcomb, you ſee I am not murder'd though you paid well for the Performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to butcher me?

Enter Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occaſion; and here's another dreſſes a Man's heart with Oyl and Pepper, better than any Cook in Chriſtendom.

Four. Will your Worſhip pleaſe to have one for your Breakfaſt this Morning?

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! this is the pureſt ſport, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the moſt unhappy and moſt unfortunate News! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia*'s Chamber all this Night, who juſt as you went out of doors carry'd her away, and whither they are gone no body knows.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, I am glad on't, Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my Houſe and all, Man; unhappy News quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am ſo pleas'd, ha, ha, ha, I think I was never ſo pleas'd in all my Life before, ha, ha, ha!

Beau. Nay, Sir, I have a hank upon you; there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir; and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and uſe her handſomly,

handſomly, uſe her like my Miſtreſs, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you; this muſt be done Friend.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and it is but reaſonable, very reaſonable in troth.

L. *Dunce.* Can you, my Dear, forgive me one Misfortune?

Sir *Dav.* Madam, in one Word, I am thy Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *David Dunce* Kt. Living in *Covent-Garden*; ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sylvia *followed by* Courtine.

Syl. Sir *Jolly*, ah Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Jol.* My little Minikin, is it thy ſqueek?

Beau. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir *Jol.* Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Sylv. Oh, Sir, he has moſt inhumanely ſeduc'd me out of my Uncle's Houſe, and threatens to marry me.

Cour. Nay, Sir, and ſhe having no more grace before her Eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like theſe Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my Houſe, and there's an end on't.

Sir *Dav.* And do you intend to marry my Neice, Friend?

Cour. Yes, Sir, and never ask your Conſent neither.

Sir *Dav.* In troth and that's very well ſaid; I am glad on't with all my Heart, Man, becauſe ſhe has five thouſand pound to her Portion, and my Eſtate's bound to pay it; well, this it the happieſt Day, ha, ha, ha.

Here take thy Bride; like Man and Wife agree,
And may ſhe prove as true----as mine to me. Ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Courtine, I wiſh thee Joy: thou art come opportunely to be a Witneſs of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight Sir *Davy Dunce*; which to preſerve

preſerve inviolate, you muſt, Sir, before we part enter into ſuch Covenants for Performance as I ſhall think fit.

Sir *Dav.* No more to be ſaid, it ſhall be done Sweetheart: but don't be too hard upon me, uſe me gently as thou didſt my Wife; gently, ha, ha, ha! a very good Jeſt, I'faith, ha, ha, ha! or if he ſhould be cruel to me Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Priſon, or throw me in a Dungeon, at leaſt,

I hope amongſt all you, Sirs, I ſhan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WITH the discharge of Passions much oppress,
Disturb'd in Brain, and pensive in his Breast,
Full of those Thoughts which make th' Unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse,
And let her range, to see what Sport she'd chuse.
Straight like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her Freedom, she began to Sing;
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song:
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain Fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to blame:
Consider with thy self how th' art unfit
To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly Pride,
Full of himself, scorns all the World beside;
Civil would seem, though he good Manners lacks,
Smiles on all Faces, rails behind all Backs:
If e'er good-natur'd, nought to Ridicule,
Good-Nature melts a Wit into a Fool:
Plac'd high, like some Jack-pudding in a Hall,
At Christmas *Revels he makes Sport for all.*
So much in little Praises he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen and writes:
A Wit to no Man will his Dues allow;
Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:

So

EPILOGUE.

So who e'er ventures on the Ragged Coaſt
Of ſtarving Poets, certainly is loſt,
They rail, like Porters at the Penny-Poſt.
At a new Author's Play ſee one but ſit,
Making his ſnarling froward Face of Wit,
The Merit he allows, and Praiſe he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,
There's hardly one amongſt ye true to t'other:
Like Trincalo's *and* Stephano's *ye play*
The lewdeſt Tricks, each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like ſmile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praiſe, the Monſter of your Barren Iſle.
Enjoy the Proſtitute ye ſo admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your Deſire,
Whilſt this poor Scribler wiſhes to retire,
Where he may ne'er repeat his Follies more,
But curſe the Fate that wrack'd him on your Shore.
Now you, who this Day as his Judges ſit,
After you've heard what he has ſaid of Wit;
Ought for your own ſakes not to be ſevere,
But ſhew ſo much to think he meant none here.

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